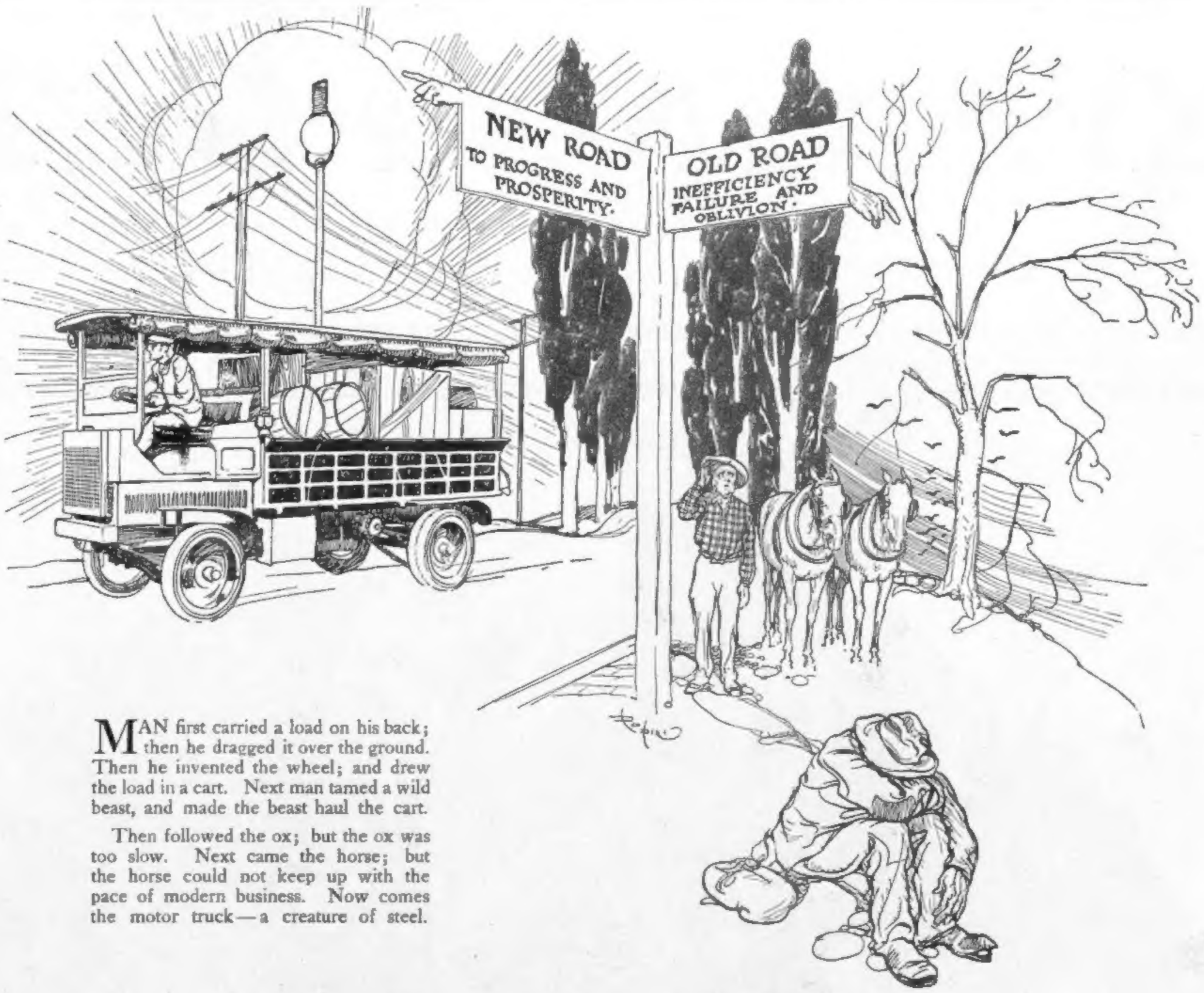
# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A.D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

MAR. 22, 1913 — 5 CENTS THE COPY

MORE THAN TWO MILLION A WEEK




MAN first carried a load on his back; then he dragged it over the ground. Then he invented the wheel; and drew the load in a cart. Next man tamed a wild beast, and made the beast haul the cart.

Then followed the ox; but the ox was too slow. Next came the horse; but the horse could not keep up with the pace of modern business. Now comes the motor truck—a creature of steel.

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The Alco truck is a mechanical creature that hauls heavy loads faster than the horse. It is the outgrowth of a 250 years' search to find a substitute for the beast of burden.

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It goes out upon its career backed by a company, capitalized at $50,000,000, which has a transportation experience as movers of the world's goods that dates back to 1835.

Write today for data about Alco trucks in your business—contained in the new 112 page book on the Alco. Sent free.

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They take the noisy, unshapely affair of our boyhood days and transform it into a thing of merit and beauty.

They give it their skill, their knowledge and their taste and when it reaches the standard they have set for themselves, they give it a name and call it BIG BEN.

And they've faith enough in his worth to back him with a guarantee that's stronger than any gilt-edge bond. That guarantee is advertising. It's the highest *quality-insurance* that any one can buy.

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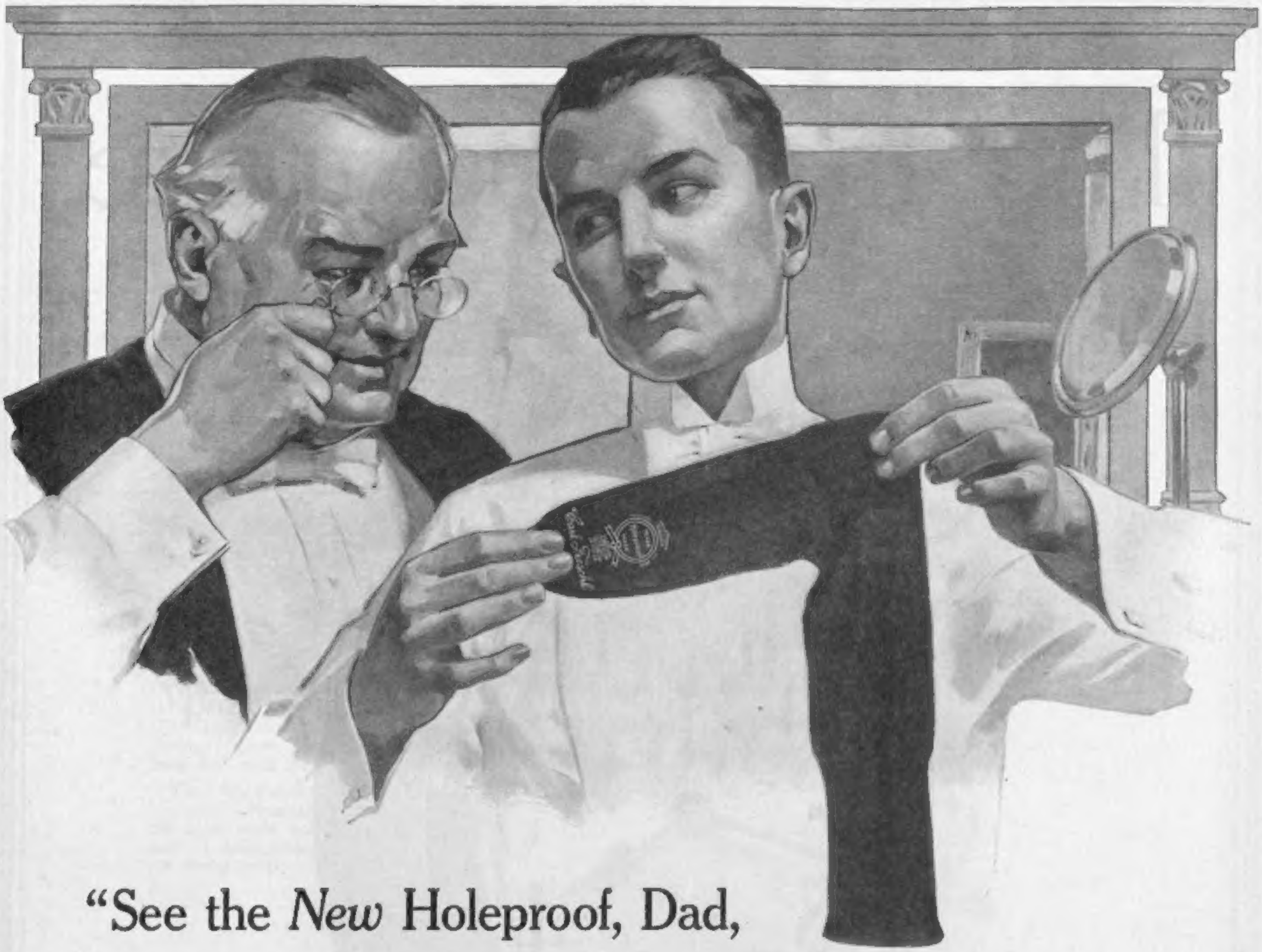

# "See the *New* Holeproof, Dad,

## They're Mercerized—the Twenty-Five-Cent Kind"

"DO you mean to say, son, they *guarantee* a fine looking, light-weight sock *like that* to wear six months without holes?"

That, Mr. Business Man, is exactly what we are doing. And this mercerizing makes us *better* able than before to guarantee six pairs for six months. We do the mercerizing ourselves. Our process, the latest, *adds 22 per cent to the strength* as well as gives to the hose a beautiful silky lustre.

wearing Holeproof Hose today and only for the reason of this tremendous output, can we afford to maintain such quality.

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Ask your dealer to show you the new Mercerized "Holeproof," six pairs, guaranteed six months. Write for free book, "Holeproof."

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The foundation of the wear in these hose is yarn that costs us an average of 74c a pound. 3-ply Egyptian and Sea Island cotton, the finest cotton yarn obtainable. We could buy common yarn for 32c; but hose made from it wouldn't last. A million men, women and children, we figure, are

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The genuine "Holeproof" are sold in your town. Write for the dealers' names. We ship direct where there's no dealer near, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance. Six pairs of cotton hose, guaranteed six months, for men, cost $1.50 to $3 per box; for women and children, $2 to $3 per box; for infants, $1 per box of four pairs. Several weights; all sizes and colors.

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LONDON, CANADA (411)

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906
*Carl Fischl*

## *"Wear Holeproof Hose and End the Mend"*

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 5, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

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Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1913,
by The Curtis Publishing Company in
the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office
as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post-Office Department
Ottawa, Canada

*Volume 185* *PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 22, 1913* *Number 38*

# THE HEALER

## By MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHASE EMERSON

GRAY twilight of a gray afternoon. Through the open windows it swept, and gathered in dusky handfuls, like a veil caught together, in the corners of the room. The girl lying in the white hospital bed felt a vague repulsion as her languid eyes watched the shadows deepen. She did not care much—nothing mattered particularly; yet this all-over grayness was unpleasantly like her life, it occurred to her. If both, twilight and life, might go out into blackness she would be relieved.

Not a new day, not Heaven. She dreaded another bright morning and the necessity of living through it; she did not want Heaven, whatever it might be. Heaven meant life and activity and a multitude of happy people. She was too tired for all that. She did not want to be happy—the thought of it was an effort. She wanted only to be let alone, to rest. After a long, long nothing, perhaps she might care again for something; she could not tell—not now.

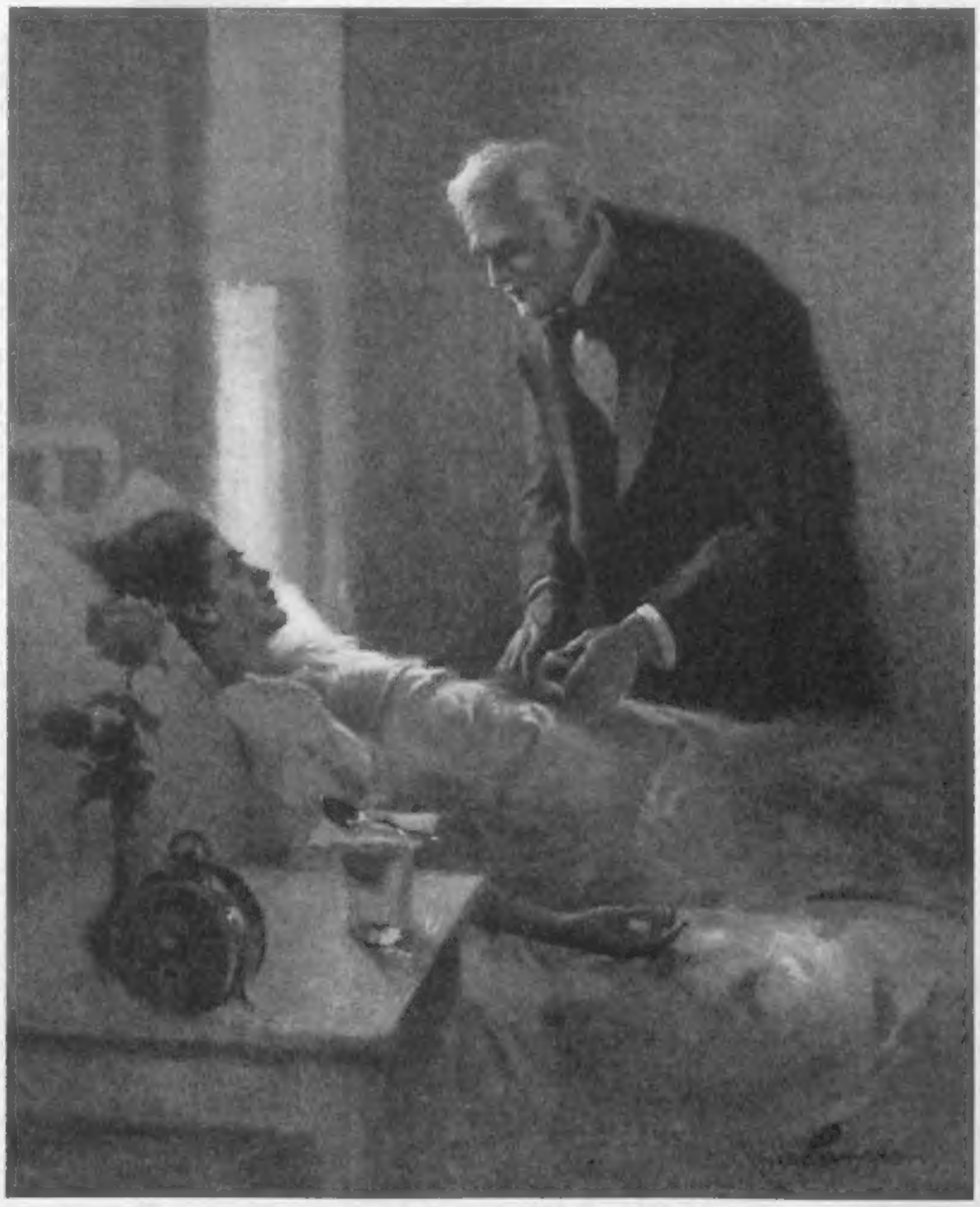
Only—she moaned uneasily. Why should thoughts come when all she wanted was peace? But here they were—trooping, throbbing thoughts, torturing her nerves: the bitter thought of what she had meant to be and do; the stinging thought of others who were worth while, who had begun the race with her; the practical, horrible thought of money lacking; the aching thought of her loneliness, her homelessness; the thought of vanishing youth, of a face grown haggard, a voice deprecating; beyond them all, worst, the thought of herself, of her changing character. She remembered the undaunted courage, the help and generosity and vigor she had meant to bring to the world as her thank-offering for life—all come to this, a hospital bed, a brokendown neurotic.

"Ah!" She flung a weak arm outside the covers in a sudden flush of suffocating heat, and yet was chilly—nervous invalids know the combination. "Ah!" She would not think; they had told her not to think. "Just let the sound of the stream run through your brain," the doctor had said.

She listened. Rushing down the valley in the large grounds, there was a stream—a liquid, unending, deep chord of many broken notes! Her weak power focused into listening; with that a thing happened which she had learned to wait for as an event—the one thing that held her attention. The sweet hollow silver of the booming water divided, changed into voices that called, talked, laughed. There were long, low sentences; there were single questioning words; there were murmuring names spoken and tender half-sounds, all unhurried, all contented and sure and adequate. She did not catch definite words, only intonations, the rise and fall; but the steady strength of the voices seemed to lift her weakness and bear it out on a calm flood. The stream was her friend; the voices of the stream were unreal voices, yet peace-giving.

Suddenly she wondered what time it was. A clock stood on the table by her bed, its face toward her; but the effort of turning her head on the pillow to look, balked her. More than one ill person knows what it is to be halted by that dread of lifting the hand or moving the head. Yet she must know the time; it appeared imperative. The voices had grown confused, coalesced; the bad thoughts were upon her. The effort of stirring a muscle seemed more than she could bear to make; yet to know the time was somehow necessary.

With a sick loathing of the simple act, she turned her head. It was six o'clock. The nurse would be in at half past. Half an hour more of this hideous, lonely March twilight,



"You are Going to Get Well"

and then, worse than that, a farce of trying to eat food, the unpleasantness of being cheered by the nurse. Gasping from the effort of looking at the clock, struggling to find a way back to inertia, she lay and stared at the door.

With that a light knock sounded on it, and before she could find a word the door opened and a man came in. In the dimness she could see it was not any of the doctors whom she knew; yet that it was a doctor she knew—a tall white-haired man who moved swiftly, with a noiseless step. In a moment he was bending over her; and somehow as he looked down she was smiling into his gray, kind eyes. He drew a chair beside the bed and sat down.

The girl never remembered what he said first; there seemed to be few words—no words at all, she thought sometimes. A heavy, old-fashioned gold watch, with a gold face and a massive chain, stayed in her memory. He drew out this and took her thin fingers, as her own doctor did every day, testing her pulse. But never before had any hand enveloped hers with that instant giving of protection, of infinite strength and infinite gentleness; never before had a touch of any one poured into her veins a shock of courage, of swift-coming, definite, sure help. Her sagging nerves stung, with the strange glow that flooded them, like a tide, in deep waves.

Startled, she stared up into the calm face at the bedside; the face was bent, thoughtful, the whole man absorbed in that small business of taking her pulse. Then quietly, yet with a certain masterfulness as of one who is sure of his judgment, he laid her hand back on the coverlet and pressed his own hand on it, covering it lovingly, as one might soothe an unhappy child.

"You are going to get well," he said.

"Oh, no!" she cried miserably. "I don't want to. It's too much trouble—to live. I haven't—the courage." He held her hand now in his. The long, strong, steady fingers folded about the anemic, jerking ones; and the girl believed she felt healing rush in a physical stream from the man's touch. To believe some things is to make them true.

"The courage is coming," he said.

The hand wrapped hers closer and there was, like a miracle, courage indeed creeping into her. The face of strange brilliance—the face of one who has lived and suffered, and fought and found peace—the marvelous, lined, carved face was gazing full into hers.

As she looked, a storm of tenderness and pity twisted, illumined it; and the girl read—as a soul may sometimes read a soul—and knew that the spirit looking through this transparency was torn and eaten by a passion for helping. He was pouring all the force of an extraordinary personality into the effort to help her—pitiful, worn out, useless. And the force was working! With every breath she felt forgotten pulses of abandoned hopes pushing painfully, joyfully, through half-atrophied veins. The doctor began to speak.

"You are going to get well," he said again. "The best of your life is coming. You are just beginning—just on the verge of splendid health and long years of love and service! Each of us has a trust in life to do things no one else can do; each must keep the trust and develop the power, or suffer for it by restlessness." The wide, clear eyes were looking now out through the shadowy window; and as he paused the girl heard the stream and the voices, low, contented, calling softly to one another. "Take hold of your

life; don't let it drift by. Catch it; fly with it! Don't pray for crutches; pray for wings—and the wings will grow!"

He stood beside her, bending, holding her hand still. The girl stared at him, speechless; he laid her thin fingers back again on the bed and stood so a moment as if reluctant to leave her. Then—"You are going to get well," he repeated.

He was at the door. He opened it noiselessly, but before he passed out turned for one instant; his face was bright and his eyes met hers with a smile of unearthly radiance. The door closed and he was gone.

The girl sat up in bed, excited, eager, as she had not been for months, for years perhaps. Who was he, this wonderful doctor? Would he come again? He must come again! It meant life! He had given her an impulse beyond her wildest hopes. Hopes? She had no hope until he came. She must know who he was; she would beg to see him again. She could get well, she would get well, if only he would come and pour courage into her as he had done. Life seemed different, seemed possible. "Not crutches, but wings!" Was it possible that the joy of living was to be for her?

The door opened again. The nurse stopped short.

"What is it?" she asked in alarm. "Are you worse?"

She was at the bedside, trying gently to force the invalid back to her pillow.

"Something has happened," the girl said and smiled; and the smile astonished the nurse more. "Nothing bad! I'm not worse; I'm better. Tell me who the doctor was. Is he in the hospital? Will he come again?"

"What doctor?" The nurse was bewildered.

Quickly the girl, excited, transformed, told of the visit she had just had. As she talked she was conscious that the nurse's face was taking on a new expression. There were lights in the room now and she could see it. The nurse was young, impulsive. As the story ended she cried out two words; then stopped and bit her lip and flushed.

"What?" the girl asked eagerly. "Say that again!"

The nurse would not say it. She went across the room, turning her back to the bed, busying herself with bottles on the table.

"Do tell me," the girl pleaded. "I want to know."

"I'm afraid I can't tell you anything," Miss Jones answered haltingly. "I haven't seen him, you see. You'd better ask Doctor Morgan about it," she said. "Now you must lie down and be quiet; you mustn't get too tired." Then, as if irresistibly impelled: "What time was it?"

"Just six," the girl answered. "I had looked that moment. I had the greatest desire to know the time."

"Yes," the nurse whispered—"six." And with a quick return to affairs—"Do lie down; you mustn't get tired."

The girl dropped back with a sigh—a sigh of contentment.

"I'm not tired," she said; "I'm rested." Then, as if she told a wonderful bit of news: "I'm going to get well!"

*She Fell Into the Chair, Unconscious*

The nurse, straightening the bedclothes, stopped and looked in her face.

"You are," she answered with a manner of solemnity. "There's no doubt about it. You're going to get well."

Slowly, but with a steady pace, she got well. Each day found her a little stronger, with a little more courage to face life, a little more hope; then a little joy in the return of strength and even the wish to take up her part in the fight of living.

Sometimes in the night when she lay awake she said over to herself words that she had not forgotten:

"Not crutches, but wings."

And the wings began to grow.

The strange doctor did not come again. Oddly enough, she could not find out who he was, though she tried persistently. Doctor Morgan must know; but he would not treat her questions seriously.

"You dreamed him," was his response always. "The voices down by the stream materialized, and you got the rest out of your subconsciousness."

"I never knew a voice that had white hair and an old-fashioned watch," the girl answered; "and I didn't have one smile like that in my subconsciousness. Doctor Morgan, I believe it was some one very interesting. Why won't you tell me?"

The doctor rose to go.

"People who are getting well as fast as you are don't need to be told things. They just need to go on getting well. Be good and do that."

She persisted a little longer. "I will be good. I'm going to get well," she smiled up at him. "And won't you promise that the day I leave—to comfort me for leaving and to reward me for getting well—you'll tell me all you know about him?"

The doctor hesitated. He looked down at her and considered, rubbing his chin. He answered slowly. "Perhaps," he said; and then: "Yes, I'll tell you what I know the day you leave."

Days went by and then weeks, and the healing impulse that had begun in the gray twilight when life was at its lowest ebb did not fail. Strength came and with its coming the world brightened, and the feeling of fitness for life returned. The joy of health, which no one who has not been ill can know, began to beat in her blood. On the evening before her going away Doctor Morgan came to the girl's room for his last visit.

"You're a disgrace to have about any hospital," he announced genially. "I don't know but I'll ship you tonight. What sort of place is a hospital for a red-cheeked athlete?" With that he went on to give wise advice about keeping the health so hardly gained. "And that's all," he finished.

The girl shook her head though.

"Not all—you promised to tell me, when I came to go, about the strange doctor."

Doctor Morgan looked worried, reluctant.

"You dreamed him," he said, and rubbed his chin as he did when perplexed.

"That's dodging," said the girl. "You'll tell me—won't you?"

The doctor settled into his chair and clasped his hands round one knee. He considered a moment.

"Yes," he said; "I said I would, so I will. It's such a queer business that I hardly know how to tell it," he reflected aloud. "I'm not sure but you'll laugh. I should if some one got it off to me." He rubbed his hair backward now, to the confusion of the brown locks. "You know, mostly I lie about it," he confided with a boyish gleam in his eyes. "Mostly I tell them it was a famous nerve specialist from New York who happened to be here and whom I asked to go in."

"That's not so?"

The doctor smiled oddly.

"You haven't an idea?"

"Not the least; and your manner is so strange."

"It's a strange situation for the twentieth century and a sane student of facts." The doctor was contemplating the wall behind the bed. "Do you know anything about the history of this institution?" he inquired.

"Not much; I know that it is old," said the girl.

"Yes; as hospitals go, very old. It was begun in a crude way about seventy-five years ago by a remarkable man. He was young then, very successful, very brilliant. Shortly after it was started a great trouble happened to this man—his wife and two children were drowned at sea. For a time it was thought he would die too. Then he rallied and threw himself into his work.

"I heard of this," Doctor Morgan interjected, "from an old physician whose father was interne at the time. It was said that from that period his power and his devotion to his work doubled. He lived literally for his patients; he gave strength and time—life in the end—like water; and his insight and judgment grew to be all but miraculous. There are stories on record of cures by the man's sheer personality which I should hesitate to repeat. The place grew rapidly; he was overwhelmed with work. He never saved himself; so he aged fast and at last died in the harness—an old man, yet not much beyond sixty. They found him at six o'clock one night leaning back in his desk chair, his hand holding a pencil on a half-written prescription. That was a pretty good death."

*This Boy Satisfied the Soul of His Mother*

The doctor stopped. The girl stared at him. She had never before heard a tone like this in the cheerful, accustomed voice. The little room was still for a moment; it was as if a soldier saluted beside the grave of his general.

"Well," the doctor went on, "ever since his death a queer thing has occurred from time to time—he comes back!"

The girl's pulse jumped and stopped. In her veins was the strange, strong repugnance with which flesh and blood protests against an unknowable order of things. Yet there also was the thrill, the eager curiosity, with which the spirit inside flesh and blood asserts its vital interest in that order.

"He comes back!" she whispered.

"Now you know," said the doctor.

"It was he! He came—to me?"

The doctor nodded.

"The thing happens once in so often, when some one is at the lowest ebb, when —— Well," said the doctor, "I don't know that I can define the when, for there are different cases; but it's mostly when there's a life concerned that ought to be useful—that needs saving. Always at some nervous crisis—that appears to make the opportunity—always when there is desperate need! And the patient he comes to always gets well—always! They call him The Healer here."

"Ah," spoke the girl quickly, "that was what Miss Jones said—'The Healer'!"

"He comes at six o'clock," the doctor went on—"the hour at which he died. Oh, I know how absurd all this sounds. I was indignant when I first came and heard the tale. I said I would have no ghost doctors on my staff; but I've lived to take that back. I've lived to—long for him. A man must face facts. Do you realize that I've heard from many people—men, women and children—the same story you told? They are always excited, always curious. Mostly I lie. I explain about the famous nerve specialist, more or less eccentric, who happened to be here. It's easy; they all believe it, naturally. You are one of the three or four to whom I have told the truth. It seemed to me"—the doctor hesitated—"that it would help you in the future to know. There is an inspiration about it for a person of your makeup. It's rather wonderful, don't you see, to know there is actually such a thing as undying love, undying service!"

Doctor Morgan stopped, flushed with the revelation of his own feeling; then went on, speaking a bit low.

"There is a spirit of helpfulness through this place—staff, nurses, servants even—which I ascribe to this legend, this circumstance that goes with the place. Everybody in a way lives in the presence of a man who brushes aside death and time to help people who need him. As I said, it's an inspiration. The thing has never gotten outside; that's odd too. For one reason it would take a good deal of insisting to make outside people even believe that there is such a story. Then, of course, no patient hears it. A nurse who spoke of it to a patient would lose her place at once. Not one of them would do it, for there is an *esprit de corps* on the subject. It's our secret and we keep it among ourselves."

There was a silence. The girl, drinking in every word, her eyes fixed on the face of the man talking, waited—said nothing. The man, deep in his thought of the strange affair with which he lived, hardly noticed her now, let his thought wander on, enjoying, it might be, the relief of talking about a thing that he must almost always keep under lock and key. In a moment he spoke again very quietly.

*(Continued on Page 40)*

# THE BACKSLIDER

## By Josephine Daskam Bacon

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

"I'M SORRY about Dick," said the doctor slowly—"very sorry, Peter; but honestly I don't see what I can do! There is an etiquette, you know ——"

"Oh, damn your etiquette, Stanchon!" Peter interrupted quietly. "You're not going to see Dick Varnham go to the bad and never turn your hand?"

The doctor twisted a thick black cigar and appeared to study the label curiously.

"But I have turned my hand, Peter. I have! I told you last year these recurrent cases are the very devil! It's not one of your simple propositions—there's no lack of will power there. Varnham has one of those queer mental twists —— It's one of the cases that lie outside of my bailiwick, Peter."

"I don't believe there ain't no sich cases!" Peter burst out obstinately; and the rare, sweet Stanchon smile—men caught it oftener than women somehow—rewarded him.

"Well, well! You always were an obstinate cuss, Peter! I'll go round with you. But I warn you now, it won't accomplish much at this stage of the game." He straightened himself abruptly. "Do you know what Varnham needs more than anything—in my opinion? He needs the right woman. I never saw but two cases just like his, and in each of them a woman pulled 'em out. But I'm afraid there's not much chance here."

Peter's jaw shot out.

"You know Celestine?" he said shortly.

"I never understood Mrs. Varnham," the doctor remarked temperately.

"Nor anybody else, either, that had any sense!" growled Peter.

In the vast apartment hotel the upholstered mahogany elevator carried them gently, with the utter absence of friction that characterized the whole great building, to the Circassian walnut door of the Varnhams' winter quarters. Dick's confidential butler-valet received them graciously, flooded the conventional Sheraton dining room with electric light, murmured that Mrs. Varnham had a committee meeting in the drawing room and a newspaper gentleman in the library—and was off to fetch his master.

"Mr. Varnham takes a little nap about now, sir," he added quietly.

"A nap at five in the afternoon?" Stanchon queried, and Peter shrugged his shoulders.

They waited in silence, being men given to silence—one professionally, the other by nature.

A quick rustling came down the hall and the unmistakable odor of Celestine Varnham's heady Russian scent blew past them.

"You get the idea, of course!" Her brisk staccato, so curiously at variance with the languorous perfume, struck them both. "I'd like you to emphasize the fact that, though the Ohio system is, of course, the model, our organization has already made several improvements—especially in the case of the alcoholic and drug fiends. If we can make five thousand over expenses we can start with the Home at once. It's wonderful how every one responds—I collected four hundred dollars last week personally. Nordica is going to sing for us, remember—feature that, won't you?"

"Oh, certainly, Mrs. Varnham; we'll feature that all right. And there's a picture to be raffled, you say?"

"Yes; we haven't yet decided who will raffle it. I wanted Archbishop—what is his name?—who just saw the pope, you know—so many of our men are churchmen; but his secretary said it wouldn't be possible. It was most annoying! He could have worn his sash and his ring, and all that, and done us a lot of good, for he approves thoroughly—he wrote us a beautiful letter. Would you like the letter?"

An inaudible murmur from the respectful newspaper gentleman.

"And please make it clear that this is not a charity; the point is that it's self-supporting. The men pay for their own baths and the gymnasium fees, and all that, and the prominent doctors—did I give you that list of doctors and the photographs?—give their services. Later we're going in for the campaign for public baths, and the mayor is going to make a speech in Carnegie Hall. But that Sun reporter last week treated the whole meeting in an entirely wrong spirit and kept calling it a charity—and spoke of us as patronesses! Nothing could be more ridiculous. We're a committee—the ways-and-means committee of the Women's Auxiliary of the Associated ——"

"Oh, yes—certainly, Mrs. Varnham. I understand. And may we have a picture of Miss Lucia Stanchon and her prize Pekinese—the one Mr. Collier is going to auction off?"

At this juncture an infuriated growl from Doctor Stanchon sent Peter into a spasm of silent laughter.

"You are Making Me Very Angry, Doctor Stanchon"

"Shut up!" he whispered, choking. "You're on that prominent-doctors list, old man! This is as good as a play; and you can't stop Lutie—she's thirty!"

The doctor subsided, fuming. Celestine's high, distinct voice babbled on:

"And the president's letter too—that's going to be made into a booklet. But the Pekinese auction is for the spring. Sothern and Marlowe have almost promised to be the honorary presidents for the stage section. I'll see that you get an interview. But the main point now is the tremendous growth of the movement and the fact that the public must support us with more money. Of course we have four thousand members already, but the membership fee is only a dollar ——"

A door at the side of the room opened and Dick Varnham hurried in.

"Hello! What's up?" he began consciously. "We've got a dinner on and that confounded opera—I was trying to get a bite of sleep so as not to snore in the box. What's the good word, Peter?"

"I—I got the idea you'd be alone, Dick." Peter gazed awkwardly round the uncordial dining room.

"Oh!" Dick grinned uncomfortably. "Well, I usually am. The madam's mostly busy at the Fifth Avenue joint. Queer place to manage convicts from—what? But they're all up here today. I don't know why. Something about addressing circulars, I b'lieve. We're dining with you, Stanchon—know about it? Lutie's got His Nibs' box. What's the show, Tina?"

Celestine came in, smiling absent-mindedly:

"Why, hello, Peter! So nice to see you, Doctor Stanchon. Tannhäuser, I'm sorry to say; but ——"

"Then that settles it!" Dick's voice was thick and his eyes met no one's, but he brought his hand down heavily on the shining sideboard, where the decanters clinked and jingled. "I swear I won't hear Tannhäuser again this season! Or else you'll have to move a cot into the box."

The undoubted finality of his tones struck them forcibly and they looked at him in silence, half helpless, half amused.

"If I have to watch that fat ass chewing coughdrops on that painted stool before he whangs away for an hour and a half on that gilt cardboard harp, I shall just get up and scream!" he went on gloomily. Still they were silent; the doctor watched him narrowly. "And that woman with the piano legs!" he stormed on. "I'll throw something at her yet—you mark my words! I always knew there was something the matter with the Germans; and if they can swallow that, that proves it. I don't mind Caruso and the donkey—but Tannhäuser!"

Peter chuckled comfortably.

"As a musical critic, Dicky, you'd have made your fortune," he said cheerfully; "but as a poor, hardworking stockbroker ——"

"We promised Lutie," Celestine began icily, "and I hardly see ——"

"Just a moment!" said Dick. His voice had an ugly timbre. "You promised Lutie, Tina! I don't know that I did."

"I don't know that you've ever been in the habit of making our social engagements," she returned, an exaggerated detachment in her cool tones.

"No—or any other kind of engagements either," he muttered, weakening under her polite scorn. "The engagements in this family are all made by the other half of the sketch—eh, doctor?"

"That's mostly the way nowadays, Dick," Stanchon agreed imperturbably; "but I think we can arrange this one. I'm not so keen for Tannhäuser myself."

"Oh, Doctor Stanchon!" Celestine flashed her hard, bright eyes at him accusingly. "And that new woman's so wonderful, they say!"

"Nonsense! Gadski's the only one that can get away with it," said Peter definitely. "I don't seem to thirst for Tannhäuser myself, Tina. People have been awfully generous with him this season!"

Celestine's lips narrowed.

"It's going to be a little difficult at this late hour to arrange," she began smoothly.

"I'd much rather she flew out at us!" Peter thought. But Stanchon's quiet authority held them all:

"If you'll allow me to suggest a plan, Mrs. Varnham, I'm sure it will work. Who else is coming?"

"The Randall Fitches," she answered sharply.

"Then all you want is three men. Lutie would always rather have young Van Wynken than her old dad, and Count Sonsky is free tonight, I know—he tried to get me to dine with him. And that young surgeon you liked so much—the Austrian, you know—I could pluck him from the Eye and Ear for you and send him over. How would that do?"

"Oh, well, if you're determined," she agreed, mollified instantly; "but Lutie won't have room, perhaps ——"

"We'll dine here," said Peter briskly. "I'm quite sure William can scare us up a chop and some ale or something."

"Certainly, sir," murmured William, gliding by appreciatively—"at seven-thirty, sir?"

"Then that's settled," Dick ended heavily; "and, for Heaven's sake, Tina, sweep those women out, can't you? I don't see why you don't meet up in the country anyhow. The drawing room's bigger—and you'd be a darn sight nearer Sing Sing, for that matter!"

Celestine laughed frankly.

"He is funny sometimes, isn't he?" she asked, and her bright, boyish smile gleamed out—her most charming feature. "I tell you what, Dick, you get His Nibs to give us his private car—it would be a great advertisement, that—and we'll take you up on the proposition and do a lot of work, going and coming."

She turned her slim, straight back on them and went quickly out.

"It is pretty hard to shut you up here," she added, over her shoulder, "but I don't often do it, you must admit, Dick, do I? Honestly, I thought you were at the club. But we'll all clear out now. We had five hundred circulars to sign personally. *Au 'voir!*"

"And now, Dicky," said Peter, turning the key in the door—"no, thanks—no Scotch—let's talk."

It was twelve o'clock when the two of them went swiftly down in the mahogany elevator. Dicky sat where they had left him in the smoke-blue room, drawn and sullen, but unconvinced.

"You see," said the doctor wearily, "it's no use. The country's the place for him, but he won't go there alone. Indeed, I wouldn't want him to. And Mrs. —— Ah, here they are!"

Celestine, dropping her fruit-tinted opera cloak off one gleaming shoulder, came into the rich, quiet lobby, the handsome young surgeon at her heels.

"Just going?" she said brightly. "Did William find you any food? Good night, Doctor Fettauer—no, really, I'm as good as in my own hall, I assure you. Don't come up. Heavens, I'm tired!"

"But you can sleep late tomorrow," Peter suggested perfunctorily, wondering why Celestine did not look handsomer in evening dress.

As a matter of fact, like many American women she was at her best in the afternoon, when drooping plumes and deep furs softened the severity of her profile, and trim, tailor-drawn lines revealed her slim flanks and flat back. Her shoulders, though smooth and white, were unalluring somehow, and her eyes seemed hard and restless, her quick smile more of the head than the heart.

"Oh, can I?" she cried, laughing. "And that's about as much as you know, Peterkin! You're a terribly *vieux jeu*. I must be at the League Rooms at nine sharp, and do a lot of telephoning before, besides having my hair waved! I'm going to Ellis Island at eleven and lunch with the commissioner at one. And at three we're going to meet the Bedford Reformatory people and give them a little idea of what we're doing. Doctor Fettauer's going to help us a lot—I've converted him—between the acts! At five—now, what am I doing at five? Oh, I know: I've got to pour tea for my mother-in-law. That nearly kills me!"

"Too bad, Tina," said Peter consolingly; "and she's never even been sent up for thirty days! She hardly qualifies, does she? Never mind! Cheer up! There'll be *some* criminals there, maybe!"

"You're awfully witty, Peter," she murmured, yawning. "I don't wonder Mattie's turned us down for the pleasure of your society. Night-night!"

She slipped into the waiting elevator and rose lightly above them, a brilliant figure framed in the doorway.

"Looks like one of those Sargent portraits," said Peter thoughtfully.

The Austrian's eyes flashed appreciatively.

"Precisely!" he cried. "And how he understands American women! But what amazing vitality—what fresh interests! Last year she was wanting the franchise! And tonight she told me that she has decided it is more important to be worthy of it when it comes! Wonderful! Wonderful! They are made of steel, I believe."

"The question is whether that's the best material for the sex," Stanchon rumbled thoughtfully. "Can I give you a lift anywhere, doctor? My love to Mattie, Peter."

"You don't appear to share my admiration for the gifted little lady up there," said the Austrian curiously. "No, thanks; I'm operating early tomorrow, and I won't smoke."

The motor leaped over a series of the crevasses that adorn the boulevards of our metropolis, and the older man's short answer was jolted into indistinguishable grunts. "Really, you know, I think you're just a little hard on her. Of course, if she had children or was a poor man's wife ——"

"She has children—two of them," Stanchon interrupted coldly; "and if her husband keeps on the way he's going she's quite as likely to find herself a poor man's wife as any other stockbroker's who deals in margins."

"A-a-ah!" Fettauer arched his mobile eyebrows. "The children ——"

"Are in the country. At least the girl is. Boy's at Groton. The girl is quite a capable groom, they tell me, and a very good judge of horseflesh. Her mother told me once she believed in the English method of bringing up children—whatever that may be."

"How extraordinarily funny!"

"Yes. I suppose that's how Sargent feels when he paints such women."

"And yet she doesn't seem a hypocrite," the younger man began musingly.

"Seem! She isn't a hypocrite!" cried Stanchon irritably. "That's the worst of it! None of these women are hypocrites. They're idiotically in earnest; they're hopeless, Fettauer, hopeless! The cleverest and strongest of them—superficially—are all bitten and rotted through with this mania for publicity and Big Results, as they call it. Why, my own daughter ——" He gulped down his wrath. "After all, it's only a phase perhaps," he went on more quietly; "and I suppose it wastes no more vitality than they used to put into bridge parties. Of course I see the seamy side of all these new fashions; all the wrecks drift into our ports, you know. And the idea was good to begin with."

"It's difficult to see just what Miss Stanchon, for instance, would be doing," Fettauer persisted placidly. "She hasn't two children or a stockbroker husband. And you'd have hard work to find a better *Hausfrau*; now, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, yes; that's fair enough. Lutie's a good manager. Of course we've had the same servants since she was a schoolgirl. But Lutie 'plays the game,' as she'd put it."

"Then what do you want her to do? Crochet antimacassars—like Victorian heroines?"

"No, no," admitted the elder wearily; "the children must lead their own lives. And the generations change—mine did, I know. As for the antimacassars—here's the hospital, isn't it? Good night!—as for them, Lucia wouldn't make them anyway; wage-earning women need the money, she tells me!"

They parted with a friendly laugh, and no less friendly was the great specialist's smile for Celestine when—exact to the minute of her appointment the next day—she sat opposite him, slender and lightly poised forward in the big leather chair. Nor was the friendliness assumed; for though to the careless glance she was as brisk as ever, his practiced eye caught instantly the controlled strain of the mouth; the tired eyes, the least bit swollen; the low, purposely evened voice.

"I've come, as I suppose you expected, to ask about Dick, doctor," she said quietly. "He—he was not quite himself last night. It seems this has been going on for some time. I think I might have been told."

"Been told? *Been told*, my child!" he repeated gravely. "Do you mean to say you didn't know?"

"Not that it was so bad as this," she said simply. "I knew Dick drank, of course, like everybody else. Personally I have always thought he drank too much, but as I never drink anything myself, I'm not a very good judge, I suppose."

He fought silently against the distaste for this clear-headed, direct woman—one of those mysterious repulsions that Nature sets between flesh and flesh.

"Aren't you a little hard on Dick, Mrs. Varnham?" he began, but she took him up quickly.

"Hard?" she queried. "Hard? I think not, Doctor Stanchon. I try to be fair. Dick's interests and mine are not the same, you know, and I have never interfered."

"Apparently not," he said dryly; but she did not resent the sarcasm.

"You don't approve of that. Would you mind saying why? We have our own work, each of us; and surely you don't think seriously that sensible grown persons can lay down rules for each other? There has to be some system of give and take to make life possible today."

"Today or any other day of the world," he answered shortly. "The only trouble I find with the system of yourself and your friends, Mrs. Varnham, is that there is too much take and too little give in it!"

This whipped the red into her cool cheeks.

"Doctor Stanchon, do you mean to imply ——"

He pressed his advantage implacably.

"I am not in the habit of implying, Mrs. Varnham; especially in this room," he said with emphasis; "and a woman of your intelligence will comprehend readily why. You consult me, of your own initiative, on a matter which has no connection with pills and powders—as you must know, or you would not come to a man who so rarely has recourse to them. Your husband's case is practically psychological. You appreciate this obviously, for our conversation has dealt up to now with the social and domestic situation, which in my opinion has produced his present condition. It is of this situation I must speak if I am to help you at all."

"But you need not speak of it as if you thought I took Dick's money and gave him no return for it," she said sharply—"for I suppose that is what you mean."

"I wasn't thinking of money entirely," he said more gently, now that she breathed harder—"though I admit that, like a true member of the practical sex, you jump to the essential point—but of things in general. What return do you give?"

Celestine pursed her lips a little and met his eye squarely.

"I'm afraid you can't convince me with quite such a banal line of argument, Doctor Stanchon," she said. "As a matter of fact I neither bake the bread, nor warm Dick's slippers, nor make my own clothes. There are a great

*Dicky Sat Sullen, but Unconvinced*

*"Fettauer is Going to Take Me Out to Hawfields," She Announced Curtly*

many reasons for this, among which I may mention that Dick prefers French water-rolls from the baker's, never wears slippers and insists upon Paquin."

For the first time Stanchon smiled.

"Very well played, little Celestine!" he thought; and added: "You're a clever woman, my dear Mrs. Varnham, and you must try to believe that I appreciate it. Of course I don't mean that sort of thing. No, no. But tell me, what return do you give? Don't tell me what you don't do."

Celestine drew a long breath and two little disks of red settled below her cheekbones:

"Why, since you insist upon it, I suppose I give what most women of my class and my means and my interest give, Doctor Stanchon—I live with my husband!"

He looked over her head.

"Do you?" he asked thoughtfully. "When?"

Celestine swallowed hard.

"Where?" he asked again.

She bit her lip.

"How?" he asked a third time.

Celestine rose abruptly.

"You are making me very angry, Doctor Stanchon," she said in a dangerous, low voice; "and if that is what you set out to do you have succeeded. But that is the only result. As anger always gives me indigestion, and as I have at present too many responsibilities to be able to lose my health, I think we will consider this interview closed."

"Sit down, my dear," he said gently. Her mind was actually through the door, but something clogged her muscles, and she stood wavering, staring at him, though his eyes were still fixed above her head. "Sit down, Celestine," he said again; and it was as if arms pushed her back.

"Now listen to me," he began, "and when I am wrong correct me immediately. As a scientist I know of but one reason for marriage; as a student of history I am compelled to believe in monogamy; but as a resident of twentieth century New York I recognize many reasons for forming an alliance, starting an establishment, entering into a partnership—or anything you choose to call it. Only, it seems to me, there must be some sort of system in any case; a working basis—rules for the game, in short. Now all I ask is: Where is your basis? Who agreed on the rules?"

She looked into her lap silently.

"Don't think I'm 'all up in the air,' as Peter puts it, over this," he went on after a pause. "I'm perfectly prepared to illustrate my case, and I'll begin with your mother's family, which, though you may forget it, I once knew very well. At eighteen, Mrs. Varnham, your mother—the most beautiful débutante of her season, I am told (I was in college then), drew the first prize in the New York matrimonial lottery. To that bargain she brought beauty and charm; for these commodities her husband paid with a high social position and enormous wealth. Up to the day of the divorce both of them, so far as I know, lived up to their contract; your mother never lacked a luxury, your father never found a sulky or a disobedient wife.

*"I Swear I Won't Hear Tannhäuser Again This Season!"*

"Whatever the bishop may have said to them when he married them, your father knew perfectly that he was buying an ambitious girl who was in love—as much as such a girl could be—with her cousin; she knew that her husband was a fast, self-indulgent fellow and very little likely to change his ways. And yet they got on somehow for nineteen years. When you were sixteen, on the advice of many friends of whom I was one, your mother obtained her divorce. By the time you were brought to this country your father was dead. I suppose you don't remember him at all?" She shook her head. "No? Well, I have always maintained that your mother lived up to her contract.

"Now take your friend, Mrs. Girard—Betty. You know, of course—though people in general don't, I imagine—that a very fair proportion of the family's expenses is met by her. The income of a successful illustrator nowadays is a very respectable affair, and I doubt very much if Girard could keep up an automobile and an annual European trip, and such a country place as they have, single-handed. On the other hand, as she says very frankly, if she should lose her vogue today they could have every comfort and many luxuries—only the apartment in town would be given up, and Girard would undoubtedly cut down his clubs and those regular opera seats, and that sort of thing. He's a lucky man, Girard, and you may depend upon it he knows it. Otherwise would he be willing to spend so many evenings alone, do you think?"

"But Walter Girard hates society," Celestine interrupted defensively. "He would sit studying away with those old prints and kakemono things of his every night, and ride about the country all day Sunday as long as he lived—that's his idea of pleasure!"

"Exactly. As he is devotedly fond of his brilliant wife, and as it was their love of art that brought them together, he would undoubtedly prefer to have her with him, I suppose. And while the children were very young and she worked at home, she was. Now that the boy's at school and the girl's time is scheduled out as children's time is nowadays, and she works so much more in her studio, and has so much more business in the city, the results of her financial independence begin to show. Mind you, no one can say that Mrs. Girard neglects her husband. A certain amount of her time is his; a certain amount the children's; a certain amount absolutely her own. I take off my hat to the most systematic woman of my acquaintance. She has a keen sense of honor, and Girard can trust her perfectly not to abuse her independence; but she had it long before she married him, you know, and I should be sorry for him if he questioned it!"

Celestine grinned appreciatively.

"Walter's never paid a personal bill of hers since they were married," she added enviously.

"Exactly. And I have a shrewd suspicion that he's never seen many of his little daughter's either. She has her ideas—Madam Betty! Now I don't know Girard very well, though I've taken care of her ever since they came to New York; but I imagine that if his very able wife had been more of a Joan he would have been very glad to be her Darby." She nodded. "Well, there you are. He is a wise man and doesn't press his point. He realizes that it was her work that first attracted him—you know he asked to meet her after he saw those clever cartoons at the National Arts—and he couldn't very well object to her growing success. She is perfectly just from her point of view, and the result is that I have never seen a talent and a temperament like hers driven four-in-hand with the maternal instinct and a domestic establishment before. As a matter of fact she's unique in my experience. But—she has a system. She makes a bargain—which I as a professional man understand myself."

"She has a husband she can rely on!" said Celestine stiffly.

"Perhaps she knew that when she selected him," he shot back instantly. "Now, my dear child," he went on, "let us take only one more. As you see, I don't need to blab any secrets—take your own intimate friend, Mattie Forsythe. I'm tremendously fond of Martha, as you know, and I felt very much concerned when she got headed in the wrong direction. I knew Peter would never stand it. You see Peter's as domestic as Girard and as spoiled as your father was. Oh, he's as straight as a string, of course! But I mean that he's an only son and life's been pretty easy for Peter. Nobody's crossed him much. It's lucky he never fell in love with Madam Betty!"

"Do him good!" she murmured sulkily.

"I'm not so sure, my dear. We've all seen that combination tried; and the only difference of opinion I ever heard as to the result concerned the amount of the alimony! Mattie had no such excuse as Mrs. Girard; she and Peter really have the same interests. She was as dependent on her husband as ever your mother was. To put it plainly, Peter wanted a business partner, a mistress, a mother of his children, and a friend—all in one—and was amply able to meet her on all these sides!"

"Have you thought of any title for this human chameleon?" she asked coldly.

"Certainly. Men call it a wife," he said.

"Then you're the most unreasonable sex in the world," she cried stormily; "and it serves you right that when a woman can earn her own living she won't marry any of you!"

"Granted, my child—granted instantly! But it's just that kind of woman we all want—that doesn't have to marry us, but wants to! And, of course, we've always been unreasonable. But you can't change that. So you must accept it."

Celestine smiled bitterly.

"That's a convenient doctrine of yours, isn't it?" she drawled. "All the horrors that you avoid are piled on us and you tell us we must accept them."

"Well, mustn't you?" he said simply.

She drew a long breath.

"Where does all this lead, Doctor Stanchon?" she challenged him.

"Just to this, Mrs. Varnham," he answered, and met her eyes for the first time, so that she could not look past him: "Your mother was unable even to respect her husband; but she had offered herself for sale and she paid the price—until he himself released her. Her motives were not high, perhaps, but she paid the price—the only price, by the way, that your father ever asked.

"Mrs. Girard may lack romantic devotion to her husband, but she pays him respect and solid friendship, and contributes a considerable share of their common expenses, besides administering their establishments very ably.

"Mattie Forsythe realized that her share of the matrimonial bargain could only be paid with an entire community of interests. She has neither your extraordinary physique and vitality nor Mrs. Girard's genius. It took all she had to keep her husband contented and her affairs in order—so she gave it. What do you give?"

Celestine's flush deepened. Her lips narrowed.

"There has never been a minimum wage for wives," she said.

"Quite true," he agreed; "and it is a pity in many cases. But in consideration of what services would you draw yours? Lutie tells me that you average seven hours a day at your present self-imposed tasks. You yourself told me, when we lunched with you in the country, that Dick's

*(Continued on Page 65)*

# THE STORY OF A LIVE WIRE

## Plugging Up a Few Holes in the Banking Laws

By HARRY SNOWDEN STABLER

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

NOT long after the National Bank Act became a law in 1863 one of the men who had a share in the framing of it dubbed it "the finest piece of financial legislation ever devised by man." There are a great many differences of opinion about that just now and perhaps there were some then, though the reasons for them were not so apparent as they are at present.

Then the actual cash in the country was only about six hundred and seventy-five million dollars, while according to the latest report it is now about three thousand six hundred and fifty million. The bank assets of the country have increased inside of fifty years from less than twelve hundred million dollars to more than twenty-five thousand million. There are at present seven thousand four hundred and twenty national banks alone, and they hold deposits of over five billion eight hundred million dollars.

That will be about all for the statistics. But, for fear they may slip from your memory, just get the fact that one man is charged with the duty of protecting the owners of six billion dollars in deposits from fraud and incompetence, to say nothing of the stockholders of the national banks that hold this huge sum.

In order to do this the Comptroller of the Currency was in the beginning given certain supervisory powers over these institutions, which were thought to be and probably were sufficient at the time. Now, in the enormous growth of the national system as sketched above, in the innumerable unforeseen complexities of modern financial and business methods, one would naturally suppose that the hands of this official would have been strengthened from time to time by specific statutes in order to cope intelligently with the changed conditions.

### How Comptroller Murray Cleaned House

OUR legislators have not thought it necessary, however; and in respect to the present omissions affecting these things the National Bank Act is as full of holes as an ancient cheese, for the law has not given the comptroller any increase of supervisory power whatever in the last fifty years. Working under a law that yearly became less adequate, and which gave them authority to enforce by penalty only a few of its provisions, their recommendations to Congress ignored, these officials have come and gone, leaving the Federal control of national banks still in many ways perfunctory and inefficient.

Of course this has always resulted in the discovery of a pretty bad odor here and there—a whiff of it coming more or less often in the looting of some bank by thieving officials or a failure through careless, incompetent or reckless management. Before going any further it might be well to say that in the circumstances the record of the national banks has been, on the whole, a marvel of honesty and efficiency; the circumstances being that several of the most important provisions of the bank act have always been the very ones most often violated.

Such things are happening with much less frequency these days; for since Comptroller Murray took hold of the situation the internal management as well as the Federal supervision of national banks has been literally revolutionized.

Almost in his own words, the comptroller came to the conclusion that the official who allows things to go by the board because he has no specific statute instructing him in detail how to remedy each weakness is a failure as an executive. On this theory, plus the determination that the banking laws should be obeyed, he got busy. So did the banks. The revolution has been all along the line—from the many new safeguards now thrown about the organization of a new bank to the calculation of its reserve by the last examiner.

Take the latter particular. The present practices in handling bank reserves—concentrating huge sums in the money centers and shunting currency back and forth across the country—is bad and vicious enough in all conscience; and, unless all recent signs fail in wet as well as in dry weather, there is going to be something doing about it before very long. That, however, is simply by the way; the point being that many banks were violating the reserve law by not keeping the required percentage anywhere—either in cash or in other banks. The attitude of these men may be summed up in the irate question I once heard a banker ask: "What in the world is the good in a reserve, anyhow, if you can't use it when you need it?"

The Professional Promoter Would Organize a Bank in Any Old Place

The People of This Country are Sick and Tired of Bank Failures

Nevertheless, the precaution of maintaining a certain amount of reserve for the protection of depositors was thought so necessary by the framers of the bank act—"the fathers," Joe Bailey would call them—that the comptroller was for once given carte blanche in dealing with those banks which refused to maintain it, by being empowered to throw such banks into the hands of a receiver even though they be perfectly solvent. And yet, according to that official, the reserve clause had always been "willfully, flagrantly and persistently violated; neither the restraining influence of the law, the warnings of the national bank examiners nor letters from the comptroller had the slightest effect."

Sometimes the only way to get anything done is by "getting somebody's goat." The ease with which the offending banks were made to toe the mark in this respect, without more drastic measures, and the promptness with which most of them did it, were laughable. The power to force this lay in the fact that the selection of a country bank's reserve agent must be approved by the comptroller. So when a bank in any one of the reserve cities was found to have violated this law for over a period of five years the officials were politely told that unless they maintained their reserve intact they would no longer be approved as reserve agents for other banks.

The country banks—those outside of the reserve cities—could not be reached by any such means. The offenders among these were shown their record covering the same period and were asked to state in writing what they were going to do about it. Some of them replied that they would carry the legal amount of reserve in the future and kept their word. Others replied that they would obey the law, but continued in the same old way; and the comptroller had these banks examined four times a year instead of twice. Some of the more incorrigible offenders were told that unless they complied with the law an examiner would be sent into the bank to remain until the reserve was made good and an agreement made that it would be regularly maintained.

This reserve clause has been so constantly ignored by so many banks that only a man in the profession can realize fully what this statement of the comptroller means: "I am glad to say that today practically every national bank is making an honest effort to maintain at all times the reserve prescribed by law; but those that are not know exactly what to expect—and they will not be disappointed."

As to excess loans he says: "They are going to be driven out of the national banks and they are going to be kept out." That is surely some job, for in this respect the situation was even worse. The law originally provided that a bank might loan an amount equal to one-tenth of its capital stock to a single person or company. It was later amended to include one-tenth of the unimpaired surplus fund, provided the total sum loaned did not amount to more than thirty per cent of the capital stock. The wisdom of the law is perfectly obvious, even though it may work a hardship in some instances; for it tends to enforce a broad distribution of the loans. Many bankers as well as others will be astounded to know that before the loaning power was increased to include the surplus fifty-six per cent of the national banks were violating this clearly defined statute. Since then the violations have averaged about sixteen per cent; now they are down to eleven per cent; and soon they will be even lower.

The recommendations of examiners, letters polite and letters peremptory from the office failed to stop the practice until—June twelfth last—the banks were bluntly informed that by September third all excessive loans had to be eliminated, and from that date the statute would be rigidly enforced. The day after that time limit expired a call was issued, and it was found that not only had the number of banks violating the law been reduced by forty per cent, but that the number of excess loans had been reduced by the same percentage. This is certainly a remarkable showing; but at the present time the fight on this point is by no means ended.

### The Fight to Abolish Overdrafts

THOUGH the National Bank Act makes no mention whatever of overdrafts, the fight to drive them out of the banks has only fairly begun. It ought not to be such a difficult thing to do, because almost any conservative official will tell you that they are the bane of his life. Yet on the twenty-sixth of November last the overdrafts on the books of the national banks amounted to very nearly twenty-six million five hundred thousand dollars, a sum more than half as great as the total amount due to approved reserve agents.

This item, in the combined statements of all the national banks, has often been very much larger. And, though overdrafts cause a great deal of annoyance, trouble and actual loss, many bankers do not want to do away with them. In fact, the Attorney-General of Texas has not only ruled that overdrafts are not prohibited by law but he takes the ground that "their usage comes in commerce and constitutes an aid to it," and that formal agreements made between banks to abolish them would be in restraint of trade and therefore violations of the state's anti-trust law.

That ruling forced the state bank commissioner, who had been coöperating with the comptroller, to advise the cancellation of such agreements by the state banks. Could anything be more ridiculous? This seems to be one

*The Banker Might Do Well to Have a Few Copies of This Decision Printed*

of those reductions to an absurdity that so often tend, unfortunately, to make the law a thing to laugh at.

Now here's a tip to those bankers who really want to get rid of these unsecured, intangible assets—there are many who have never seen or heard of it: "A usage to allow customers to overdraw and have their checks and notes charged up without present funds in the bank, stripped of all technical disguise, the usage and practice, thus attempted to be sanctioned, is a usage and practice to misapply the funds of the bank; and to connive at the withdrawal of same, without any security, in favor of certain privileged persons. Such a usage and practice is surely a manifest departure from the duty, both of the directors and cashier, as cannot receive any countenance in a court of justice. It could not be supported by any vote of the directors, however formal; and therefore, whenever done by the cashier, is at his own peril and upon the responsibility of himself and his sureties. It is anything but 'well and truly executing his duties as cashier.'"

That's the opinion of the United States Supreme Court verbatim. Considering that fact, there is very little verbosity about it. An overdraft is a plain misapplication of funds. And the banker who wants an excuse for cutting out a vicious habit might do well to have a few copies of this decision printed to hand out when the occasion calls for it. It will probably save the bank some loss and trouble.

A no less determined effort is being made to stop the concentration of a bank's funds in the hands of officers and directors or companies controlled by them. Concerning this pernicious practice the comptroller is most emphatic, saying: "Any man or set of men managing a bank who will jeopardize its solvency by making a loan or investment which, if bad, would ruin the bank, has no place in any financial institution. On the doors of many closed banks might well be written: 'Closed because of undue concentration of its funds in a few enterprises.'" A bank with its loans so concentrated is in exactly the same position as a fire-insurance company that has its assets invested in the securities of the concerns whose property it insures.

### *The End of a Fight*

THE correction of this evil has always been about the worst thing with which the various comptrollers have had to contend. In a recent talk to the Pittsburgh bank clerks Mr. Murray explained the former difficulties in handling a situation like that in this way:

"When such a concentration of loans is found as to amount to a menace to the bank the question then comes up: What can the office do through its examiner in the field? The examiner may feel absolutely certain that the tendencies of the bank are dangerous; he may believe that the loans may turn out to be worthless, or partially so. And yet he is absolutely unable to ascertain the definite loss or to estimate losses, simply because of lack of information. He will meet the board of directors and tell them that the loans are doubtful, dangerous or bad. They, in turn, having made the loans, will tell him that they are absolutely good.

"The comptroller cannot order them out of the bank unless they are bad. But if they are bad he has a recent decision of the United States Supreme Court giving him that authority. . . . If he orders certain loans out of the banks his action must be buttressed on facts submitted to him by his examiners. . . . So the examiners have been advised that when they find a case where the directors or officers are unduly concentrating the funds of a bank in corporations controlled by themselves or otherwise, and where they have no information on which to base an opinion as to whether the loans are good or bad, they are clearly entitled to one of three things, or all of them if they see fit:

"First. That the books of the corporation be voluntarily opened to them, so they may get such information as they need.

"Second. That the directors give them a full statement in detail of the business of the concern, so they can determine whether the loans are good or bad.

"Third. That a copy be given them of a report on the company or corporation, made by an independent auditor."

What a mighty lever this is to pry loose the facts wanted can readily be imagined. It was not obtained through any amendment to the National Bank Act, but by a fight to a finish in the court of last resort.

Of course all the information needed should always be in the possession of the directors, to whom the responsibility of conducting the bank properly belongs. In this connection I once asked a national bank examiner of wide experience what percentage of dead wood he thought was to be found among bank directors. He replied: "If by dead wood you mean those directors who are, for all practical purposes, ignorant of the real condition of the banks they are supposed to direct, I should say fifty per cent, taking the country over." The accuracy of this estimate of some seven or eight years ago I have never determined.

*I Have Seen Examinations That Were the Subject of Laughter and Derision for Days*

### *Making the Directors Direct*

NEVERTHELESS, the fastening of this responsibility upon the shoulders of the national bank directors and forcing them to bear it is an achievement that has made the present comptroller's administration unique in the history of banking in this country. It was done by first showing up the ignorance of directors in matters that vitally concerned the institutions they were supposed to manage. This was quite thoroughly and effectively accomplished, and the result has been a vast improvement in bank management generally.

For instance, the bank act, instead of prescribing a particular form of by-laws through which a bank should be governed, merely takes for granted that some such instrument will be adopted. But it was found that hundreds of banks had no by-laws of any description. Not only that; investigation proved that such banks were usually conducted in the slipshod, inefficient or even reckless way so often found in the "one-man bank."

The institutions without by-laws were requested to adopt those which required a monthly meeting of the board of directors; an active discount committee; an active examining committee; the approval by the whole board, once a month or oftener, of all loans and discounts, and recording such approval in permanent form. After two years of effort every national bank but one has complied with the request.

The duties of the examining committee as suggested were as follows: Counting the cash; examination and verification of securities; examination of all notes for value, security and genuineness, together with an inspection and verification of the collateral; the listing of all loans to large borrowers and affiliated interests; the verification of certificates of deposit and cashier's checks; a comparison of the last reconcilement of correspondent accounts; the best possible verification of individual ledger balances; the totaling of overdrafts and the consideration of profit, loss and expense accounts; the listing of liabilities for borrowed money and the inspection of the authority for incurring the same. Now this is certainly some job for business and professional men unused to clerical work; yet the directors of every national bank in the country, with the exception of one or two, have agreed to do these things.

As may be supposed, there was some mighty tall kicking against the continued efforts to improve the directorial control in the banks where it was lax; but for obvious reasons none of it was quite over the traces. The criticisms were bitterly hostile and severe; the warning came from all quarters that the requirements would drive the best directors out of the national banks. How much of a bluff it all was may be surmised when the comptroller says that, so far as he is officially informed, only one man out of fifty thousand directors resigned. This man was eighty years old and obliged to spend a greater part of the year in a different part of the country on account of his health.

### *The Liability of Stockholders*

BEING of the opinion that the bank which does not fail is one whose directors are representative men of the community, the comptroller materially strengthened the system of directorial control by issuing an order that no new national bank should be chartered unless a majority of the directors were local men. This of itself is a big step toward curtailing the activities of those who would control a chain of banks through a central institution, which is so often dangerous as well as detrimental to those communities where the various links are situated.

Another important safeguard has been devised through the law that imposes a double liability on the part of the stockholders in national banks. This has often proved a big asset in the protection of depositors, while in many individual instances it has proved of no value at all. The present situation, in which no one can tell whether each stockholder is good for a full assessment in case of a bank's failure, is admittedly bad.

As the only time when this can be determined is when the bank is organized, the comptroller "uncorked another one" by refusing to charter a new bank unless it is shown in the organization papers that every stockholder is not only able to pay for his stock but that he is able to fork over a full hundred-per-cent assessment if necessary. This not only starts the bank with an asset that would otherwise be more or less uncertain—it tends to make the stockholders bona-fide investors, alive to their own interests and careful in their selection of the managing officials.

*This Hut Always Resulted in the Discovery of Looting by Thieving Officials*

These are two comparatively recent conditions which must be subscribed to in the organization of new national banks. The professional promoter who would organize a bank in any old place, provided he got a rake-off on the capital stock, furniture, fixtures, and even the safe itself, quit trying to do business with the office some time ago. The applications for charters of two hundred and fifty banks have been refused largely because they were professionally promoted or because it was shown that the success of a new bank or an additional one in the community was very doubtful or impossible. There are other reasons too. For instance, the office has been getting in closer touch than ever with the various state banking departments, so that it is now more difficult for the crook to do business under one system after he has been driven out of another.

In these matters the comptroller has taken the ground which no man with a grain of common-sense will contest, putting the case this way: "If a bank is not successful through legitimate practices and conduct of business it ought to go out of business. When it is seen that a bank is bound to fail it is urged to go into voluntary liquidation instead, in order that depositors may be paid in full; that shareholders may have an opportunity to save all or at least a part of their original investment; that the dual

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# La Grande Fête Américaine

## By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

*Having a Heap of Very Innocent Fun*

THE Café du Dôme was deserted that night and Piffle, the blond waiter, stood with his napkin over his arm and pulled desperately at his mustache. The crazy American painters, who always played a little game in the corner, were not there. No one was at the billiard tables. Not a chessboard was in use, nor the dominoes or backgammon.

Even Carmen—Carmen who had been Bouguereau's favorite model—was not holding court in her accustomed corner. Nobody had bought even a grenadine for an hour. Not a leaf was stirring.

Piffle pulled at his mustache and cursed throatily. It was enough to make any waiter curse—any waiter who needed a few centimes and had hoped to pick them up on that very night. As for the proprietor, he was ill, positively ill, and had retired gloomily to his apartment, seeking solitude in which to frame his maledictions; and so with all the other waiters and proprietors up and down Montparnasse and the Boul' Mich' and in the byways—except in one place.

In one place—the Taverne du Panthéon—ah! there is where enterprise was reaping its legitimate reward, coupled perhaps with such illegitimate reward as the crowds and hurry and scurry and jostle and rush allowed in the way of short-changing.

In one café of the Latin Quarter—the Taverne du Panthéon, which stands so garishly on the Boul' Mich' not far from the imposing building whence it derives its name—was not the Grande Fête Américaine occurring? It was! Of a verity it was; and, to delve into the American language to describe it, it was some fête—take it from me, who was there.

### *Everybody's Doing It on the Boul' Mich'*

PREPARATIONS had been making for weeks and advertisements had been strewn all over the Quarter—advertisements that told in glowing terms of the glories of the night of mercredi, 11 décembre, when the entire resources of the tavern were to be devoted to the presentation of various phases of that life in America with which the French are so familiar—a patriotic tribute from one republic to another, and an incidental testimonial of the love and affection of the proprietor to the Americans of the Quarter who drink their coffee at his place in such numbers, and occasionally do him the honor to dine with him, but only when a picture has been sold or a check has come from home—combined, of course, with a shrewd knowledge of the fact that most checks mailed from home are mailed on the first of the month and get to Paris in about eleven days or such a matter in the ordinary course of the trans-Atlantic mails.

There was to be an elaborate program, not the least of which was to be a *souper américain*, which supper was to be served at one o'clock in the morning and which, the fat chef pledged his sacred honor, would remind every American of home until he cried over the various dishes, even as the fat chef had wept tears of joy for pride in his accomplishments in the preparations. And the poet, ladies and gentlemen—I assure you, a veritable poet—had consented to write a sonnet for the occasion. Moreover, the costumer had sent his latest costumes, and many of the models and many of the ladies of the Quarter had promised to array themselves in these and add to the gayety of the evening.

It was to be a grand affair and all were cautioned to attend early; for, though ample preparations had been made for the continuance of the fête until *cinq heures trente* the next morning, which would be only midnight in New York and merely the shank of the evening in San Francisco, it was plain to be seen from the inquiries and interest that the café was to be crowded, and certainly none could afford to miss the *nombreuses surprises* that had been arranged for the pleasure of the guests. Furthermore, with extremely non-French prodigality, no admission was to be charged. It was all free—save for the incidental refreshments, a slight showing of the lasting regard the authorities of the Taverne du Panthéon have for those dear Americans—*lunatiques*, of course, but still dear, especially when in funds.

The fête was to begin at nine o'clock; but long before that time every table was crowded, every bench jammed, every chair taken, in the rooms downstairs and in the rooms upstairs. The waiters had barely space to squeeze through; the lady at the cashier's desk glowed as she took in the silver. In order that there might be some slight recompense for all the time and money spent in preparing this splendid entertainment, it had been decreed that everything was to cost a franc, a *café au lait*, a grenadine, a bock—everything. This saved time in making change; and, besides, was not the effort of those who had toiled so diligently and labored with such artistic fervor to entertain worthy of recognition? Well, anyhow, whether the aforesaid were worthy of recognition, such recognition was obtained at one franc an item, with no chits taken.

The tavern seethed with excitement, bubbled with joy, was almost hysterical with anticipation, when exactly at nine o'clock the two orchestras, one upstairs and the other in the basement, burst triumphantly into La Marche Américaine, which was Everybody's Doing It; and the earnest musicians were assisted by trumpeters who stood at the head of the stairway so everybody on both floors could hear. Many of the obliging ladies who were to take part in the fête were already there—oh, a most entrancing sight! Barring the facts that most of them wore French costumes and not one of them could speak more American than "'Allo!" they gave a perfect representation of Americans as they can be found at any Paris fête, and the Indians were positively great. It may be that all of them wore long yellow wigs; still it is permissible for Indians to be blond on the Boul' Mich', and it was further explained that the ladies who played the Indians preferred the blond wigs, they being more or less brunette when in their usual mode. Inasmuch as the ladies preferred to be blond Indians, who was there to say them nay? Certainly no carping American should raise his voice and none did; but there was a little lifting of eyebrows when Mimi, who has the perfect left shoulder, appeared as an Indian who wore Scottish kilts and played a tambourine. However, Mimi—dear girl!—had spent hours on her costume; she wore an Indian headdress and was voted a very lively and adorable Comanche, which was the particular kind of an Indian she portrayed. But of all that later.

The literary end of the program was first, the literary and musical; for no sooner was the American march finished than, with a great chorus of Americans roaring the words of the refrain—Americans from all parts of the United States—students, tourists, expatriates, business men, women who are studying art and music, as fine a lot of Americans as you ever saw and all happy with the spirit of the fête, there came M. Lorneg, who sang the Marseillaise with much enthusiasm and a rather husky voice, refreshing himself between stanzas with hurried puffs at his cigarette. A great song, that, lending itself perfectly to the pounding on tables with fists and glasses, and to the rhythmic thumping of canes and the tramp of feet. M. Lorneg had to sing it twice, and as he wound himself up for the final gallant attack at it the whole crowd was singing with him and you could hear them as far down as the Seine.

Then, ah, then!—the literary event of the evening—the poet and his sonnet! Silence for the poet, M. Gautron du Coudray—a regular poet, whose flowing beard was of such delicate fineness that it shone like spun silk in the electric light, and whose hair fell in waving ringlets on his slender shoulders; a pale poet, with long and tapering hands, a long and tapering face, and a long and tapering voice—a regular poet! M. Coudray knew his sonnet, knew it backward and forward; but, alas! he knew no English. He was desolated, but this had been arranged for; several students had volunteered to interpret the poem as M. Coudray recited it, to interpret it line by line so that none of its classic beauty might be lost to those who were perhaps unfamiliar with the finer shades of meaning, the nuances of the flowing French.

### *A Sonnet à L'Américaine*

THE title of the sonnet was A L'Amérique; and, as M. Coudray rose and pressed back his long hair from his pallid brow, half a dozen students came and stood behind him. Coudray declaimed the lines and the students declaimed the interpretations—a most effective arrangement.

"Silence for the poet—the poet!"

There was silence, save only for the occasional hoarse cry of François, the waiter downstairs, who yelled his orders from whatever place he took them and advanced to fill them, yelling every step of the way—infected with the true spirit of carnival was François, for he put as much lung-power into an order for two bocks as for the bubbles the toffs in the high hats who sat in the corner were ordering.

"Silence for the poet!"

M. Coudray began:

*"Amérique! Amérique! Ah! nom prestigieux,*
*Pays des rêves d'or et des sources profondes,*
*De l'Inca légendaire aux nouvelles Golcondes*
*Et de New-York immense au front prodigieux!"*

Shaking with emotion from the fervor of his declamation, the poet stopped and the students began their translation, roaring it forth to the directing beat of the baton of the leader:

*"America! America! Oh, hully gee, what a name!*
*Place where we get the dough and locate the yarns*
*About the former Mexicans and the new Golconda,*
*And New York puts on a lot of side!"*

There was great cheering and M. Coudray bowed low and appreciatively. It was good to see genius thus recognized. He continued even more passionately:

*"Tu nourris Washington au siècle audacieux,*
*Les pionniers fouillant l'Indiana féconde,*
*Les trappeurs du Far-West aux chevelures blondes*
*Et Francklin qui, premier, ravit la foudre aux cieux!"*

He paused again and waited for his translators. They shouted their version amid the cheers of the multitude:

*"Which nourished G. Wash, who was hot stuff,*
*And the pioneers who built Indiana for Beveridge;*
*Also the gents from the Far West with the pink whiskers*
*And Ben Franklin who tamed the electric juice!"*

*A Screamingly Happy Gathering*

Loud cheers! M. Coudray put his hand on his heart and bowed. His eyes were misty with tears. Rarely, indeed, did a poet receive such magnificent indorsement. He was touched and he reached down, took a glass that was standing near and refreshed himself, paying no attention to the unappreciative person who sought to stay his hand and cried: "Here, cut that out! That's mine!" Once more:

*"La Fayette, suivant la jeune soldatesque,*
*Déploya l'étamine à l'azur étoilé;*
*Et, du soleil ardent, brusquement dévoilé."*

Again he paused. There was terrific applause. The students who stood behind him took up their task:

*"And Lafayette, who was some kid, believe me,*
*Ripped the upholstery out of the azure sky*
*And told the burning sun where to get off."*

*Mimi Was a Very Lively and Adorable Comanche*

The tavern rocked with the cheers. M. Coudray was overcome with emotion. He tottered and was about to fall. Reaching round, he found sustenance. This time there was no protest, a simple tribute to his genius. Searching his soul for perfervid inspiration, he let go the last three lines:

*"Tes wellingtonias aux ombres giganlesques*
*Protégèrent, jaloux, la blanche Liberté*
*Qui jeta sur le monde un rayon de clarté!"*

He stopped, bowed again and sank into his seat, burying his face in his hands and weeping softly into his whiskers. Amid great volleys of bravos the translators roared their version:

*"So even the ghost of old Mr. Wellington,*
*That jealously tried to send Liberty on her way,*
*Got his; and couldn't prevent us from doing business at the old stand. Rah! Rah! Rah!"*

Never, I venture to say, has the translated work of a Quarter poet been received with wilder acclaim. The cheers were deafening. M. Coudray wept profusely. It was his moment of triumph. He had emerged. He was on the pinnacle. And he immediately began to establish a new line of credit for himself at the tavern; for, though a poet, he was a forehanded poet withal, and the memories of tavernkeepers are notably defective.

We thought that ended the literary exercises; but it didn't, as will be seen. What it did do was to start the fête, to introduce the surprises that had been planned. When M. Coudray had finished there was hardly standing room in any part of the tavern. It was jammed. Paper caps had appeared, confetti, whistles, horns, rattles, bells, crackers, all sorts of diverting toys, including a large number of rubber pigs that one blew up with one's breath and that then floated off gracefully into the smoky air and perchance lit in some fair lady's hair amid shouts of laughter.

The features came along rapidly. First there was a parade of what the program called *sapeurs des U. S. A.* and I am quite sure if these paraders were really connected with our army half the young men in the country would enlist. They were the prettiest lot of sappers you can imagine and they made a fine show as they wound through the rooms with their toy picks and shovels, which later came in very handy for chastising impudent persons who tried to snatch kisses. Oncle Sam and his family arrived. Your Uncle Samuel, as he appeared on that night, had a fine family of about thirty-three pretty French girls, all dressed in the Stars and Stripes. Oncle Sam wore a monocle and a full black beard, but that was nothing. He was Oncle Sam all right, and his family was tremendously interesting. He is to be congratulated, is that old uncle of ours; but it is odd that he has so many daughters about the same age.

There was a reception of notabilities and a distribution of souvenirs of the Far West. Souvenirs of the Far West are paper hatchets, supposed to be tomahawks, that have a kazoo in the handle, which is a fine thing for a tomahawk to have. Before you slaughter a person you can play a soothing little tune to him to dull the impending pain. Mostly the souvenirs were used for the purpose of knocking off hats. The wise ones took their sticks and hung their hats far up on the gas-fixtures that were on the wall and were not in use. The unwise ones bought new hats next day.

### The Raid of the Pink Comanches

THEN came the *Invasion des Comanches*, a most terrifying onslaught of Indian warrioresses dressed in the latest Parisian styles. They wore paper headdresses and carried tomahawks, and the carnage was something frightful. The wounded bore up bravely, though, and it was the unanimous opinion of those who witnessed this foray of the ferocious Comanches that if there were any Indian raids like that to be found in the United States there would be a general movement to the dangerous zone by the young men of the country in the hope they might be captured.

The Comanches were not without an eye to business. They had copies of M. Coudray's great sonnet for sale at twenty centimes each; but Heaven pity the person who had the effrontery to offer so little as twenty centimes for a copy. Fifty centimes was the very lowest amount that would save one from immediate tomahawking; then the buyer was expected to give back the copy he had bought and presently buy it again for a franc. These particular Comanches seemed to have a highly developed commercial instinct somewhat lacking in their prototypes at home. They sold the copies of the sonnet they had from ten to twenty times each, and if M. Coudray got any of the proceeds he must have had wealth beyond the dreams of Latin Quarter avarice next day.

Feature after feature was put on—an *orchestre américain*, which played ragtime; some aviators who floated toy airships about; others with dirigible balloons; a delegation from Chicago that would make that city sit up and take notice if it made a parade on State Street or the Michigan Boulevard; a cortège of Iroquois Indians, who differed from the Comanches because they wore yellow headdresses instead of red ones but, as a whole, had remarkable facial and modish similarities.

It was a screamingly happy gathering, with everybody the friend of everybody else. Some few sat at the tables and looked on superciliously, but not many. The crowd surged gayly back and forth, upstairs and downstairs. The orchestras played continuously, except when one of the red coats was passing a plate for contributions. How cleverly those French musicians get money! They take a napkin and fold it into a semblance of a cocked hat and lay it on a plate. Then they turn one flap back so it leaves a pocket and they pass the plate with the most woebegone expression. So far as one can see, they haven't collected a centime when they hold out the plate, for the minute a coin is put on the napkin the musician gives the plate a slight tip upward and the coin slides into the pocket formed by the fold in the napkin and stays there out of sight.

At eleven o'clock they tried to serve the American *souper*, but with little success. The place was too lively, too noisy, too full of fun and jollity for any one to think of eating. Waiters urged people to eat the various *plats* the chef imagined were American, but not many did. What's the use of eating when a bunch of Comanches from the Latin Quarter is likely to arrive at any moment and tomahawk all in sight? Who wouldn't prefer to be tomahawked by a Comanche who wears a pink silk dress and gold slippers and has a dimple in her chin to eating ham and eggs? Nobody, I should say; for ham and eggs are reasonably easy to obtain even in Paris, and Comanches are much more interesting.

There was some dancing—not much. The place was too crowded to dance and the wild whirl of gayety precluded any attempt at it, even in the small open spaces. People came and went, and each new arrival made some new kind of noise. Everybody was jolly and the student boys sang the choruses of the American airs the orchestras played and the rest beat time with their glasses. By two o'clock the whole place was a whirl of laughing, shouting, pirouetting girls and boys, singing, dancing, throwing confetti, sailing their rubber pigs in the air, scattering flowers about, pledging one another eternal devotion, trying to talk French and trying to talk English—a rollicking, childishly amused gathering, having a heap of very innocent fun.

Then there came a sensation. A tall, pale, serious young man rose and demanded silence. Nobody listened much, but he had a good strong voice. He said he had heard with interest and admiration the great sonnet so eloquently declaimed by that master of poets, M. Gautron du Coudray, and he welcomed the admirable literary flavor that had been imparted to this gathering in honor of America. As an American he desired to read a few extracts from the greatest work of the century—a work destined to go down the ages as imperishable prose. He alluded to a work he held in his hand, a small pamphlet with a gaudy cover of flowered paper, and straightway he began to read:

*M. Coudray Knew His Sonnet, but, Alas! He Knew No English*

"The days are wonderful and the nights are wonderful and the life is pleasant.

"Bargaining is something and there is not that success. The intention is what if application has that accident results are reappearing. They did not darken. That was not an adulteration."

Those who were listening pinched themselves to find whether they were not asleep. They glanced round apprehensively to see whether others looked right, to see whether their minds were working.

"In the name of the English language, what is it?" gasped several.

"So much breathing has not the same place when there is that much beginning. So much breathing," he declaimed, "has not the same place when the ending is lessening. So much breathing has the same place and there must not be so much suggestion. There can be there the habit that there is if there is no need of resting. The absence is not alternative."

"What is it?" cried the merrymakers. "What is it?"

"It's cubist stuff," suggested one.

"Futurist," insisted another.

"Both wrong; it's rhythmist writing," said a third.

"It is the word!" explained the pale young man solemnly. "A bottle that has all the time to stand open is not so clearly shown when there is a green color there. This is

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*It Was a Great, Jolly, Happy Crowd*

# MARKED DOWN

## By FANNIE HURST

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"Believe Me, I Could Die Right Now! With Me There Ain't No More Birdies"

ALONG with radium, parcel post, wireless telegraphy and orchestral church music came tight skirts and the hipless movement.

Adolph Katzenstein placed his figurative ear to the ground, heard the stealthy whisper of soft messalines and clinging charmeuse, and sold out the Empire Shirtwaist Company for twenty-five hundred dollars at a slight loss.

Five years later the Katzenstein Neat-Fit Petticoat was flaunted in the red and white electric lights in the lightest part of Broadway, and the figure of an ecstatic girl in an elastic-top, charmeuse-ruffled petticoat had become as much of an epic in street-car advertising as the flakiest breakfast food or the safest safety razor.

Then the Katzensteins moved from a simplex to a complex apartment, furnished the dining room in Flemish oak and the bedroom in white mahogany; Mrs. Katzenstein telephoned to her fancy grocer's for artichokes instead of buying cabbages from the street vender, and Mr. Katzenstein walked with the four fingers of each hand thrust into the distended front pockets of his trousers.

On the first Tuesday of each month Mrs. Katzenstein entertained at whist—an antediluvian survival of a bridgeless era.

At eight o'clock in the morning of one of these first Tuesdays she entered her daughter's white mahogany bedroom, raised the shades with a clatter and drew back the curtains.

"Birdie, get up! It's late and we got housecleaning this morning. Papa's been gone already an hour."

The pink-and-white flowered comforter on the bed stirred and two plump arms, with frills of lace falling backward, raised up like sturdy monoliths in the stretch that accompanies a yawn.

"Aw—yaw—yaw—mamma! Can't you let a girl sleep after she's been up late? Tell Tillie she should begin her sweeping in the hall."

"I should know what time you got home last night. You sneak in like you was afraid it would give me some pleasure to wake up and hear about it! Who was there? What did Marcus have to say?"

"Aw, mamma, let me sleep—can't you? I'll get up in a minute."

"So close-mouthed she is—goes to the party with a grand boy like Marcus and comes home like she was muzzled! Nothing to say! If I was out with a young man so often I could talk."

"Please, mamma, pull down the shade."

"'Please, mamma, pull down the shade!'" mimicked Mrs. Katzenstein in a high falsetto. "After I rush round all day yesterday for the pink wreath for her hair, that's what I hear the next morning—that's the thanks I get!"

Birdie pulled the comforter up closer about her ears, and the head on the rumpled pillow burrowed deeper.

"And such laziness! I been up two hours with my *Kuchen* and cheese pie fixed already for this afternoon, and my daughter sleeps like a lady! The man that gets her I don't envy!"

The pink-and-white mound on the bed heaved like a ship at sea.

"In a minute, mamma!"

Mrs. Katzenstein jerked up a filmy gown from across the back of a chair and held it from her at arm's length.

"Anybody's too good for a girl that ain't got no order! I wonder what Marcus Gump would say if he knew how you treat your things! Her good pink dress that I paid twenty dollars for the making alone she throws round like it cost nothing! Sackcloth is too good! I don't put it away—you can wait on yourself."

However, as she spoke, Mrs. Katzenstein folded the pink gown, with an avalanche of lace flowing from the bodice, lengthwise in a drawer and smothered it with tissue paper.

"That a girl like that shouldn't be ashamed to let her poor old mother wait on her!"

"I'd put it away, mamma, if you'd just give me time."

"Tuesday, when I have the ladies and my card party, she sleeps! No consideration that girl has got for her mother!"

Birdie swung herself to the side of the bed; her wealth of crow-blue hair fell over her shoulders; sleep trembled on her lashes.

"I'm up, ain't I? Now are you satisfied?"

"For all the help you are to me you might as well stay in bed the rest of the morning. A girl that can come home from a party and have nothing to say! But, for my part, I don't want to know. I guess they had a big blowout, didn't they?"

Birdie, high-chested as Juno, with wide, firm shoulders that sloped as must have sloped the shoulders of Artemis when they tempted Actæon, coiled her hair before the mirror with the gesture that has belonged to women since first they coiled their hair. Her cheeks, fleshy but fruitlike in their freshness, might have belonged to a buxom nymph of the grove.

"I wish you could have seen the spread Jeanette had, mamma! I brought home the recipe for her lobster chops. I'll bet if she had one she had six different kinds of ice cream."

With one swoop Mrs. Katzenstein flung the snowy avalanche of pillows and sheets over the footboard of the bed and opened wide both the windows.

"Tillie," she cried, "bring me the broom. I'll start in Miss Birdie's room while you finish the breakfast dishes."

"Such an affair as she had! I said to Marcus, on the way home, it could have been at Delmonico's and not have been finer."

"You don't say so! Such is life, ain't it? We knew Simon Lefkowitz when he used to come to papa and buy for his stock six shirtwaists at a time. Then they didn't live in no eighty-dollar apartment. Many's the morning I used to meet the old lady at market! Who else was there?"

"Who? Let me see! Gertie Glauber was there. She had on that dress Laevitt made; and, believe me, I liked mine better. Tekla Stein and Morris Adler—you know those Adlers in the millinery business?"

"Nice people!"

"You couldn't get a pin between Tekla and him—honest, how that girl worked for him! Selma Blumenthal was there, too, and I must say she looked grand—those eyes of hers and that figure! But what those fellows can see in her so much I don't know! Honest, mamma, she's such a dumbhead, she can't talk ten words to a boy."

"Girls don't need so much brains. I always say it scares the men off. Look at Gussie Graudenheimer—high school she had to have yet! What good does it do? Not a thing does that girl have—and her mother worries enough about it too."

"That's what Marcus says about her—he says she's too smart for him; he says he'd rather have a girl nice and sweet than too smart."

Mrs. Katzenstein leaned her broom in a corner, daubed at the mantelpiece with a flannel cloth and regarded her daughter surreptitiously through the mirror.

"You had a nice time with Marcus last night? You've been out with him five times and still have nothing to say."

"What's there to say, mamma? He's a fine boy and shows a girl a grand time. Last night it was sleeting just a little and he had to have a taxicab. Honest, it was a shame for the money! Take it from me, Morris Adler walked Tekla. I saw them going to the subway."

"Well, what's what? Is that the end of it?"

"Aw, mamma, how should I know? I can't read a fellow's mind! All I know is he—he's coming over tonight."

"Don't you bother with putting those slippers away, Birdie; you just lie round and take it easy this morning. When a girl's going to have company in the evening she should rest up—me and Tillie can do this little work."

Birdie wrapped herself in a crimson kimono plentifully splotched with large pink and blue and red and green chrysanthemums, and snuggled into a white wicker rocking-chair. Her lips, in expression no older than a child's, were parted in a smile.

"I don't want breakfast," she announced. "Irma Friedman quit it and lost five pounds in two weeks."

"Papa and me were saying last night, Birdie, we aren't in a hurry to get rid of you; but such a young man as Marcus Gump any girl can be lucky to get! Aunt Batta said she heard for sure Loeb Brothers are going to make him manager of their new factory—think once, manager and three thousand a year!—just double his salary! Think of putting a young man like him in that big Newark factory!"

"It's surely grand; but for what does it have to be in a place like Newark?"

"Papa says that boy put March Hare boys' pants on the market for the Loebs. How grand for his mother and all, her a widow, to have such a son! Wasn't I right to invite her this afternoon?"

"I'm the last one to say a word against Marcus. You ought to heard them last night talking on the side about him and his new position he might get—just grand! Jeanette's got a new stitch, mamma. It's not like eyelet or French, but sort of between the two, and grand for centerpieces. I could embroider a dresser cover in a week."

"I thought I'd have sardines this afternoon instead of cold tongue. For why should I make Mrs. Cohen feel bad that we don't buy at their delicatessen?"

"I'll fix the cut-glass bowl with fruit for the center of the table."

"It's like papa and me said last night, Birdie—a girl makes no mistake when she follows her parents' advice. Marcus Gump's own mother told me, when I was introduced to her at Hirsch's yesterday afternoon, you're the first girl he ever took out more than two or three times."

Birdie snuggled deeper in her chair and stretched her arms with the gesture of Aurora greeting the day.

"Mamma," she said softly, "what do you think he he said I looked like last night?"

"What?"

"He said—he said ——"

Mrs. Katzenstein paused in her dusting.

"He—said —— Aw, mamma, I can't go telling it—so silly it sounds."

"*Ach!* For nonsense I got no time—such silliness for two grown-up children! That gets you nowhere. Plain talking is what does it."

But suddenly the thridding and thudding of Mrs. Katzenstein's exclamations died down. It was as if a

"You Bad Boy, You! What You Mean by Stealing Away Our Baby?"

steamboat had turned off its power and drifted quietly into its slip. She tiptoed to the table and straightened the cover, arranged the shades until they were precisely even one with the other, gave the new-made bed a final pat, and tiptoed to the door.

"I forgot to order my finger-rolls for this afternoon," she said.

At two o'clock guests began to arrive. A heavy sleet clatted against the windows; the sky and the apartment houses across the way were shrouded in cold gray. Birdie drew the shades and tweaked on the electric lights; tables were grouped about the parlor, laid out with decks of cards, pencils and paper, and small glass dishes of candies.

Mother and daughter had emerged from the morning like moths out of a chrysalis. Mrs. Katzenstein's black crêpe de chine, with cut-jet trimmings, trailed after her when she walked. She greeted her guests with effulgence and enthusiasm.

"Come right in, Carrie! Tillie, take Mrs. Ginsburg's umbrella. I bet you got your winning clothes on today, Carrie; I can always tell it when you wear your willow plume and furs."

Carrie Ginsburg flopped a remonstrating and loose-wristed hand at Mrs. Katzenstein.

"Go 'way! That glass pickle dish I won at Silverman's three weeks ago is the last luck I had. Your mamma's the winner—ain't she, Birdie? At my house she always carries off the prize. I bet I helped furnish her china closet."

"You should worry, Mrs. Ginsburg, when your husband owns the Cut-Glass Palace!"

"You can believe me or not, Birdie, but Aaron's that particular if I take so much as a pintray out of stock he charges it up! When you got such an honest husband it's almost as bad as the other way. He don't get thanks for it."

"Birdie, take Mrs. Ginsburg in the middle room and help off with her things. Hello, Mrs. Silverman! You're a sight for sore eyes. Why wasn't you down at the Ladies' Auxiliary on Wednesday? It was grand! Doctor Lippman spoke so beautiful, and there was coffee in the Sunday-school rooms after"

Mrs. Silverman deposited a large and elaborate muff on the table and unbuttoned her full-length fur coat.

"Such a day as it was Wednesday! Even today my Meena begged me not to come out. 'Mamma,' she said, 'to go out in such sleet and rain for a card party—it's a shame!' Then my Louis telephoned up from the store that if I went out I should take a cab. What that boy don't think of!"

"He's a fine boy, Mrs. Silverman; and such a sweet girl he married."

"It ain't for the money, Mrs. Katzenstein—believe me, it ain't; but why should I take a cab when it's only one block away to the subway? I leave that to my children. Meena's the stylish one of our family—when it so much as sprinkles that girl has to have a cab."

"Come right in, Mrs. Gump; I knew you wouldn't be afraid of a little weather. Here, let me take your umbrella."

"It's a fine weather for ducks, Mrs. Katzenstein."

"Just you go right in the middle room with Birdie and make yourself at home."

"Come right with me, Mrs. Gump; me and mamma was so afraid maybe you wouldn't come."

Birdie flitted in and out from parlor to bedroom; the languor of the morning had fallen from her.

"Now, mamma, you and the ladies sit down at your tables. That's right, Mrs. Mince—you and Mrs. Kronfeldt play opposites, and Mrs. Ginsburg and Aunt Batta. Don't get excited, mamma. I'll fix the ladies in their places. Here, Mrs. Weissenheimer, you sit here between Mrs. Gump and mamma."

"Look at that goil!" exclaimed Mrs. Mince, seating herself and taking a pinch of Birdie's firmly molded arm between thumb and forefinger. "I wish you'd look how thin she's got. Ain't that grand though! I bet you don't drink water with your meals?"

"Not a drop, Mrs. Mince; and no starchy food; no——"

"Mrs. Mince," interrupted Mrs. Ginsburg, dealing the cards with skill and rapidity, "Doctor Adelberg told my sister-in-law that rolling on the floor two hundred times morning and night had got this diet business beat. All he says you got to be careful about is no water at meals. But, with me, it's like Aaron says—I keep him busy filling up my glass at the table."

"I wish you'd see my Birdie diet, Carrie! The grandest things she won't eat! Last night for supper we had potato *Pfannkuchen*, that would melt in your mouth. Not one will she touch! Her papa says how she lives he don't know."

"I wish my Marcus would diet a little. I always say to him he's just a little bit too stout—he takes after his poor father," said Mrs. Gump.

"You can believe me or not, Mrs. Gump; but, so sure as my name is Mince, I got down from a hundred and ninety-two to a hundred and seventy-four in two months! Reducing ain't so bad when you get used to it."

"Honest now, Mrs. Mince, how I wish my Marcus had so much determination! But that boy loves to eat Didn't you see me discard, Mrs. Weissenheimer?"

*"Go 'Way! That Glass Pickle Dish I Won at Silverman's Three Weeks Ago is the Last Luck I Had"*

"Say, it wasn't so easy! How I worked you can ask my husband. I bend for thirty minutes when I get up in the morning; and if you think it's easy, try it—a cup of hot water and a piece of dry toast for breakfast; lettuce salad, no oil, for lunch; and a chop with dry toast for supper. What I suffered nobody knows!"

"Batta, don't you see I lead from weakness?"

"I wish you could see my husband's partner's daughter!" quoth Mrs. Kronfeldt. "I met her on Fifty-third Street last week and she was so thin I didn't know her—massage and diet did it. She ain't feeling so well; but she looks grand—not a sign of hips!"

From an adjoining table Mrs. Silverman waved a plump and deprecatory hand.

"Ladies, don't talk to me about dieting! I know, because I've tried it. Now I eat what I please. It's standing up twenty minutes after meals that does the reducing. Last summer at Arverne every lady in the hotel did it, and never did I see anything like it! Take my word for it that when my husband came down for Saturday and Sunday he didn't know me!"

"*Ach*, Mrs. Silverman, that was almost a grand slam! You should watch my discard!"

"When I came home I had to have two inches taken out of every skirthand."

"You don't mean it!"

"Feel, Birdie, my arm. Last summer your thumbs wouldn't have met."

"I said to mamma when we saw you at the matinée last week, Mrs. Silverman, you're grand and thin!"

"You try a little lemon in your hot water, Birdie. But you're not too stout—I should say not! You're grand and tall, and can stand it."

"Grand and tall!" echoed Mrs. Gump.

"It's a wonder she isn't as thin as a match, Mrs. Gump, the way that girl does society! Last night it was two o'clock when she got home from Jeanette Lefkowitz' party."

"I wish you'd heard the grand things Marcus said about you this morning at breakfast, Miss Birdie! I bet your ears were ringing. It's not often that he talks, either, when he's been out."

"What's this grand news I hear, Mrs. Gump, about your son being taken in the firm and made manager of the new Loeb factory? It's wonderful for a boy to work himself up with a firm like that."

"There's nothing sure about it yet, Mrs. Silverman. How such things get out I don't know. Marcus is a good boy; and, believe me or not, we think he's got a future with the firm. But you know how it is—there's nothing settled yet, and I don't believe in counting your chickens before they are hatched."

"I wish it to you, Mrs. Gump," purred Mrs. Katzenstein. "I wish the good luck to you."

"You don't make it diamonds, Mrs. Kronfeldt, unless you got to."

"Who made that dress for you, Birdie? It fits fine!"

"That's the dressmaker on Madison Avenue I was telling you about, Mrs. Adler," replied Mrs. Katzenstein, answering for her daughter. "Me and Birdie go to her for everything. Look at that fit and all!"

"Grand!"

"I'll give you her address if you don't tell everybody. You know how it is when you begin to recommend a dressmaker—up in their prices they go, and that's all the thanks you get."

"You are safe with me, Mrs. Katzenstein."

"Come here, Birdie! Turn round for Mrs. Adler—only twelve dollars to make with findings!"

"I'll take her my blue cloth," said Mrs. Adler.

"You won't regret it. Just tell her I sent you. If you want you can have the address, too, Mrs. Gump."

"I got a compliment for you about the dress you wore last night, Miss Birdie. Wonderful! No trump! This morning at breakfast Marcus said lots about your pretty dress and pretty ways; and for him to say that is a lot; not ten words can I get out of him, as a rule."

"I wish you could hear Birdie, too, Mrs. Gump! Believe me, she thinks he's a fine boy—and how hard that girl is to suit you wouldn't believe it!"

"Aw, mamma!"

"Change partners, ladies!"

Birdie hurried out into the dining room, a flush branded her cheeks—Daphne fleeing from Apollo could not have been more deliciously agitated.

"Tillie," she directed, "you can make the coffee now and put the finger-rolls on."

A snowy round table was spread beneath a large opaline dome of lights, which showered over the feast like a spray of stars; and in the center was a mammoth cut-glass bowl of fruit, overflowing its sides with trailing bunches of hothouse grapes, and piled to a fitting climax of oranges, peeled in fanciful flower designs; fat bananas, with half the skin curled backward; and apples so firm and red that they might have been lacquered. The guests filed in.

"We haven't got much, ladies—Tillie, bring in some of the chairs from the parlor—but Birdie says it isn't style to have such big lunches any more. Sit right down here, Mrs. Gump, between me and Birdie. Now, ladies, help yourselfs and don't be bashful. Start the sardines round, Batta."

"What a pretty centerpiece, Mrs. Katzenstein!"

"Do you like it, Mrs. Kronfeldt? Birdie made it when the whipstitch first came out. We got the doilies too."

"I think it's good for a girl to be so practical," said Mrs. Gump, squeezing an arc of a lemon over her sardine. "If I had a daughter she should know how to do things round the house, even if she didn't have to use it."

"I'm not the kind to brag on my children; but, if I do say so myself, my girls can turn their hands to anything. If the day ever comes—God forbid!—when they should need it they'll know how."

"Exactly."

"When my Ray got engaged she made every monogram for her trousseau. I can prove it by Batta what a trousseau that girl had—and she made every monogram

for every piece. She never comes home with the children to visit that she don't say: 'Mamma, thank Heaven, Abe is doing so grand and I don't need to—but there ain't a woman in Kansas City can beat me on housekeeping.'"

"This is delicious grape jelly, Mrs. Katzenstein."

"That's some more of Birdie's doings. Honest, you may believe me or not, Mrs. Gump, but I have to fight to keep that girl away from the kitchen and housework! Yesterday it was all I could do to get her to go to Rosie Freund's linen shower; she wanted to stay home and help me with today's *Kuchen*. This morning, after last night, she was up before eight! Such a child!"

"I suppose you heard of poor Flora Freund's trouble, didn't you, Salcha?"

"Yes, Batta; you could have knocked me down with a feather! But Mr. Katzenstein always said the new store was too big. And such a failure too!"

"I guess Flora won't have so many airs now! Down to her feet she got a sealskin coat this winter."

"I always say to Mr. Katzenstein we ain't such high-fliers, but we are steady. Try some of that pickled herring, Mrs. Gump. I put it up myself."

"I guess you heard of Stella Loeb's engagement, Birdie, didn't you?" inquired Mrs. Mince, spreading the grape jelly atop a finger-roll. "To a Mr. Steinfeld from Cleveland."

"Yes, I hear she's doing grand; but so is he. To get in with the Loeb Brothers' crowd ain't so bad."

"Yes, they're all grand matches!" exclaimed Mrs. Ginsburg. "It's just like Meena says, they're all gold pocketbook and automobile matches when they're with out-of-town men; but Cleveland—I don't wish it to her to live in Cleveland—not that I've ever been there, but I don't envy girls that marry out of New York."

"My Ray's got it grand in Kansas City! I wish you could see her closet room and her pantry—as big as my whole kitchen! A girl could do worse than Kansas City or Cleveland."

"I always say," remarked Birdie, "when I get engaged it makes no difference where he goes."

"That's the right way to feel, Miss Birdie. Some day, if Marcus should ever marry—and I'm the last one to stand in his way—if he gets his promotion to the Newark factories and the girl he picks out don't like Newark, then she's not the right girl," said Mrs. Gump.

"Newark," said Mrs. Katzenstein, "is a grand little town. Whenever we pass through on our way to Kansas City, Birdie always says what a sweet little town it is. Mrs. Silverman, have another cup of coffee."

The short winter day sloughed off suddenly and it was dark when they rose from the table. "So late!" exclaimed Mrs. Mince. "I got a girl that can't so much as put on the potatoes. Honest, the servant problem gets woise and woise."

"Sh-h-h!" cautioned Mrs. Katzenstein, placing her forefinger across her lips and glancing warningly toward the kitchen. "Tillie," she whispered, "ain't such a jewel neither; but she's honest, and I'm glad enough to have anybody these days. Birdie, she's always fussing with me because I do too much in the kitchen; but why should my husband have his coffee so it don't suit him? Children don't understand—they're too much for style."

"In my little flat, with Etta married and gone," chimed in Mrs. Adler, "I'm better off without a girl. I got a woman to come in and clean three times a week, and me and Ike go out for our supper. I got it better without the worry of a girl."

"I give you right. If I'd listen to Marcus I'd keep a servant too—a servant when I got my troubles without one!"

"Ain't that jus' like papa, Birdie? He always says: 'Salcha, you take it easy now; when one girl isn't enough keep two'—as if I didn't have enough troubles already!"

"Goodby, Mrs. Katzenstein!" Mrs. Kronfeldt inserted a tissue-paper-wrapped package carefully within her muff. "You got good taste in prizes—salts and peppers always come in handy."

"That's the way me and Birdie felt when we picked them out—you can't have too many of them."

"And, Birdie, you come over with your mamma some afternoon when Ruby's home. That girl with her society and engagements—I never see her myself! This afternoon she saw vaudeville with Sol Littleberger. He's in off the road."

"Birdie had an engagement this afternoon, too, with a traveling man; but I always like to have her home when I entertain."

"I had a lovely afternoon, Mrs. Katzenstein. You and Miss Birdie must come and see me—One Hundred and Forty-first Street ain't so far away that you can't get to us."

"Me and Birdie can come almost any afternoon, Mrs. Gump, except Saturday we go to the matinée—we're great ones for Saturday matinée."

"That's what I call too bad! On Saturday Marcus comes home early and he could see you home."

"Well," said Mrs. Katzenstein, plucking a thread off Mrs. Gump's coatsleeve, "it's not like there weren't plenty more Saturdays in the year. I got enough vaudeville shows this year anyway."

"After the third number I always say, 'Mamma, let's go!'—don't I, mamma?" said Birdie.

"We can come next Saturday, all right, Mrs. Gump; but mind, don't you go to any trouble for us—Birdie's on a diet and all I want is a cup of coffee. It makes my husband so mad when I come home and got no appetite.

"Goodby, Mrs. Ginsburg. *Ach*, that's right—I forgot: Birdie, write down Maggie's address for Mrs. Ginsburg. You try her once. She brings home the clothes so white it's a pleasure to put them away. Tell her I recommended her. I wish you could see Birdie's shirtwaists come home from the wash—just like new!"

"I'll try her next week," said Mrs. Ginsburg, buckling her fur neckpiece.

"Give Adolph my love, Batta. Birdie, help Aunt Batta with her coat. Come over some evening soon. Goodby, ladies! Come again. Goodby! Be careful of that step there, Mrs. Gump. Goodby!"

Mrs. Katzenstein clicked the door softly shut and turned to her daughter. There were high red spots on her cheeks.

"Well," she sighed, "I'm glad that's over."

*"What Do You Think of My Girl There, Gump? She's a Fine One—Not?"*

"Me too; and I'm sorry enough that Mrs. Gump didn't win those saltcellars."

"Such a grand woman as she is—plain and unassuming! He left her real comfortable too—not much, but enough for herself. But, to look at her in that plain black dress, you wouldn't think that she had a son that might be made manager of the Loeb factory, would you?"

"It is so," agreed Birdie, nibbling from a half-emptied candy dish on one of the tables; "and that's just the way with Marcus last night—it was only accident that he let out that him and Louis Epstein might have an automobile."

"Plain and unassuming people!" Mrs. Katzenstein exclaimed.

"I says to him when we were in the taxi, I says: 'Automobile riding sure is grand!' Then he says, 'If something I'm hoping for happens in a couple of days, me and Louis Epstein are going to buy one of those five-hundred-dollars roadsters together. Then we can have a swell time together, Birdie!' Just like that he said it."

"You're a good girl, Birdie, and you deserve the best. Tonight you wear your blue. Tillie, come in and set the chairs straight—nice—Miss Birdie's going to have company. How that Mrs. Ginsburg got on my nerves, I can't tell you, with her Meena and her brag!"

"I should say so!"

At eight o'clock Birdie again posed before her mirror. Her robin's-egg blue dress where it fell away from her rather splendid and carefully powdered chest was spangled with small sequins, which glinted like stars. There was a corresponding galaxy of spangles arranged bandeau fashion in her hair. The Blessed Damozel, when she leaned out from the golden bar of Heaven, wore seven significant stars in her hair. Birdie also wore stars in her hair, in her eyes, in her heart and on her bosom.

"I think this dress makes me look grand and thin, mamma."

"It cost enough."

"Do you like those silver spangles in my hair? That's the way Bella Block wore hers at the theater the other night."

"I don't believe in such fussiness for girls! Your mother before you didn't have it. If you want you can wear my diamond bowknot. Have Tillie come in and pin it on you with the safety catch. I'm so nervous like a cat!"

"What are you so nervous about, mamma?"

"Say, Birdie, you know I'm the last one to talk about such things—but the Gumps don't start things without intentions. Flora told me herself that Ben Gump got engaged to her sister the second time he called."

"Aw, mamma!"

"Believe me, if it should come to us we got no cause to complain. Grand prospects! Grand boy! And what more do you want? Papa and me, with such a son-in-law, can enjoy our old age."

"Such talk!"

"You think I let on to anybody! All I say is to you; but a girl needs advice from her parents. Look at your sister Ray—she was a smart and sensible girl."

"Abe, with his stuttering and all!"

"Just the same he is a good husband to her and makes her a good living. You think she would have got him if she hadn't fixed things for herself—kind of! Believe me, it was hard enough for us, then, before papa went into petticoats."

"She can have him!"

"I always say Ray was a smart girl. She wasn't no beauty and the chances didn't come so thick; and now to walk in her house you wouldn't think she did the courting! A more devoted boy than Abe I don't know."

"Do you like that bow at the belt, mamma?"

"Yes. . . . Tillie," called Mrs. Katzenstein, raising her voice, "turn on the lights in the parlor, and then tell Mr. Katzenstein I said to put on his coat."

"I don't want the lights on, mamma—it looks better that way."

"You want it to look like we was stingy with light yet! How does that look—just the gaslogs going! You tell Mr. Katzenstein, Tillie, that I insist that he should put on his coat to meet Birdie's company—his newspaper will keep. There's the bell! Tillie, go to the door."

After a well-timed interval Birdie entered the soft-lighted parlor; the gaslogs gave out a mellow but uncertain light. It was as if the spirit of fire were doing an elf dance about the room—glinting on the polished surface of the floor, glancing on and off the gilt frame of a wall picture, and gleaming at its own reflection in the mahogany table-legs and glass doors of the curio cabinet.

Mr. Gump was seated in a remote corner, elbows on knees and face in hands, like a Marius mourning among the ruins of his Carthage.

"Howdy-do, Marcus? Such a dark corner you pick out! It's just as cheap to sit in the light," said Birdie.

He rose and came toward her, squaring his shoulders and tossing his head backward after the manner of a man throwing off a mood, or of the strong man before he stoops to raise the thousand-pound bar of iron.

"What's the matter, Marcus? You aren't sick, are you?"

"Sure I'm not," he said. "I'm just catching up on sleep."

They shook hands and smiled, both of them full of the sweet mystery of their new shyness. His hand trembled and he released her fingers abruptly.

"Well, how did you get over last night, Marcus? Honest, you look real tired! Didn't we have the grandest time? Henrietta called me up this morning and said she nearly split her sides laughing when you imitated how Mr. Latz sells cigars."

"Tonight," he said, running a hand over the woolly surface of his hair and exhaling loudly, "I feel as funny as a funeral."

*(Continued on Page 33)*

# The Business Side of the Church

## The Volunteer Choir—By James H. Collins

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

AN ILLINOIS farming community six miles from the nearest railroad station had one of the oldest churches in that section of the country; but it had fallen into decay. The last minister had resigned with four hundred dollars of his salary overdue, and for several years the preaching had been done by one of the elders. The church was open only on Sundays and the services were attended chiefly by the old folk.

As the young people in that neighborhood needed some outlet for their energies they had taken up dancing. A clubhouse had been built for general social purposes, in the hope that it would meet the demand for healthy amusement; but dancing quickly became the main attraction there. It went on almost every night, brought in an undesirable element from surrounding towns, and was not a healthy tendency at all. The old people who kept the church going were greatly worried about it.

Finally that church succeeded in getting another minister, and as soon as he arrived the elders with many misgivings explained the dancing situation to him. The new minister was a thoroughly modern parson, however, and seemed quite confident that the situation could be met without difficulty.

"I know from experience," he said, "that young people will dance if they have nothing better to do. I propose to give them something better."

Whereupon he started an old-fashioned singing school and began developing the musical talent of the neighborhood. Having some knowledge of music himself, he was able to give instruction. In a little while both the singing and attendance in the Sunday-school improved remarkably, good music became a part of the church services, and the countryside was brought together by a band of gospel singers who went about from house to house. At first people were rather disposed to dodge the gospel band, but after they heard it sing everybody wanted it.

Out of that singing school grew a skillful chorus choir, a men's quartette, a women's quartette, some fine solo singers and an orchestra. Nothing was said against dancing, yet in two years the clubhouse shut up shop for lack of interest, and during the ten years that have passed dancing has been practically forgotten.

*The Clubhouse Shut Up Shop*

### *The Problem of Church Music*

WHEN a constructive business man, acting as a trustee, looks over his church with a view to developing its latent resources he ought to find the choir one of the most promising assets. Good music is full of possibilities both from the business and from the human side. It makes church services attractive and draws worshipers; it gives church members, especially the young people, an outlet for their energies; it provides interest and instruction for everybody in the church, from the little tots in the infant class upward, and it can be made a source of revenue outside the church, if necessary.

Of course even the smallest church has music of some kind, and is probably ambitious to have better music and more of it; but very often this ambition runs in the direction of paid singers. The frugal little neighborhood church hears of the grand musical services of the big rich church downtown, and wishes that it might have money to pay accomplished singers to attract the people. The constructive trustee, who has not got into the real merits of the church music question, might conclude that the best solution is to raise revenue for hiring paid singers; but all the good counsel and practical experience in church music is on the side of the volunteer choir. No matter how meager the human material in the church may seem to be, there is always enough for a beginning, particularly if there is good management of the resources and good instruction. Behind that material is more, coming up through the Sunday-school, and a very little average singing material properly used attracts more from outside. Then the value of volunteer music to the church itself is altogether beyond anything that can come from the finest professional art, if the congregation does not take an active part in the music. Volunteer singing and a vigorous volunteer musical life pull the whole church together and deepen its religious experience to such a degree that, when the trustee understands how it operates, he would as soon think of hiring professional ball-players to represent his factory in sport as to depend upon professional singers alone for church music, useful as they may be in their proper sphere.

*There Is Always Enough Material for a Beginning*

One of the suburban churches near New York has a volunteer choir with an organization and methods so good that it may be taken as an illustration. The director of this choir is a parson's son, and he has been familiar with church singing since boyhood. He is a successful business man accustomed to managing people and affairs, and his father was a Welshman. The musical influence of the Germans and Italians in this country is generally recognized, but not everybody realizes that we have a third musical race and influence in the Welsh. Yet it is so. The church trustee scouting for musical material cannot afford to overlook the Joneses or Lloyds or Evanses or anybody else bearing a Welsh name. For singing is second nature to the Welshman, and he is a chorister by all his traditions and training, and as a rule would rather manage a choir than eat.

This suburban church is not rich, nor is it situated in a place remarkable for musical talent. It is the ordinary church in the ordinary town, and when the director took charge he had to go scouting, like everybody else. But there were some good voices in the church and a few more obtainable outside. With these he formed a small chorus choir and started.

A church choir has two natural enemies: One is the music committee of the church and the other is musical temperament. The music committee of a church is usually made up of two or three staid gentlemen who probably know very little about music, but have been given charge of musical finance. They hire the organist at an average salary of ten dollars a week and add ten more for professional singers. Ten dollars a week to an organist is something like green spectacles and sawdust to a cow. He cannot afford to do much more than prepare music for the regular church services, much less teach the Sunday-school to sing, or build up his choir by developing the musical gifts of the children and young people. Again, the sum paid for professional singers is not sufficient to secure the best, though it causes many a jealous heartburning among his volunteer singers. If the music committee feels that its expenditure of a thousand dollars a year gives it the right to dictate the character of the music, the situation has difficulties that are apparent enough.

As for musical temperament, that is bound to be present in the very nature of things. Music is very largely an affair of the nerves. Musical people are sensitive, hard to handle, given to whims. They are likely to quarrel and to be irregular in attendance. The finest chorus voices may be hampered by solo aspirations. A good volunteer solo soprano may be the servant of some woman whose proper musical place is in the chorus, and so it goes. The difficulties here are obvious enough too.

Well, this director first threw the music committee overboard. He took the stand that the musical difficulties and musical temperament were sufficient to keep any director busy, without the interference of a music committee, and said that he would handle the church's music appropriation. If the church could not raise money enough for the moderate needs of his volunteer organization, he would raise it himself. But he refused to be hampered by a music committee, and so the latter was abolished.

### *Coping With the Musical Temperament*

HIS way of managing musical temperament was simple enough. On the principle that people who are kept busy are least likely to get into mischief, he worked that choir incessantly. The musical part of the Sunday services was broadened. A high standard of execution was set and a wide range of compositions studied. The choir was expected to be ready to sing almost anything in the hymnal, and anthems and cantatas were prepared and delivered. Each selection along the latter line was a composition that seemed to stand just a bit outside the abilities of a chorus of that size and experience. When such music was successfully delivered the satisfaction of the choir knew no bounds. It felt proud of its accomplishments as an organization, and its zest for more work was keen because it saw what work led to. So in a short time this little group of singers not only was meeting several times a week for rehearsal, but was free from discord because it was kept busy. The harder the director worked his singers the more they enjoyed it. Soon the music was attracting new worshipers, and the number of singers who wanted to belong to such a choir and benefit by its musical instruction was so great that presently it had increased to sixty, and a waiting list had to be started. For a number of years there has never been a time when this waiting list would not amply meet any emergency, and this condition has strengthened discipline, for singers in the choir understand that plenty of outsiders are anxious to step into any vacant place.

*Volunteer Soloists are Likely to be a Cause of Hard Feeling*

Absence and tardiness are reduced almost to zero by a scheme of fines. The amounts are nominal—five cents for being late at service or rehearsal and ten cents for absence. The money raised in fines goes for a monthly dinner, and as the director undertakes to make good any shortage, the choir shows up regularly for its work and gets a dinner out of the director. In one instance a young woman who was sick for three months paid for each absence.

This choir's singing strength lies chiefly in its chorus work. But it has solo singers too, and an ingenious plan for preventing friction at this critical point; for volunteer soloists are likely to be a cause of hard feeling. Where Annabel Lee sings the solo today and Susie Jones is selected next Sunday, there is always room for a difference of opinion about personal ability and the right selection. So the soloists are arbitrarily set apart from the chorus by salaries, although the latter are nominal. The church has never paid more than four dollars a Sunday for any soloist, and the average is not half that amount; but the line is drawn distinctly and friction eliminated.

The director of this choir works for the fun of it and for the good he is able to do in helping singers. One member

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# SIX MILLION WORKERS

## THE PUBLIC SCHOOL AND THE SELF-SUPPORTING WOMAN

By William Hughes Mearns

ALICE was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank and of having nothing to do." So she went to work. In America, at any hour between five and nine of a morning, some six million Alices "check in" before an automatic timeclock; or register on a teacher's attendance sheet; or report to a superintendent; or nod pleasantly—or otherwise—to the floorwalker, or push buttons for their personal stenographers. Alice gets very tired at times of all these tasks, but she seems to prefer anything to sitting all day by her sister on the bank and having nothing to do.

During the last hundred years or so Alice certainly has changed. She is a different young lady from the one we used to know. She was wont in a time not long past to sit demurely by her sister or anywhere else she was put. She ate sparingly, like the little wren she was, and chirped a simple song. The song was often becomingly sad: "For men must work and women must weep." Much sadness, it was averred, had drooped her head, willowed her neck, fringed her eyelashes—in short, had made her a shy, weeping, plaintive, shrinking little person. Even her waist was shrinking. We know, on the authority of Doctor Holmes, that "her waist was ampler than her life, for life is but a span."

One must not forget that the birdlike diet and the constant shrinking put her ever on the verge of a fainting spell. Open Sir Charles Grandison, mid-eighteenth century, at any one of the twelve hundred pages and observe this timid creature:

She lifted her eyes to Heaven while tears coursed down her pale cheeks; she clasped and unclasped her delicate fingers; with a feeble cry for mercy she shrank [how clever she was at that!] before the steady gaze of the strong man [oh, how that strong mid-eighteenth-century man has shrunk!] covered her face with her slender white hands and broke into convulsive sobs. Before he could take one step toward her, helplessly at his feet she had swooned.

Sir Charles Grandison's milady did no useful thing, and she did it becomingly and well. Idleness, that minced her step, that whitened her cheek, that slowed her pulse and nearly did the business for her cerebellum, was her vocation and her lifework. To be sure idleness was not the only thing that whitened her cheek, nor was it her main occupation. The chief end of the eighteenth-century woman was shyly to flee before amorous man, albeit at no immoderate pace and with many arch glances over the shoulder the while. Even eighteenth-century Pamela, who was only a serving maid and should have been about her business with scrubbing-brush and teatray—even Pamela is the same delicate, timid, hunted creature. And she, too, was shrinking.

### *Motor Women and Soldier Lassies Next*

SUMMED up, all this is what we imply today when we say feminine. "Feminine" is good eighteenth-century English, which, like "female," "rum," "peruke" and "obey," is rapidly growing obsolete. There is a new note in woman's song that careless observers—including some women—have unthinkingly called masculine.

The new woman is very much a woman. She lives in the open air, breathes deep, weeps seldom and shrinks rarely. She writes the most searching treatises and the surest lyrics; she organizes her forces in the twentieth-century way, puts bills through the legislature, climbs mountains, heals the sick, buys, sells, manages, promotes and, most modern of all, thinks.

It must be admitted she looks at life with almost a menacing eye, is nervously strident at times in pushing her various causes, and lacks as yet the supreme achievement of genial forbearance. But idle she is not. The last census shows her represented in every occupation save two—there are said to be no women street-car drivers and no women soldiers. Let us picture concretely this last fact as reported by Dr. Edith Abbott in her study of the latest United States census. In America today women are employed outside the home as plantation overseers, milk farmers, florists, fruit-growers, stock-raisers, apiarists, theatrical managers and players, architects, clergymen, dentists, surveyors, writers, journalists, illustrators, lawyers, librarians, metallurgists, chemists, surgeons, college professors, hairdressers, hotelkeepers, stewards, laundresses, nurses, detectives, guides, insurance agents, brokers, pilots, commercial travelers, bank and insurance company officials, buyers for stores, railroad employees, merchants, wholesale and retail; street-railroad employees, telegraph operators, undertakers, auctioneers, mechanics in all the building trades, tilemakers, glass-workers, potters, bakers, butchers, confectioners, canners, iron and steel workers, wheelwrights, leather manufacturers, brewers, cabinet-makers, watchmakers, locksmiths, bookbinders, pattern-makers, engravers, printers, workers in textiles, photographers, upholsterers, piano-tuners, turpentine distillers and well-borers. And this barely touches the full list.

*Straw-Sewing on Power Machines May Pay as High as Forty Dollars a Week*

Public education is only slowly becoming aware of the new position woman is taking in the world's work. Trade schools for boys, technical high schools for boys, cooperative study-work schools for boys—these are cropping out with hopeful alacrity. But the education of girls has always been a moot point—any kind of education. One recalls how reluctant was the admission of women to the advantages of higher education. Good Eastern universities even yet admit women to one course—say, chemistry—but not to another—say, philosophy; or they send their professors across the way to give the same courses in a separate building.

So direct public education for trade and profession lags for the girl quite naturally behind the same education offered to the boy. There are many good reasons—some of which will be presented here—why we are reluctant to face the fact that milady has become very tired of sitting beside her sister and of having nothing to do.

A society of good people in the city of New York was forced to consider that fact. They were interested in working girls and wished to do something helpful. It did not take the society long to discover that what working girls need above everything else is a decent earning capacity, with all the connotation of decent. They knew that a low wage for young girls is an immoral thing. So they instituted the Manhattan Trade School for Girls. Because of five years of thoroughly successful operation that school was made a part of the public-school system of New York.

In the Manhattan Trade School for Girls one is greeted with the roar of high-power sewing machines; which means that some of these little girls, fourteen to sixteen years of age, are about to learn the trades of clothing-machine operating, straw-machine operating and embroidering-machine operating. The long hours at the machines are broken by lessons in English and in arithmetic, and by carefully directed physical exercises; and they are made pleasant by the sisterly care of really gifted teachers. Five other trades are taught: dressmaking, millinery, sample mounting, novelty manufacturing, and fancy lamp-shade making. From six to eighteen months completes a trade.

The practical gain to the individual is not to be estimated. These children must go to work and industry offers them nothing like the all-round experience of the trade school. Without training, these girls face a wage of three to four dollars a week, with possibilities of much intermittent job-hunting. The concrete case of two sisters shows the lifting power of this slight preparation for work: Their father was dead; the mother did laundry work; an older brother made four dollars a week as an errand boy. Only with the private help of an aid fund were the two girls enabled to take courses at the trade school. When only fourteen years old, after less than a year at the school, one sister was placed at piecework that gave her five dollars the first week, five dollars and thirty-five cents the second week, five dollars and eighty cents the third week. Soon she was earning seven dollars and thirty cents a week, with opportunities ahead. The younger sister spent fifteen months in the novelty department, and was placed at five dollars a week. In less than a year she was receiving eight dollars and ninety-three cents, with the certainty of earning more. Meanwhile the untrained older brother had remained practically stationary.

### *Earning Power Increased*

THESE wages do not represent the upper limit; they indicate merely that even a slight preparation, when intelligently planned, takes the girl out of the danger of a fixed low wage and thoroughly unblocks the road ahead. In less than a year on special machine-operating some girls have jumped from five dollars a week to fourteen. Teachers in the Manhattan School say that for exceptional girls straw-sewing on power machines may pay as high as forty dollars a week during the good season. Even sample mounting, which a stupid girl may learn, will increase the earning power fourfold and fivefold.

These elementary trade schools for girls are not numerous in this country, nor are they all alike except in the aim to prepare a certain type of city girl to become self-supporting as quickly as possible. Besides the Manhattan Trade School, New York finds need for three others—the Clara de Hirsch Trade School, the Pascal Institute, and the Hebrew Technical School for Girls. Boston has the Girls' Trade School; Milwaukee, the School of Trades for Girls; Chicago, the Girls' Trade School; and Cincinnati, the Jewish Kitchen Garden Association and Trade School for Girls.

Some persons will never, never get used to this kind of education. To them actual training of girls for a trade is a thing abhorrent. They see the picture of college-intended children tempted cunningly into a shop—a thing that never happens. What they should see is a few hundred out of the thousands of workers—hardly enough to be noticed in the great need—taken sympathetically by the hand and lifted a step or two higher for life; they should see the practice in a variety of operations that no shop could afford to teach; they should see the experience permitted on fine fabrics—the open door to higher wage and superior craftsmanship—that no shop would tolerate; they should see the training in design, in color combination, in the study of modes, in the qualities of material—in short, the growth in taste; they should see the combinations of trades to ward off the slack seasons—for instance, millinery for August to October and from February to April, filled in with lamp-shade making for October, November and December; they should see, as well, the personal work in English,

arithmetic, current history, home economics, thrift—through the school savings bank—and practical hygiene.

Then they would not miss, in the lives of these helpless people, the enduring mark made by purposeful labor in an atmosphere of kindness; for bending over the work of each girl is a teacher who was once herself a worker. All about one is the eagerness to do, to learn, to know how to live better. Never before did good counsel count so much; never before were teachers so ready to give it out of their store of experience. Besides, there is always the placement secretary, who knows about good places and who keeps in pleasant touch with the girls after they leave school until they have reached safety in completely self-supporting labor.

Next year the Manhattan Trade School for Girls is to have a ten-story loft building accommodating one thousand girls. Looking the alternative fairly in the face, one must feel that this meager, inadequate education is of tremendous moral value to the cities that offer it.

However, is it education? The Scotch method of answering a question is to ask another: What is education? Is it accurate skill in spelling, in reading English at sight, in parsing a canto of Milton? Is it ability to add, subtract, multiply and divide like a figuring machine? Is it knowing all the capes in Christendom? Is it memorizing the Constitution? Is it reciting the names of a thousand literary masterpieces? Is it even having by heart a play of Shakspere? Is it gained by reducing Cicero to Latinized English? Is it ever associated with the fearful knowledge of a post-graduate?

All these one may possess, yet have not wisdom. Unlovely sailors may know all your capes. Schoolboys that have not English know grammar; and surely some Shaksperean actors know not Shakspere. Youthful translators there are, unsmitten by the glory of the classics they so irreverently thumb. And as for certain grubbing post-graduate jacks of much learning and masters of none—well, let us be kind!

Instruments of education these are, glorious if wisely used; and no mind has been able to name all of them. On every side the world is constantly presenting wisdom to him who has eyes or to him whose eyes have been opened. Education, says the wise Emerson, is man's unfolding. It is making a man better that he may later do better; it is making him nobler that he may continue to be noble; it is making him think more accurately about himself, about the world in which he lives, about his contemporaries, that he may never weary in that well doing. Education is furnishing one with skill to live better; and it is much more.

### The Boston School for Saleswomen

ONE thing is indispensable—a guide that through devoted service to others can awaken the spirit to unfold. "I can do that by another which I cannot do alone. There is a power in love to divine another's destiny better than that other can, and by heroic encouragements hold him to his task." The instrument is often less significant than we professors of special subjects sometimes fancy it to be.

Are the humble trades of these industrial schools education? Undoubtedly. One must not argue about it—one must see it perform its office in the very faces of the girls that come for so short a time within its influence. These socially neglected young persons are made better than they were before; they know more about themselves; they comprehend life better. Be it ever so little, the daily contact with wise counselors in activities that by heroic encouragements stir the call that is within every child to grow, to do something worthy, to be somebody—that is their education, their unfolding. "And good communications being once established they are thenceforward good citizens."

And we must never forget that the alternative is not between this slender education and some more complete education, but between this education and no help at all.

A totally different kind of school, dealing with a different sort of young woman, is the Union School of Salesmanship, now in its eighth successful year in Boston. The school was organized by the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, and in the beginning was conducted without connection with any business house. To secure practical experience an agreement was made with five Boston department stores to allow paid service in the stores for one day each week. Out of this beginning grew the present plan—selected young women, employed regularly by the coöperating firms, are given a three-months' course in the school, which they attend every morning except Monday. The tuition is free and there is no loss of wage for attendance at the school.

*This Queen of the May is the Type of Girl That Takes Practical Courses Nowadays*

In the classrooms are discussions of store experiences directly bearing on salesmanship, demonstrations of good and ineffective ways of selling goods, and lectures by representatives of the five coöperating firms. The object is to teach right thinking toward the work as a profession. Equally important is the emphasis placed in class upon personal health—this includes the study of daily menus, ventilation, bathing, sleep, hygienic dressing, taste in apparel, carriage. The aim here is to develop a pleasing personality.

To instil a regard for system and to cultivate a habit of attention to details, a course is given in the store system, in sales-slip practice, business arithmetic and business forms. To increase a knowledge of the stock, textile schools and art museums are visited; and through book and lecture is opened up the endless story of fabrics. Past neglect in education is made up wherever needed in English, reading, color and design; besides, there is open discussion of such present-day interests of women as woman's wage, the status of working women, the work of the consumers' league.

Similar schools for saleswomen have been instituted in San Francisco and in Providence, and one is now proposed for Buffalo. The first two schools were organized directly through the parent school in Boston, but Buffalo came to its need in a different way. That story is valuable to cities and towns that are now looking for a way out.

The Department of Vocational Education, under the directorship of F. W. Wing, made a preliminary investigation, asking first: What are the important fields of work in which the wage-earning women of Buffalo are employed? This is not the usual first question. It seems to be assumed in America that the working girl must be a typewriter. In one city stenography and typewriting are the only courses given in a school organized for the avowed aim of preparing colored girls for wage-earning. Any investigation will show that the opportunity for colored stenographers in that community is precisely none.

### Facts Revealed in Buffalo

IN BUFFALO it was found that salesmanship headed the list, with about ten thousand workers. Domestic service came second, with five thousand; followed by office employment, paper-box manufacturing, the needle trades, soap manufacturing and telephone-switchboard operating. A special investigator, Miss Pearle M. Peck, interviewed superintendents, managers and employees to get an idea of the needs. She found the usual conditions in some occupations—mechanical work, low wages and what the English call dead-end employment—no possible chance for advancement except by dropping the job altogether. Two vocations seemed worthy of special training—salesmanship and domestic service.

In spite of the ten thousand women behind counters in Buffalo, the employers reported a continual need for trained workers. They willingly agreed to coöperate with the Vocational Bureau and they promised better wages in exchange for better qualifications. In this occupation there are openings ahead for foremen—which does not necessarily mean men—and for buyers. Nearly all the buyers of the Buffalo stores are women. Salaries of from six thousand to eight thousand dollars are reported at the very top. Besides, the handling of dressgoods and foodstuffs is not unconnected with woman's natural work; certainly it is more allied than copying on type machines or wrapping soap. So a course in salesmanship similar to the Boston school has been recommended for Buffalo.

As an outcome of this investigation part-time work has been recommended in Buffalo for domestic service—that is, part of the time at service and part of the time under instruction in a special public school. Work will begin with girls already employed. It is estimated that from four thousand to five thousand heads of families in Buffalo would willingly pay for skilled service who now endure unskilled. Further, the special studies of this school would instantly dignify the whole business of domestic employment and place it where it belongs, among the semiprofessional occupations. The requirement of high qualifications achieved through training will elevate any calling. It has done so already for teaching and for nursing and threatens to make even the municipal politician a person to respect.

Domestic service is demanding something more than an

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*High School Girls Studying the Art End of Advertising*

# JOHN BARLEYCORN

By JACK LONDON

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

*Would I Take Scotty, the Runaway Sailor, to Visit the Harpooner on the Opium-Smuggler Idler? Would I!*

VI

THE time was rapidly drawing near when I was to begin my second series of bouts with John Barleycorn. When I was fourteen, my head filled with the tales of the old voyagers, my vision with tropic isles and far sea-rims, I was sailing a small skiff round San Francisco Bay and on the Oakland Estuary. I wanted to go to sea. I wanted to get away from monotony and the commonplace. I was in the flower of my adolescence, athrill with romance and adventure, dreaming of wild life in the wild man-world. Little I guessed how all the warp and woof of that man-world was entangled with alcohol!

So one day, as I hoisted sail on my skiff, I met Scotty. He was a husky youngster of seventeen, a runaway apprentice, he told me, from an English ship in Australia. He had just worked his way on another ship to San Francisco; and now he wanted to see about getting a berth on a whaler. Across the estuary, near where the whalers lay, was lying the sloop-yacht Idler. The caretaker was a harpooner who intended sailing next voyage on the whaleship Bonanza. Would I take him—Scotty—over in my skiff to call upon the harpooner?

Would I! Had not I heard the stories and rumors about the Idler—the big sloop that had come up from the Sandwich Islands, where it had been engaged in smuggling opium—and the harpooner who was caretaker? How often had I seen him and envied him his freedom. He never had to leave the water. He slept aboard the Idler every night, while I had to go home upon the land to go to bed. The harpooner was only nineteen years old—and I have never had anything but his own word that he was a harpooner—but he had been too shining and glorious a personage for me ever to address as I paddled round the yacht at a wistful distance. Would I take Scotty, the runaway sailor, to visit the harpooner on the opium-smuggler Idler? Would I!

The harpooner came on deck in answer to our hail and invited us aboard. I played the sailor and the man, fending off the skiff so that it would not mar the yacht's white paint, dropping the skiff astern on a long painter, and making the painter fast with two nonchalant half-hitches. We went below. It was the first sea-interior I had ever seen. The clothing on the wall smelled musty. But what of that? Was it not the seagear of men—leather jackets lined with corduroy, blue coats of pilot cloth, sou'westers, seaboots, oilskins? And everywhere was in evidence the economy of space—the narrow bunks, the swinging tables, the incredible lockers. There were the telltale compass, the sea-lamps in their gimbals, the blue-backed charts carelessly rolled and tucked away, the signal-flags in alphabetical order, and mariner's dividers jammed into the woodwork to hold a calendar. At last I was living. Here I sat, inside my first ship—a smuggler—accepted as a comrade by a harpooner and a runaway English sailor who said his name was Scotty.

The first thing the harpooner, aged nineteen, and the sailor, aged seventeen, did to show that they were men was to behave like men. The harpooner suggested the eminent desirableness of a drink, and Scotty searched his pockets for dimes and nickels. Then the harpooner carried away a pint flask to be filled in some blind pig, for there were no licensed saloons in that locality. We drank the cheap rotgut out of tumblers. Was I any the less strong, any the less valiant, than the harpooner and the sailor? They were men. They proved it by the way they drank. Drink was the badge of manhood. So I drank with them, drink by drink, raw and straight, though the damned stuff could not compare with a stick of chewing taffy or a delectable "cannonball." I shuddered and swallowed my gorge with every drink, though I manfully hid all such symptoms.

Divers times we filled the flask that afternoon. All I had was twenty cents, but I put it up like a man, though with secret regret when I thought of the enormous store of candy it could have bought. The liquor mounted into the heads of all of us, and the talk of Scotty and the harpooner was upon running the Easting down, gales off the Horn and pamperos off the Plate, lower-topsail breezes, southerly busters, North Pacific gales, and of smashed whaleboats in the Arctic ice.

"You can't swim in that ice water," said the harpooner confidentially to me. "You double up in a minute and go down. When a whale smashes your boat the thing to do is to get your belly across an oar, so that when the cold doubles you you'll float."

"Sure," I said with a grateful nod and an air of certitude that I, too, would hunt whales and be in smashed boats in the Arctic Ocean. And truly I registered his advice as singularly valuable information, and filed it away in my brain, where it persists to this day.

But I could not talk—at first. Heavens! I was only fourteen and had never been on the ocean in my life. I could only listen to the two seadogs and show my manhood by drinking with them fairly and squarely, drink and drink.

The liquor worked its will with me; the talk of Scotty and the harpooner poured through the pent space of the Idler's cabin and through my brain like great gusts of wide, free wind; and in imagination I lived my years to come and rocked over the wild, mad, glorious world on multitudinous adventures.

We unbent. Our inhibitions and taciturnities vanished. We were as if we had known each other for years and years, and we pledged ourselves to years of future voyagings together. The harpooner told of misadventures and secret shames. Scotty wept over his poor old mother in Edinburgh—a lady, he insisted, gently born—who was in reduced circumstances; who had pinched herself to pay the lump sum to the ship-owners for his apprenticeship; whose sacrificing dream had been to see him a merchant-man officer and a gentleman; and who was heartbroken because he had deserted his ship in Australia and joined another as a common sailor before the mast. And Scotty proved it. He drew her last sad letter from his pocket and wept over it as he read it aloud. The harpooner and I wept with him, and swore that all three of us would ship on the whaleship Bonanza, win a big payday, and—still together—make a pilgrimage to Edinburgh and lay our store of money in the dear lady's lap.

And as John Barleycorn heated his way into my brain, thawing my reticence, melting my modesty, talking through me and with me and as me—my adopted twin brother and alter ego—I, too, raised my voice to show myself a man and an adventurer, and bragged in detail and at length of how I had crossed San Francisco Bay in my open skiff in a roaring southwester, when even the schooner sailors doubted my exploit. Further, I—or John Barleycorn, for it was the same thing—told Scotty that he might be a deep-sea sailor and know the last rope on the great deep-sea ships, but that when it came to small-boat sailing I could beat him hands down and sail circles round him.

The best of it was that my assertion and brag were true. With reticence and modesty present I could never have dared tell Scotty my small-boat estimate of him; but it is ever the way of John Barleycorn to loosen the tongue and babble the secret thought.

Scotty—or John Barleycorn, or the pair—was very naturally offended by my remarks. Nor was I loath. I could whip any runaway sailor seventeen years old. Scotty and I flared and raged like young cockerels, until the harpooner poured another round of drinks to enable us to forgive and make up; which we did, each with his arms round the other's neck, protesting vows of eternal friendship—just like Black Matt and Tom Morrisey, I remembered, in the ranch kitchen in San Mateo. And, remembering, I knew that I was at last a man—despite my meager fourteen years—a man as big and manly as those two strapping giants who had quarreled and made up on that memorable Sunday morning of long ago.

By this time the singing stage was reached, and I joined Scotty and the harpooner in snatches of seasongs and chanteys. It was here, in the cabin of the Idler, that I first heard Blow the Man Down! Flying Cloud! and Whisky, Johnny! Whisky! Oh, it was brave. I was beginning to grasp the meaning of life. Here was no commonplace, no Oakland Estuary, no weary round of throwing newspapers at front doors, delivering ice and setting up ninepins. All the world was mine; all its paths were under my feet; and John Barleycorn, tricking my fancy, enabled me to anticipate the life of adventure for which I yearned.

We were not ordinary. We were three tipsy young gods, incredibly wise, gloriously genial and without limit to our powers. Ah!—and I say it now, after the years—could John Barleycorn keep one at such a height, I should never draw a sober breath again. But this is not a world of free freights. One pays according to an iron schedule—for every strength the balanced weakness; for every high a corresponding low; for every fictitious godlike moment an equivalent time in reptilian slime. For every feat of telescoping long days and weeks of life into mad, magnificent instants one must pay with shortened life and ofttimes with savage usury added.

Intenseness and duration are as ancient enemies as fire and water. They are mutually destructive. They cannot coexist. And John Barleycorn, mighty necromancer though he be, is as much a slave to organic chemistry as we mortals are. We pay for every nerve-Marathon we run; nor can John Barleycorn intercede and fend off the just payment. He can lead us to the heights, but he cannot keep us there, else should we all be devotees. And there is no devotee but pays for the mad dances John Barleycorn pipes.

Yet the foregoing is all in after-wisdom spoken. It was no part of the knowledge of the lad, fourteen years old, who sat in the Idler's cabin, between the harpooner and the sailor, the air rich in his nostrils with the musty smell of men's seagear, roaring in chorus: "Yankee ship come down de ribber; pull, my bully boys, pull!"

We grew maudlin, and all talked and shouted at once. I had a splendid constitution, a stomach that would digest

scrap-iron, and I was still running my Marathon in full vigor when Scotty began to fail and fade. His talk grew incoherent. He groped for words and could not find them, while the ones he found his lips were unable to form. His poisoned consciousness was leaving him. The brightness went out of his eyes and he looked as stupid as were his efforts to talk. His face and body sagged as his consciousness sagged—a man cannot sit upright save by an act of will. Scotty's reeling brain could not control his muscles. All his correlations were breaking down. He strove to take another drink and feebly dropped the tumbler on the floor. Then, to my amazement, weeping bitterly, he rolled into a bunk on his back and immediately snored off to sleep.

The harpooner and I drank on, grinning in a superior way to each other over Scotty's plight. The last flask was opened, and we drank it between us to the accompaniment of Scotty's stertorous breathing. Then the harpooner faded away into his bunk—and I was left alone, unthrown, on the field of battle.

I was very proud, and John Barleycorn was proud with me. I could carry my drink. I was a man. I had drunk two men, drink for drink, into unconsciousness. And I was still on my two feet, upright, making my way on deck to get air into my scorching lungs. It was in this bout on the Idler that I discovered what a good stomach and a strong head I had for drink—a bit of knowledge that was to be a source of pride in succeeding years, and that ultimately I was to come to consider a great affliction. The fortunate man is the one who cannot take more than a couple of drinks without becoming intoxicated. The unfortunate wight is the one who can take many glasses without betraying a sign; who *must* take numerous glasses in order to get the "kick."

The sun was setting when I got on the Idler's deck. There were many bunks below. I did not need to go home. But I wanted to demonstrate to myself how much I was a man. There lay my skiff astern. The last of a strong ebb was running out in channel in the teeth of an ocean breeze of forty miles an hour. I could see the stiff whitecaps, and the suck and run of the current were plainly visible in the face and trough of each one.

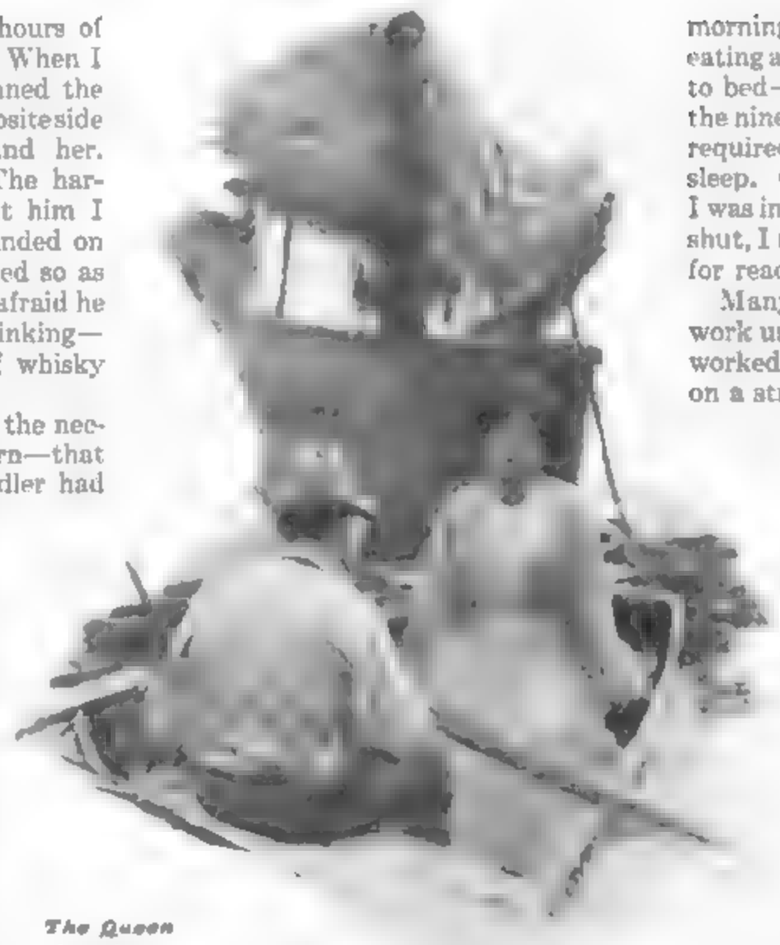
I set sail, cast off, took my place at the tiller, the sheet in my hand, and headed across channel. The skiff heeled over and plunged into it madly. The spray began to fly. I was at the pinnacle of exaltation. I sang Blow the Man Down! as I sailed. I was no boy of fourteen, living the mediocre ways of the sleepy town called Oakland. I was a man, a god, and the very elements rendered me allegiance as I bitted them to my will.

The tide was out. A full hundred yards of soft mud intervened between the boatwharf and the water. I pulled up my centerboard, ran full tilt into the mud, took in sail, and, standing in the stern as I had often done at low tide, I began to shove the skiff with an oar. It was then that my correlations began to break down. I lost my balance and pitched headforemost into the ooze. Then, and for the first time, as I floundered to my feet covered with slime, the blood running down my arms from a scrape against a barnacled stake, I knew that I was drunk. But what of it? Across the channel two strong sailormen lay unconscious in their bunks where I had drunk them. I was a man. I was still on my legs—if they were knee-deep in mud. I disdained to get back into the skiff. I waded through the mud, shoving the skiff before me and yammering the chant of my manhood to the world.

I paid for it. I was sick for a couple of days—meanly sick, and my arms were painfully poisoned from the barnacle scratches. For a week I could not use them and it was torture to put on and take off my clothes.

I swore "Never again!" The game was not worth it. The price was too stiff. I had no moral qualms. My revulsion was purely physical. No exalted moments were worth such hours of misery and wretchedness. When I got back to my skiff I shunned the Idler. I would cross the opposite side of the channel to go round her. Scotty had disappeared. The harpooner was still about, but him I avoided. Once, when he landed on the boatwharf, I hid in a shed so as to escape seeing him. I was afraid he would propose some more drinking—maybe have a flask full of whisky in his pocket.

And yet—and here enters the necromancy of John Barleycorn—that afternoon's drunk on the Idler had been a purple passage flung into the monotony of my days. It was memorable. My mind dwelt on it continually. I went over the details—over and over again. Among other things, I had got into the cogs and springs of men's actions. I had seen Scotty weep about his own worthlessness and the sad case of his Edinburgh mother, who was a lady. The harpooner had told me terribly wonderful things of himself. I had caught a myriad enticing and inflammatory hints of a world beyond my world, and for which I was certainly as fitted as the two lads who had drunk with me. I had got behind men's souls. I had got behind my own soul and found unguessed potencies and greatnesses.



*The Queen Asked Me to Row Her Ashore*

Yes; that day stood out above my other days. To this day it so stands out. The memory of it is branded in my brain. But the price exacted was too high. I refused to play and pay, and returned to my cannonballs and taffy slabs. The point is that all the chemistry of my healthy, normal body drove me away from alcohol. The stuff did not agree with me. It was abominable. But, despite this, Circumstance was to continue to drive me toward John Barleycorn—to drive me again and again, until, after long years, the time should come when I would look up John Barleycorn in every haunt of men—look him up and hail him gladly as benefactor and friend. And detest and hate him all the time! Yes; he is a strange friend, John Barleycorn.

*VII*

I WAS barely turned fifteen and working long hours in a cannery. Month in and month out, the shortest day I ever worked was ten hours. When to ten hours of actual work at a machine are added the noon hour; the walking to work and walking home from work; the getting up in the morning, dressing and eating; the eating at night; undressing and going to bed—there remain no more than the nine hours out of the twenty-four required by a healthy youngster for sleep. Out of those nine hours, after I was in bed and ere my eyes drowsed shut, I managed to steal a little time for reading.

Many a night I did not knock off work until midnight. On occasion I worked eighteen and twenty hours on a stretch. Once I worked at my machine for thirty-six consecutive hours. And there were weeks on end when I never knocked off work earlier than eleven o'clock, got home and in bed at half after midnight, and was called at half past five to dress, eat, walk to work, and be at my machine at the seven-o'clock whistle-blow.

No moments here to be stolen for my beloved books. And what had John Barleycorn to do with such strenuous, stoic toil of a lad just turned fifteen? He had everything to do with it. Let me show you. I asked myself if this were the meaning of life—to be a workbeast. I knew of no horse in the city of Oakland that worked the hours I worked. If this were living I was entirely unenamored of it. I remembered my skiff, lying idle and accumulating barnacles at the boatwharf; I remembered the wind that blew every day on the bay; the sunrises and sunsets I never saw; the bite of the salt air in my nostrils; the bite of the salt water on my flesh when I plunged overside. I remembered all the beauty and the wonder and the sense-delights of the world denied me. There was only one way to escape my deadening toil. I must get out and away on the water. I must earn my bread on the water. And the way of the water led inevitably to John Barleycorn. I did not know this. And when I did learn it I was courageous enough not to retreat to my bestial life at the machine.

I wanted to be where the winds of adventure blew. And the winds of adventure blew the oyster pirate sloops up and down San Francisco Bay, from raided oysterbeds and fights at night on shoal and flat to markets in the morning against city wharves, where pedlers and saloonkeepers came down to buy. Every raid on an oysterbed was a felony. The penalty was state imprisonment, the stripes and the lockstep. And what of that? The men in stripes worked a shorter day than I at my machine. And there was vastly more romance in being an oyster pirate or a convict than in being a machine slave. And behind it all, behind all of me with youth abubble, whispered Romance, Adventure!

*I Wanted to Be Where the Winds of Adventure Blew*

So I interviewed my Mammy Jennie, my old nurse, at whose black breast I had suckled. She was more prosperous than my folks. She was nursing sick people at a good weekly wage. Would she lend her white child the money? Would she! What she had was mine.

Then I sought out French Frank, the oyster pirate, who wanted to sell, I had heard, his sloop, the Razzle Dazzle. I found him lying at anchor on the Alameda side of the estuary near the Webster Street bridge, with visitors aboard, whom he was entertaining with afternoon wine. He came on deck to talk

business. He was willing to sell—but it was Sunday. Besides, he had guests. On the morrow he would make out the bill-of-sale and I could enter into possession. Meantime I must come below and meet his friends. They were two sisters, Mamie and Tess; a Mrs. Hadley, who chaperoned them; Whisky Bob, a youthful oyster pirate of sixteen; and Spider Healey, a black-whiskered wharf-rat of twenty. Mamie, who was Spider's niece, was called the Queen of the Oyster Pirates and on occasion presided at their revels. French Frank was in love with her, though I did not know it at the time; and she steadfastly refused to marry him.

French Frank poured a tumbler of red wine from a big demijohn to drink to our transaction. I remembered the red wine of the Italian rancho and shuddered inwardly. Whisky and beer were not quite so repulsive. But the Queen of the Oyster Pirates was looking at me, a partly emptied glass in her own hand. I had my pride. If I was only fifteen—at least I could not show myself any less a man than she. Besides, there were her sister and Mrs. Hadley, and the young oyster pirate, and the whiskered wharf-rat—all with glasses in their hands. Was I a milk-and-water sop? No; a thousand times no, and a thousand glasses no! I downed the tumblerful like a man.

French Frank was elated by the sale which I had bound with a twenty-dollar goldpiece. He poured more wine. I had learned my strong head and stomach, and I was certain I could drink with them in a temperate way and not poison myself for a week to come. I could stand as much as they; and, besides, they had already been drinking for some time.

We got to singing. Spider sang The Boston Burglar and Black Lulu. The queen sang Then I Wisht I Were a Little Bird. And her sister Tess sang Oh, Treat My Daughter Kind-i-ly. The fun grew fast and furious. I found myself able to miss drinks without being noticed or called to account. Also, standing in the companionway, head and shoulders out and glass in hand, I could fling the wine overboard.

I reasoned something like this: It is a queerness of these people that they like this vile-tasting wine. Well, let them. I cannot quarrel with their tastes. My manhood, according to their queer notions, must compel me to appear to like this wine. Very well. I shall so appear. But I will drink no more than is unavoidable.

And the queen began to make love to me, the latest recruit to the oyster-pirate fleet, and no mere hand, but a master and owner. She went upon deck to take the air and took me with her. She knew, of course—but I never dreamed—how French Frank was raging down below. Then Tess joined us, sitting on the cabin; and Spider and Bob; and at the last Mrs. Hadley and French Frank. And we sat there, glasses in hand, and sang while the big demijohn went round; and I was the only strictly sober one.

And I enjoyed it as no one of them was able to enjoy it. Here, in this atmosphere of bohemianism, I could not but contrast the scene with my scene of the day before, sitting at my machine, in the stifling, shut-in air, repeating—endlessly repeating—at top speed, my series of mechanical motions. And here I sat now, glass in hand, in warm-glowing camaraderie with the oyster pirates—adventurers who refused to be slaves to petty routine, who flouted restrictions and the law, who carried their lives and their liberty in their hands. And it was through John Barleycorn that I came to join this glorious company of free souls, unashamed and unafraid.

And the afternoon seabreeze blew its tang into my lungs and curled the waves in midchannel. Before it came the scow schooners, wing-and-wing, blowing their horns for the drawbridges to open. Red-stacked tugs tore by, rocking the Razzle Dazzle in the waves of their wake. A sugar bark towed from the "boneyard" to sea. The sunwash was on the crisping water and life was big. And Spider sang:

*"Oh, it's Lulu, black Lulu, my darling!*
*Oh, it's where have you been so long?*
*Been layin' in jail*
*Awaitin' for bail,*
*Till my bully comes rollin' along!"*

There it was—the smack and slap of the spirit of revolt, of adventure, of romance, of the things forbidden and done defiantly and grandly. And I knew that on the morrow I should not go back to my machine at the cannery. Tomorrow I should be an oyster pirate—as free a freebooter as the century and the waters of San Francisco Bay would permit. Spider had already agreed to sail with me as my crew of one, and also as cook, while I did the deckwork. We would outfit our grub and water in the morning, hoist the big mainsail—a bigger piece of canvas than any I had ever sailed under—and beat our way out the estuary on the first of the seabreeze and the last of the ebb. Then we would slack sheets, and on the first of the flood run down the bay to the Asparagus Islands, where we would anchor miles offshore. And at last my dream would be realized—I would sleep upon the water. Thereafter, all my days and nights would be on the water.

And the queen asked me to row her ashore in my skiff when, at sunset, French Frank prepared to take his guests ashore. Nor did I catch the significance of his abrupt change of plan when he turned the task of rowing his skiff over to Whisky Bob, himself remaining on board the sloop. Nor did I understand Spider's grinning side remark to me: "Gee! There's nothin' slow about you!" How could it possibly enter my boy's head that a grizzled man of fifty should be jealous of me?

### VIII

WE MET by appointment, early Monday morning, to complete the deal, in Johnny Heinhold's Last Chance—a saloon, of course, for the transactions of men. I paid the money over, received the bill-of-sale and French Frank treated. This struck me as an evident custom and a logical one—the seller, who receives the money, to wet a piece of it in the establishment where the trade was consummated; but to my surprise French Frank treated the house. He and I drank, which seemed just; but why should Johnny Heinhold who owned the saloon and waited behind the bar be invited to drink? I figured it immediately that he made a profit on the very drink he drank. I could in a way, considering that they were friends and shipmates, understand Spider and Whisky Bob being asked to drink; but why should the longshoremen, Bill Kelley and Soup Kennedy, be asked?

Then there was Pat, the queen's brother—making a total of eight of us. It was early morning and all ordered whisky. What could I do here in this company of big men, all drinking whisky? "Whisky!" I said with the careless air of one who had said it a thousand times. And such whisky! I tossed it down. A-r-r-r-gh! I can taste it yet.

*I Was a Man, a God*

And I was appalled at the price French Frank had paid—eighty cents. Eighty cents! It was an outrage to my thrifty soul. Eighty cents—the equivalent of eight long hours of my toil at the machine—gone down our throats; and gone like that, in a twinkling, leaving only a bad taste in the mouth. There was no discussion that French Frank was a waster.

I was anxious to be gone, out into the sunshine, out over the water to my glorious boat; but all hands lingered. Even Spider, my crew, lingered. No hint broke through my obtuseness of why they lingered. I have often thought since of how they must have regarded me, the newcomer being welcomed into their company, standing at bar with them, and not standing for a single round of drinks.

French Frank, who, unknown to me, had swallowed his chagrin since the day before, now that the money for the Razzle Dazzle was in his pocket began to behave curiously toward me. I sensed the change in his attitude, saw the forbidding glitter in his eyes, and wondered. The more I saw of men, the queerer they became. Johnny Heinhold leaned across the bar and whispered in my ear: "He's got it in for you. Watch out!"

I nodded comprehension of his statement and acquiescence in it, as a man should nod who knows all about men; but secretly I was perplexed. Heavens! How was I, who had worked hard and read books of adventure, who was only fifteen years old, who had not dreamed of giving the Queen of the Oyster Pirates a second thought, and who did not know that French Frank was madly and Latinly in love with her—how was I to guess that I had done him shame? And how was I to guess that the story of how the queen had thrown him down on his own boat—the moment I hove in sight—was already the gleeful gossip of the waterfront? And, by the same token, how was I to guess that her brother Pat's offishness with me was anything else than temperamental gloominess of spirit?

Whisky Bob got me aside a moment. "Keep your eyes open!" he muttered. "Take my tip. French Frank's ugly. I'm going up river with him to get a schooner for oystering. When he gets down on the beds watch out! He says he'll run you down. After dark, any time he's round, change your anchorage and douse your riding light. Savvy?"

Oh, certainly, I savvied! I nodded my head and, as one man to another, thanked him for his tip—and drifted back to the group at the bar. No; I did not treat. I never dreamed that I was expected to treat. I left with Spider, and my ears burn now as I try to surmise the things they must have said about me.

I asked Spider in an offhand way what was eating French Frank. "He's crazy jealous of you," was the answer. "Do you think so?" I stalled, and dismissed the matter as not worth thinking about.

I leave it to any one though—the swell of my fifteen-year-old manhood at learning that French Frank, the adventurer of fifty, the sailor of all the seas of all the world, was jealous of me—and jealous over a girl most romantically named the Queen of the Oyster Pirates! I had read of such things in books and regarded them as personal probabilities of a distant maturity. Oh, I felt a rare young devil as we hoisted the big mainsail that morning, broke out anchor and filled away, close-hauled, on the three-mile beat to windward out into the bay.

Such was my escape from the killing machine-toil and my introduction to the oyster pirates. True, the introduction had begun with drink, and the life promised to continue with drink; but was I to stay away from it for such reason? Wherever life ran free and great, there men drank. Romance and Adventure seemed always to go down the street locked arm in arm with John Barleycorn. To know the two I must know the third, or else I must go back to my free library books and read of the deeds of other men, and do no deeds of my own save slave for ten cents an hour at a machine in a cannery.

No; I was not to be deterred from this brave life on the water by the fact that the water-dwellers had queer and expensive desires for beer and wine and whisky. What if their notions of happiness included the strange one of seeing me drink? When they persisted in buying the stuff and thrusting it upon me—why, I would drink it. It was the price I would pay for their comradeship. And I did not have to get drunk. I had not got drunk the Sunday afternoon I arranged to buy the Razzle Dazzle, despite the fact that none of the rest was sober. Well, I could go on into the future that way, drinking the stuff when it gave them pleasure that I should drink it, but carefully avoiding overdrinking.

### IX

GRADUAL as was my development as a heavy drinker among the oyster pirates, the real heavy drinking came suddenly and was the result not of desire for alcohol but of an intellectual conviction. The more I saw of the life, the more I was enamored of it. I can never forget my thrills the first night I took part in a concerted raid, when we assembled on board the Annie—rough men, big and unafraid; and weazened wharf-rats, some of them ex-convicts, all of them enemies of the law and meriting jail, in seaboots and seagear, talking in gruff, low voices; and Big George, with revolvers strapped about his waist to show that he meant business.

Oh, I know, looking back, that the whole thing was sordid and silly; but I was not looking back in those days when I was rubbing shoulders with John Barleycorn and beginning to accept him. The life was brave and wild, and I was living the adventures I had read so much about.

Nelson—Young Scratch they called him to distinguish him from Old Scratch, his father—sailed in the sloop Reindeer, partner with one Clam. Clam was a daredevil, but Nelson was a reckless maniac. He was twenty years old, with the body of a Hercules. When he was shot in Benicia, a couple of years later, the coroner said he was the greatest-shouldered man he had ever seen laid on a slab.

Nelson could not read or write. He had been "dragged" up by his father on San Francisco Bay and boats were second nature with him. His strength was prodigious, and his reputation along the waterfront for violence was anything but savory. He had berserker rages and did mad, terrible things. I made his acquaintance on the first cruise of the Razzle Dazzle, and saw him sail the Reindeer in a blow and dredge oysters all round the rest of us as we lay at two anchors, troubled with fear of going ashore.

He was some man, this Nelson; and when, passing by the Last Chance Saloon, he spoke to me I felt very proud. But try to imagine my pride when he promptly asked me in to have a drink. I stood at the bar and drank a glass of beer with him, and talked manfully of oysters and boats,

(Continued on Page 44)

# BENSINGER'S LUCK

## The Inheritance—By Will Payne

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉREMEAUX

REPORTING the death of Judson Prothroe—on Monday afternoon—the Three Falls Call said: "Certain circumstances of the case look so extraordinary that Coroner Plum has decided to postpone the inquest until tomorrow morning at nine. No arrests have been made, but the possibility of sensational developments is hinted at."

Except for the possibility of sensational developments, the Call would have dismissed Uncle Judson's demise in a dozen lines on a back page. Having those possibilities in mind, it gave him a column on the front page, wherein it appeared that he was a hero, patriot, scholar and gentleman, universally respected, admired and beloved.

Uncle Judson had lost his arm in the Civil War and for many years had drawn a Government pension. His living expenses were almost nothing, and it was a common opinion that he must have a large sum secreted in the old mill—an opinion in which Mrs. Wesley Prothroe, as wife of the only legal heir, took an absorbing interest. Diligent search, however, had failed to reveal a cent beyond some small change in the dead man's pocket. Who had taken the money?

A new steel strongbox had been found in the old mill. What had the strongbox been for, except to put the money in? Mrs. Prothroe could prove that Stephen Bensinger carried the box to the mill on Saturday afternoon, for she had seen him with it herself; but, when found, the strongbox was perfectly empty. The ponderous trapdoor over the millwheel stood open on Sunday morning. The frail, one-armed old soldier could never have lifted it. Only a strong man could lift it, and Stephen Bensinger was a strong man. Moreover, the water where Judson Prothroe's body was found was only four feet deep and there was a wound on the side of the head.

Was it not perfectly clear that Bensinger had carried the strongbox to the mill and stood by while the old gentleman put his money into it; then murdered him, flung the body into the millrace, and made off with the spoil? For the life of her Mrs. Prothroe could not see that anything remained except to hang Bensinger as promptly as possible. She frankly imparted this view to a score or more of persons, who naturally handed it on. The inquest was held in the county courtroom in order to accommodate those who might wish to see the young man who had murdered a kind, inoffensive old soldier in order to steal his pension money.

It was eleven o'clock when Steve took the witness stand. He gave a clear and circumstantial account of his doings on Saturday afternoon and evening, and described his long acquaintance with the dead man. He knew little about Uncle Judson's money affairs, however; had never seen any store of cash in the old gentleman's possession. As to the big cookstove, the kettles, and the strange stuff in the lard-pails, crocks, bottles and jars, Uncle Jud was always experimenting with something. The utensils, the witness supposed, were used in the experiments.

He answered all the coroner's questions quite truthfully except upon one point. He insisted doggedly that he did not know the purpose of the old gentleman's experiments.

Yes, he admitted, he knew why Uncle Judson had chosen to live in the old mill the last six or seven years of his life. Before that he had lived at his nephew's, but he could not do any experimenting there because his nephew's wife kept interfering all the while; in fact, she deviled the life out of him—Uncle Jud had said so himself.

Friends here held Mrs. Wesley Prothroe in her chair by main force.

As to how Judson Prothroe met his death, the witness thought it plain enough. He had promised to come at four o'clock Saturday afternoon and fix up the old wheel; but he had been delayed, as he had explained before. He thought that Uncle Jud grew impatient, went outside and attempted to climb over the wheel as he was unable to lift the trapdoor, and fell and struck his head on a stone. In spite of himself his voice choked and tears came into his eyes.

"Can't I See You Sometime?—Just Once in a While, You Know?" He Pleaded

It was then a quarter past twelve, and the coroner hastily adjourned the inquest until half past one to give time for dinner.

The crowd filed out of the courtroom, all except the Bensingers—father, mother and son. They had small appetites, and prepared to eat their sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs on the courtroom bench.

The same deadening thought was uppermost in the minds of all three. It was not the thought of hanging—for, in spite of everything, that was unthinkable. It was still less of a stain on the family name. It was that if Steve should be bound over to the district court they would have to employ a lawyer and undertake the staggering expense of a trial. It would mean two or three thousand dollars. The prospect of having to raise two or three thousand dollars was almost as benumbing as the presence of death itself.

Steve's leg was very sore where the dog had bitten him. His heart was sore also. This affair of the inquest seemed a sort of complement to that affair of the automobile. The world's main business appeared to consist of bemuddying, snubbing, biting, slandering, robbing and otherwise abusing him; and, except himself and his blood relations, nobody at all cared! Bitterly he broke open an egg.

"Hey, you!" said a voice in the doorway—proceeding from John, the colored janitor. Being janitor at the courthouse gave John an official feeling. He already regarded Steve as damned of the law. Hence, having beckoned to him in vain for a minute, he called "Hey, you!" with some annoyance. Even when Steve approached he disdained a spoken explanation, but stepped back into the hall, opened another door and pointed to it.

Entering, Steve found himself in the judge's chamber. It seemed empty at first glance; but as the door closed behind him he turned half round and faced Elsie Plum. He had not even known she was in the courthouse.

"I wanted to see you," she broke out breathlessly. "I waited for you to come out, but you didn't come; so I sent John to bring you. It's awful—what they're trying to make out. I know there isn't a word of truth in it. It's the most abominable thing I ever heard of in my life. I wanted to tell you."

She had given him her hands. He was, so to speak, in possession, and he went straight to the point.

"Why didn't you speak to me Saturday?" he asked accusingly.

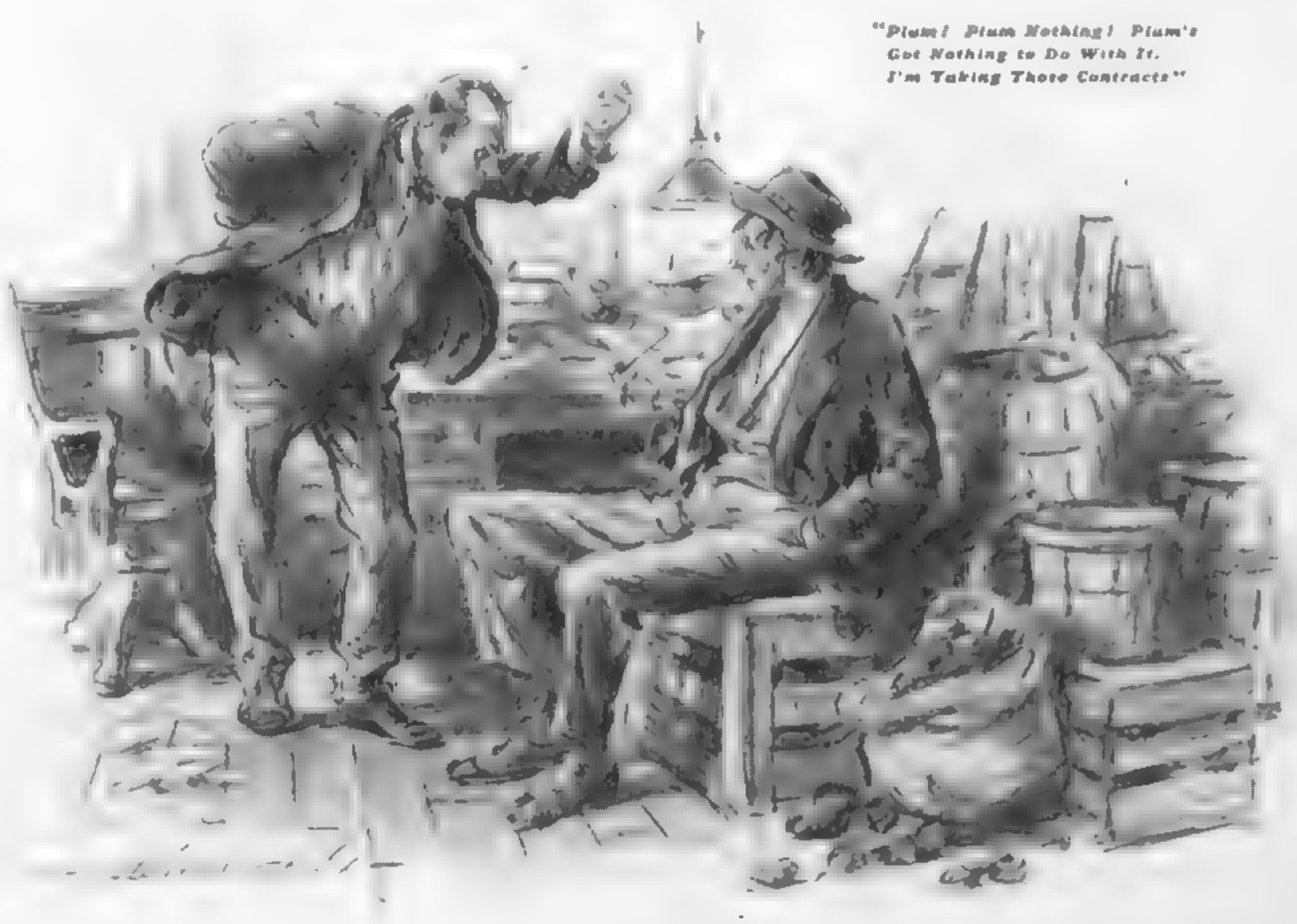
The question confounded her. She had proposed to skip Saturday, and had imagined he would be glad to do so. "Sat—— Oh—that!" she stammered, turning red, and sought to withdraw her hands.

There had been two Bensingers in her mind—the presentable, good-looking young fellow who had brought her home from the dance, whose hand she had held as they crouched behind the hazel brush; and the trampish person who had got the automobile out of the mud. She had told herself she would not by any means go to the inquest, for the tramp would be there; but her wayward imagination kept putting the other one there—in a romantic, not to say tragic, situation. Unruly and seductive little impulses kept gaining upon her. At ten o'clock she tripped up the courthouse steps, her heart aflutter, and peered in. Luckily her father's back was turned and she slipped to an obscure rear seat. When Steve took the witness stand her pulses tingled. He sat above the crowd; everybody looked at him and listened to him. This focus of human attention subtly enhanced him. A man who stands out from the crowd and draws attention—if only for the purpose of being hung—makes a strong appeal to emotional natures. When Steve choked up Elsie choked too. The warm, unruly little impulses were multiplying themselves and having everything their own way. Hence the impatient wait in the hall—the bold employment of John.

Being in possession, Steve kept fast hold of her hands; even drew her a tiny step toward him and smiled encouragingly: "Come now—why didn't you speak to me?"

The smile seemed to put it in a different light, and she smiled a little nervously.

"Why—I didn't know you—did I? You didn't speak to me, either, you see! I—— Why, you looked so horrid!



"Plum! Plum Nothing! Plum's Got Nothing to Do With It. I'm Taking Those Contracts"

How could I?" She laughed confusedly, reddening, and freed her hands and slipped away from him.

"Well, I guess you're right! Probably I did look tough!" he admitted frankly, laughing himself.

They came back to the inquest. He had no fear of the outcome, he told her gravely; but they might put him to a great deal of trouble and expense. This was exactly as she wished him—the oppressed, unfortunate, unfriended hero, with whom she could sympathize from a safe elevation.

She knew he would come out all right; nothing could prevent that, because he was perfectly innocent. She had been sure of that from the first. Thus for a few minutes; then:

"I wanted to tell you! I have told you. I must go now. They'll be waiting for me. Goodby!" She held out her hand.

Steve took her hand again and did not let go.

"Can't I see you sometime?—just once in a while, you know!" he pleaded. "I'd come any time, anywhere—just once in a while."

He suggested that he might telephone, but she said "Oh, no!" in prompt alarm; neither must he write to her. Indeed, it could not be arranged at all—hardly; but she could drop him a line, he urged. And when she shook her head rather faintly he had another expedient.

"My neighbor, Jeb Miller—J. H. Miller—has a telephone. You telephone to him to tell me that Simon Felder's going to ship lettuce tomorrow or Tuesday, or any day you say—see?—and they'll give me the message and I'll come in and walk down by the side of your house. Will you—sometime?"

"Oh, sometime—maybe. What a fellow you are!" She laughed and hastened out, smiling. A moment later Steve remembered he was almost the same as on trial for his life and straightened his face before returning to the courtroom.

The inquest reconvened and he went back on the witness stand; but his heart was no longer the mere lump of lead it had been. The hearing ended. Coroner Plum and his jury—sitting round a green-covered and legal-looking table—were seen to be in earnest discussion. Steve thought Juror Simon Felder was siding with the coroner and that the stout juror with the black beard was leading an opposition that was favorable to himself.

Coroner Plum was writing now on a sheet of legal cap. The paper passed round and one after another the jurors signed it. With the paper in hand Mr. Plum turned to the courtroom. Steve wetted his lips.

The verdict found merely that Judson Prothroe came to his death by drowning, without committing itself as to whether the drowning was accidental. At any rate, Steve was free for the time being. He was not to be bound over or locked up or required at present to ruin his family by hiring a lawyer. In a manner the charge hung over his head, but in view of the present escape he minded that little.

Mrs. Wesley Prothroe was heard to remark loudly that it was an outrage and nobody's throat would be safe now! To her lawyer, Wilbur P. Judd, she suggested that they offer Bensinger a quarter of the money—and no questions asked—if he would give up three-quarters; but Mr. Judd thought it would be best to keep close watch of Steve and of the old mill for a while. If Steve had the ill-gotten money he would give some evidence of it. If the money was still hidden about the mill he would be going there to get it.

Next day the older Miller boy informed Steve in friendly confidence that Mrs. Prothroe had hired Josh Willetts to watch the mill at night for a month; and for a week after the inquest Mrs. Prothroe herself spent nearly all the daylight hours there, rummaging the building from top to bottom and prowling through the near-by underbrush in search of buried treasure.

As much as possible Steve kept an eye upon the delving and rummaging. Thursday and Friday, so far as he could see, no one went there. He judged best, however, to wait another day. Privately he had a very low opinion of Willetts as a watchman.

About ten o'clock Saturday night he went through the afflicted peach orchard, then crossed Benson's pasture and so reached the belt of timber and underbrush along Little River. Fording the river, he drew himself up on the beams underneath the mill and raised the trapdoor. Inside the mill he could not see his hand before his face, but he scarcely needed to. In the little room that Uncle Jud had partitioned off his groping hand closed upon one fruit-jar, then another that stood alone on the bottom shelf. Going by the sense of feeling among the jumbled papers in the shoebox was more difficult. What he wanted was a memorandum book opening lengthwise and bound in smooth leather. Presently he was satisfied that he had it. There was one difficulty about getting out. By standing on the timber underneath and pushing up he could raise the trapdoor, but he could not reach up far enough to lower it again. He gave it up, leaving the door open. At home he put the glass jars and the memorandum book in a wooden box he had prepared beforehand, and cached the box beneath a rusty heap of junk that had lain immemorably in a corner of the smithy. It was only the jars and the memorandum book that Uncle Jud's strongbox had been meant to hold.

He had not the slightest sense of guilt—only a deep sense of satisfaction. Now that Uncle Jud was gone the things belonged to him. Their market value might be ten cents and he did not know they would ever possess a greater value than that—but Mrs. Wesley Prothroe could never get her vandal hands on them. Hence the sense of satisfaction!

Another value proceeded from them, however, of which he had not dreamed. Sunday morning Mrs. Prothroe discovered the open trapdoor and the muddy tracks across the mill floor; also, that the papers in the shoebox were still soggy from Steve's wet hands and that the two fruit-jars were missing. It seemed a question whether she could get over to Three Falls before exploding. She consulted Attorney Judd and they called in Coroner Plum.

Thus it happened that at noon Monday the elder Miller boy brought Steve a telephone message from Simon Felder. It was that Simon proposed to ship lettuce at eight o'clock that evening. The Miller boy could not understand why lettuce should be shipped at such an hour, but Steve explained it very plausibly.

At eight o'clock, in his best clothes, he walked down the side street past Mr. Plum's residence. A slender figure detached itself from the shrubbery and glided out to meet him. Elsie had heard her father tell her mother that Bensinger had broken into the old mill and the rope was just about as good as round his neck! She wished simply to tell Steve that; but it was half past nine before they parted.

After that Steve went to Three Falls regularly every Saturday evening. Sometimes she could not get out to meet him at all; there would be company or some binding engagement. Sometimes it would be only for a few minutes. Nevertheless, he lived largely from one Saturday evening to the next.

He Answered All the Coroner's Questions Quite Truthfully

For a good while he had been thinking more or less about himself. Having turned twenty-four, he felt that he was getting on in years. The time was almost at hand when he ought to break away from home and set up for himself, but the family and the little farm seemed to need him. His father certainly was deficient in initiative. His mind was a simple, direct sort of affair, concerning itself mainly with the job immediately in hand. There is no telling how long he might have remained on the farm in the absence of an immediate and urgent motive to change, but now he had the immediate and urgent motive.

He wanted the girl enormously. Naturally, therefore, with his large, simple way of looking at things, he proposed to get her at the earliest possible moment. That meant setting up for himself—and that meant he must have a little capital to start with. It was not that he merely wished for money or needed it. He absolutely must have it! The necessity ate him night and day.

There was another necessity—of lesser degree. Elsie's mother had never spoken to him or he to her; so far as he knew she was unaware of his existence. The only relationship which he had sustained with her father were—first, that Mr. Plum had kicked him; second, that Mr. Plum had tried to put him in jail. From these circumstances he inferred that the family would oppose his marriage with Elsie as the case then stood. He wished to remove that opposition. Pondering this greater and lesser necessity, his thought turned more and more decisively to Simon Felder, commission merchant.

He had done business with Mr. Felder for a good while, but of late their relations were rather strained. On the Sunday before the inquest he had pointedly accused the commission merchant of skinning him in respect of a certain consignment of vegetables, and he felt sure that Felder, as a coroner's juror, had tried to bind him over to the district court.

The lower lid of Mr. Felder's eye drooped, and his enemies said it gave him a sinister expression. Otherwise he was a fat and aging little man, always more or less greasy in warm weather. Sitting at his desk, the frayed and grimy cuffs of his once white shirt protruded four inches from the sleeves of his alpaca jacket, and with a handkerchief wadded in his left hand he dabbed the beads of perspiration from his cheeks and brow.

Such was the figure upon which Steve's eye fell as he opened the office door. The young man's lips were set in a firm line, which made his slightly overshot under jaw more salient than usual. Stepping to the end of the desk, he addressed the commission merchant bruskly:

"What you going to pay for beans this year?"

Mr. Felder looked up impassively; but as he recognized the speaker a faint triumphant gleam seemed to appear in the drooping left eye.

"A dollar seventy-five," he replied.

"All right," said Steve gruffly. "Gimme some blanks."

Mr. Felder opened a drawer in his desk, took out a pad of printed forms and handed it up silently; but the gleam in his eye became quite noticeable.

Steve glanced at the pad and put it in his pocket. "All right," he said again gruffly, and walked out.

By a powerful effort Mr. Felder turned his fat neck and shoulders sufficiently to look after the young man. Facing the desk again, he grinned. He had been wondering of late whether young Bensinger was going to come round. Mr. Felder hoped he would, but did not propose to humiliate himself by holding out any olive branches.

Steve had not anticipated any difficulty with Mr. Felder. The really formidable part of his task remained. He followed the bright, new cement flagging of Cleveland Avenue—Three Falls was looking up nowadays—to Main Street and traversed the three blocks of that thoroughfare which comprised the business center of the city. Mr. Plum's establishment was at the farther side—fairly, as one might say, on the outskirts. It occupied the lower

"I Can Show You, Mr. Plum, How Both of Us Can Make Some Easy Money"

floor of a rather dingy three-story brick building, and was decidedly dingy within. Drugs—the sign said; but both the counters and two-thirds of the shelves were occupied by soda fountain, cigar stand, patent medicines, toilet articles, stationery, magazines. The view at the rear was closed by a big wooden screen containing panels of red, white and blue glass. When Steve asked for the proprietor the young man at the cigar stand went back there. A moment later Mr. Plum stepped out behind the counter.

"I want to talk to you a few minutes, Mr. Plum," said Steve gravely. "I got a proposition to make."

The druggist hesitated a moment, eying the young man hard and dubiously—then nodded; and Steve went behind the counter and back of the screen. The space back there was even more cluttered and disorderly than in front. It smelled of drugs—especially alcohol. Between the prescription desk and the barrels and packing cases, however, there was a small clearing containing two chairs. Mr. Plum folded his bony person into one of them, nodded toward the other and waited.

"I can show you, Mr. Plum, how both of us can make some easy money," Steve began. "It's just this way: For the last four years Simon Felder's been buying all the beans round here. He and Thompson here and Broughton up at Randallsville are really in cahoots. I know it because, you see, for the last two years I've worked for Simon myself—getting contracts signed for him. Of course I know all the bean-growers up my way. I can show you where Simon cleaned up fifteen hundred or two thousand dollars on beans last year—taking the price he paid under contract and the price at Chicago along early in the winter. I suppose he divvies up with Thompson and Broughton, because they'll never bid within about ten cents of what he bids. I was kind of suspicious two years ago, and last year I watched it close. I can show you it's just as I say."

By that time Mr. Plum had tipped his head to one side and was listening with much interest.

"In fact," Steve continued frankly, "I'd made up my mind to go out among the growers myself this year and get 'em to stand in with me, and we'd ship our own beans and queer Simon's little game for him; but the fact is, Mr. Plum, I've gotta have some money myself. I've simply gotta have it."

The druggist smiled broadly. He could readily understand how a practical man, upon mature reflection, would prefer appropriating Simon's little game to queering it merely.

"I've just been over to see Simon," Steve continued, encouraged by the smile, "and I got a pad of blank contracts from him." He produced the pad. "I didn't tell him I was going to get the contracts signed for him, but probably he took it for granted I was. I'm willing he should take it for granted. If you'll back me up with a little money—it won't take very much—I'll go right out among the growers and get the contracts signed up before Simon suspects there's a competitor in the field. We'll give the farmers just the same that Simon would have given them; so they won't really be out anything, and we'll divide up Simon's little rake-off. Of course," he added candidly, "I'd rather see the farmers get the whole thing; but I've gotta raise some money, and it's better for you and me to have the rake-off than for Simon to have it."

Mr. Plum read one of the blank contracts and deliberated a moment, turning the pad thoughtfully in his bony hands.

"How much did Simon pay you for getting the contracts signed?" he inquired in an incidental manner.

"He paid me five dollars a day for the time I put in," Steve replied.

Mr. Plum asked other questions and they discussed various aspects of the enterprise.

"I'll look this up," said the druggist finally. "You come in tomorrow afternoon and I'll let you know whether I'll go into it."

That sounded reasonable, and, with a warning that no time should be lost, Steve departed. Mr. Plum did look it up, verifying Steve's statements concerning the course of bean prices in the two preceding years. It looked feasible, but he couldn't understand why Steve had brought the proposal to him. He was not aware that he had done anything to earn the young man's gratitude. The question of Judson Prothroe's death remained open, however. Any further circumstantial evidence against Bensinger would result in prosecution. Was Bensinger, with a nervous consciousness that further evidence would be forthcoming, trying to bribe the coroner? Mr. Plum considered that a very plausible explanation of Steve's motive, and if the young man wished to throw several hundred dollars his way, with an utterly mistaken notion that it would help to save his neck, the coroner had no objection in the world. Next day he told the young man to go ahead with the bean business.

At home that evening Steve regarded the blank bean contracts with affection and his heart beat high. By these bits of paper he would attain Elsie. Not only would they bring him the little capital he needed to set up for himself, but they bridged the gulf between him and Elsie's papa and mamma—for how could the druggist retain a prejudice against him after he had brought him a piece of business that resulted in a neat profit? What better proof than that of his ability to provide for Elsie could any prospective father-in-law require? He looked down upon the paper strips with affection.

As printed, the contracts contained the name of Simon Felder as party of the second part. Mr. Plum had ruled out that printed name and written in his own. A rather sentimental and tender thought occurred to Steve—a visible and symbolic linking of the names of Plum and Bensinger. Perhaps he blushed slightly; but with a firm hand he wrote his own name after the druggist's, so that the contracts ran to "George W. Plum and Stephen Bensinger." Mr. Plum would notice it and it would open the way for the proposal that lay nearest Steve's heart.

He put his whole energy into getting the contracts signed, working early and late among the bean-growers round Randallsville and reporting progress to Mr. Plum daily over Jeb Miller's telephone. To those who signed Mr. Plum mailed a check for the earnest money. Naturally Steve wished more than ever to avoid Mr. Felder while this work was in progress, and when it was necessary to deliver vegetables he sent his brother Tom.

"Simon wants you to call him up right away," Tom reported one afternoon. "I guess he's got something in his nut about bean contracts. He was asking me about 'em. I told him I guessed you was at work at 'em. He wants you to call him up."

Steve considered it prudent to meet this request, and went over to Jeb Miller's. The inquiry, as he expected, was about bean contracts.

(Continued on Page 53)

# THE SULTANA

## By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

XI

ON QUITTING Robert and Basia in the darkness of the approaching storm Count Strelitso's state of mind could not by any chance have been described as submissive to the hand that unkind Fate had dealt him.

In the space of half an hour he had been deserted by his fiancée, physically maltreated by an irate young American, and unjustly accused of treachery to his late host and brigandage on the public highway. He had been browbeaten, both concretely and in the abstract, and forced to confess to a humiliating lie in the matter of the engagement ring he had presented that very evening to his fiancée. Count Strelitso took his humming head in both hands and gritted his teeth like a trapped wolf. He wanted blood, but did not see exactly how to go about getting it.

"Ten thousand curses on all Americans!" muttered the count, not even his innate chivalry protesting against the inclusion of his late fiancée in this sweeping malediction. To tell the truth, Strelitso had never been any more in love with Virginia than was possible for a young man—who had from early adolescence been overwhelmed with feminine favors—to be with a young girl whose general point of view it was impossible for him to understand, and whose odd and, as it seemed to the count, inconsistent ethics puzzled and rather disgusted him. Virginia's unusual physical beauty naturally had made a tremendous appeal to his senses, and, in spite of her alert and at times uncomfortably searching mind, the knowledge that the girl was presently to inherit a big fortune had been quite enough to convince Strelitso that he was the victim of a grand passion which would certainly survive his honeymoon and the immediate enjoyment of his bride's estates.

From the European point of view Strelitso certainly had some cause for complaint. From the moment Virginia had consented to elope with him he had considered that they were as good as married, and he had had no doubt of his ability to instil the girl with the same idea.

And now, merely because the brainless hireling who was at present driving the car had been unable to tell when there was water in the essence, the whole rosy program had resulted in dishonor and defeat. Strelitso felt a hungry desire to lean forward and hit the chauffeur on the top of his head.

However, such reason as remained told him there was nothing to be gained from a repetition of this performance. Strelitso knew even less about driving a car than he did about driving an American girl, and he had no wish to be left again on the side of the road, with a black storm coming up; in fact the count was at his wit's end. He had commandeered the car and the chauffeur of his friend Rimbert without the knowledge or consent of the latter and by means of a bribe—still to be paid—and the assurance to the chauffeur that Captain Rimbert would forgive everything when the circumstances were made known to him.

Though it is easy to forgive success, failure is another matter, as both Strelitso and the unfortunate chauffeur thoroughly understood, as the result of much contact with men and things. Strelitso had carefully planned the whole affair. He had quite understood that while Virginia was visiting at the Château Vilzhoven the old baron considered himself *in loco parentis* to her; and on this account Strelitso had addressed himself to his host as he would have done to a parent. But he had anticipated refusal and possible pursuit, and it was for this reason that he had secretly instructed the chauffeur—after the promise of a bribe of a thousand francs—to get the car ready for the road and to change the number.

Now, however, the whole thing had fallen through and Strelitso scarcely knew which way to turn. He had very little money, for his Baltic estates were a name rather than a fact, and the considerable amount he had inherited on his coming of age had been long since dissipated. He knew that Rimbert would not be hard on him, for they were really very good friends; but he dreaded facing the baron.

Consequently on reaching the bridge he leaned forward and touched the chauffeur on the shoulder. The man slowed down and stopped. He was none too sure of his position himself. If his employer were to learn that he had taken out the car without orders it would mean dismissal. That he had been willing to risk in view of the thousand francs promised by the count, but the chauffeur himself felt that he had done his work badly. There had been water in the essence and he had failed to discover it, whereas a random young man on the road had located the difficulty without the slightest effort. The chauffeur felt wounded both in the jaw and in his professional pride—and the latter was the more grievous hurt.

"Listen, Henri!" said Strelitso. "This business has turned out very badly, and you must admit that it was all your fault." Henri shrugged, then turned in his seat. Strelitso did not wait to hear his views on the subject. "Through your lack of skill," he continued, "you have made a mess of the whole affair. I promised to give you on our arrival at Paris a thousand francs and a letter to Captain Rimbert that would excuse you from all blame in regard to the car. When you failed me I very naturally lost my temper and struck you. Here are fifty francs to pay for the blow."

He handed Henri a note, which the latter took with a few muttered words of thanks.

"After what has happened," Strelitso continued, "I do not care to go back to the château. Leave me here at the inn, and tomorrow morning ask Captain Rimbert to come here to see me, if he is able to get about. Tell him exactly what has occurred and say that I told you he had offered me the use of the car. You can go in quietly by the farm gate without disturbing the household."

Whatever may have been Henri's views on the subject he knew better than to express them. There was a cut to Strelitso's voice that discouraged any comment. Henri, all things considered, was rather relieved to get out of the business so easily. He had an easy place with Captain Rimbert, who paid him well and never audited his accounts. The Hollander was quite content to get about Europe comfortably and expeditiously, and had never any fault to find so long as the car ran well. Like most rich motorists, if asked what peculiar dynamic force caused a car to run he would have found it quite sufficient to reply: "So many dollars an hour."

From Henri's point of view this opinion on the part of his employer was all that a self-respecting chauffeur could possibly ask; and he wanted no more than to get back to bed, leaving the rest to this savage of a Russian who, when all was said, had got an excellent dose of his own medicine. Even as Strelitso talked, Henri was gently rocking one of his teeth backward and forward with his tongue and hoping that Strelitso's fangs had been similarly loosened. But Henri, being wise in his generation, reflected that, though the mad American might have bullied Strelitso, no less was Strelitso able to bully Henri; and that when such primitive forces were rampant the best thing for him—Henri—to do was to sit tight and wait until the opportunity offered to run over a dog.

Consequently he said little and proceeded gently down the road, across the bridge and drew up in front of the hotel. It was then about one o'clock and, to the surprise of both Strelitso and Henri, the place, instead of being plunged in darkness, had a light in the café.

"There is somebody still up," said Strelitso. "Come in and have a drink. It will do you no harm."

Henri was precisely of the same opinion. Thanking Strelitso he stopped the motor and descended. Strelitso opened the door and entered. Sitting at a table under the central lamp was a young man, exquisitely dressed, who appeared deeply engrossed with a voluminous correspondence, to judge from the number of loose sheets lying beside his blotter. He looked up with an air of annoyance as Strelitso entered. Then, seeing who it was, he sprang up so suddenly that the table was jarred, and a glass of absinthe at his elbow capsized and soused the newly written pages with a deluge of soapy-looking fluid.

"Gustav!" cried Strelitso.

Young Vilzhoven appeared to have some difficulty in speaking. His face was ghastly pale, with haggard lines and dark circles under the eyes. He was a handsome young fellow, scarcely more than a boy in appearance and, except for the signs of dissipation already evident and a certain wild recklessness of expression, bore a very strong resemblance to Basia. But at this moment the reckless look was replaced by one of terror and a sort of sullen desperation.

"Strelitso!" he muttered. "For Heaven's sake, what's the matter?"

"There is enough the matter!" Strelitso answered curtly. It had flashed into his mind that no doubt he owed the loss of his fiancée to this pampered young fool, and he was disposed to make him sweat for it. Strelitso was quite sure that if it had not been for his disagreement with Virginia in the matter of the tiara and her subsequent doubt of his intentions about restoring it she would not have run away and would very possibly have stuck to him in spite of Mills' accusations. So he said to Gustav: "We will talk about that later. Just now I want a drink. Is there anybody up to serve me?"

"They have all gone to bed," Gustav answered; "but take what you want from the buffet. These people know me and they have learned that they never lose anything by trusting to my accounting."

Strelitso and Henri helped themselves, after which Henri touched his cap and departed. Gustav sat and stared for a moment from Strelitso to the big valise Henri had deposited inside the door of the café.

"Aren't you going to the château?" he asked.

"I left the château only a short time ago," Strelitso answered. "One can't very well stop in a house where one is accused of being a dirty brigand."

Though already pale, Gustav's face now became ghastly, and the shadows darkened under his really fine eyes. He reached with a trembling hand for his capsized glass and with shaking hand refilled it. Strelitso watched him with a grim smile.

"What are you doing here yourself?" he asked. "Why aren't you at the château?"

"I—I got here on a late train," said Gustav stammeringly, "and stopping to get a drink on my way to the château I learned that the house was full of guests; so I thought I would spend the night at the inn and go up in the morning—didn't see the use of disturbing everybody, you understand. But tell me what you mean?" He gulped a little more of the absinthe. "Who accused you of stealing the—of being a highwayman? What absolute rot!"

"A confounded American!" said Strelitso. "Worse than that, he claims to have absolute proof. No doubt you have heard of how a man from Kalique's, named Sautrelle, was stopped over here in the tunnel while bringing a tiara that contained a famous diamond called the Sultana to the Château d'Irancoy?"

"I—I heard something about it," said Gustav feebly.

"The worst of it is," said Strelitso, sipping his cognac, "Rimbert and I were coming over the road at just about the same time. Now Sautrelle has arrived and he identifies us absolutely as the people who plundered him."

"But that is ridiculous!" cried Gustav, wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

"Of course it is. Nevertheless we may have difficulty in proving our innocence. It appears that the car was of the same sort as ours." Gustav's lips were blue, his pupils dilated, and he looked like a person about to have some sort of an attack. Strelitso, who was not by nature an unkind man, began to feel a little sorry for him. Yet he felt that it would not be a bad thing to make the lesson thorough. "You see, Gustav," said he, "the worst of it is that this evening Miss Lowndes consented to elope with me."

"To elope with you!" Gustav sank forward on the table.

"Yes." Strelitso leaned forward and his voice took a confidential tone. "After a good deal of pleading she finally yielded to my persuasion and we planned to run off to England to be married. She consented to do this because I had begged Baron Vilzhoven to consent to our betrothal, when he lost his temper and practically ordered me out of the house. So I bribed Rimbert's chauffeur, had him change the number of the car and we started off at about eleven; but our cursed motor got *en panne* and stopped on the road. Meanwhile Basia and Sautrelle and this American got wind of our going and chased us with the car of another American, who happens to know your father and stopped overnight at the château on his way to Paris. They came up while we were trying to start the motor; and meantime Miss Lowndes, for some silly reason, had run off —— Hold on, old chap—what's the matter?"

He cut short his narrative and rose quickly from his chair, for Gustav had fallen face downward across the table. Strelitso, who was of powerful frame, picked the young man up in his arms and carried him to a bench, where he laid him at full length on his back. Gustav's face was alarming. Strelitso laid his hand on the broad forehead and found it cold and damp; for an instant he thought Gustav was dead, and remorse and pity seized him. Hurrying to the door he flung it open and shouted up the stairs, and presently a drowsy female voice answered him.

"Come down here!" shouted Strelitso. "Monsieur Gustav has fainted."

The house was quickly roused and there presently appeared upon the scene a motley crowd, consisting of the innkeeper and his wife, a buxom maidservant or two in various stages of undress, and a commercial traveler armed with a revolver and under the impression that the inn had been attacked by bandits. The wife of the innkeeper, a matronly soul, quickly restored order.

"Oh, the poor boy!" said she. "Poor Mr. Gustav! Oh, he looks as if he were dead—and no wonder! He has drunk too much. These boys! I knew he had been misbehaving, because he would not go to the château. He was afraid to meet monsieur le baron. Run, you"—this to a maidservant—"and heat some water for a hot-water bottle to warm his feet. We must try to bring him round."

Gustav's faint lasted for an alarming number of minutes, but finally he regained consciousness. Meanwhile his bed had been prepared, and Strelitso, declining assistance, picked him up in his arms, carried him to his room and left him to the motherly care of the *patronne*. Order was restored to the house. The *patron* shuffled off, grumbling at the depravity of youth. A serving wench lighted the commercial traveler to his room, pleasantries being exchanged on the way. Strelitso poured himself another cognac and before long the buxom *patronne* joined him for a *petit verre*. Learning that he was a friend of the family and wished to remain with Monsieur Gustav, she prepared him a room and Strelitso retired.

It was broad day when he woke. Slipping on a dressing gown he proceeded to hunt up Gustav, whose room he found with the assistance of a red-cheeked, giggling maid. Gustav was awake, in full possession of his faculties, but in a state of mind that could not have been described as joyous.

"I wish I were dead!" he remarked to Strelitso.

"Drink half a bottle of Chablis and you will feel differently about it," counseled Strelitso.

Gustav followed this advice and cheered up a little.

"Look here!" said he suddenly. "You needn't bother about this devilish tiara. I stole it myself."

He had looked for astonishment, disbelief and suspicion of post-absinthe insanity. Instead of this, Strelitso answered quietly:

"I know you did."

"For Heaven's sake, who told you? Miss Lowndes?"

"Yes. Whatever possessed you to do such a silly trick, Gustav?"

"I never liked that bounder Sautrelle—the more so because I know Basia thinks him such a wonder. He told me one night that he was at work on a tiara for Mademoiselle d'Irancoy. I thought it probable that he would take it down himself, especially as it was to contain the Sultana. Then, last night in the garage, Kalique's chauffeur told mine—for we keep our cars at the same place—that he was off the next morning for the Château d'Irancoy and asked him some questions about the road. I had planned to come down for the wedding, and when my chauffeur happened to say that Kalique's car was coming down over the road this crazy idea popped into my head. I'd been going it rather hard for a few days and didn't have any sense left; so I went round and saw a friend who has a big, fast car and suggested that we hold up Kalique, take the tiara and then present it to Mademoiselle d'Irancoy at the wedding, saying that we had wrested it from the hands of the brigands. We had the story all arranged. So we started early and waited at a roadside inn at Joigny for Kalique's car to come along, then followed it, passed them near Vermenton and held them up in the tunnel. I recognized Sautrelle in the limousine, and being afraid that he might recognize me I waited at the mouth of the tunnel. It wasn't any part of the plan to hurt Sautrelle. The other chaps merely hit him and the chauffeur on the back of the head—enough to daze them for a minute or two; but maybe they hit harder than they meant to. Coming out of the tunnel we looked round, and as there was nobody in sight I took the tiara, meaning to hide it in one of the caves and get it the next day. Just as I got to the cave, however, I looked back and saw an old fellow watching me; so I merely went into the cave, then came out again and went down to the river, where I found a boat and crossed over, coming home through the woods. I was getting a bit scared by this time, so I thought it better not to go to the house, as they would wonder at my having come at such an hour and without having let them know."

"And without luggage," said Strelitso.

"That didn't matter, as I have all the things I want at the house. Besides, my friends were going to Avallon and I wanted to telephone to them at the hotel there to make sure that everything was all right. Meanwhile I didn't know what to do with the tiara; so I went to the gate and told old Jean to send Virginia to me in the garden, and not to tell anybody that I had been there. She came down and I told her something about what had happened and begged her to keep the tiara for me until the next day. Then I came here and was just coming in when I happened to see Sautrelle eating at a table. That upset me and I went away and came back later. Now suppose you tell me your part—and where in the deuce is the tiara?"

Strelitso described all his own adventures forthwith. Gustav began to perspire again.

"Good Lord!" said he. "What if it should be lost?" He took another gulp of his wine. "I tried to telephone to Avallon, but the bureau was closed, so I decided to stop here overnight and go up to the château in the morning. I'm really in a horrid mess, Strelitso. It seems that this crazy crowd of mine kept on and stopped and robbed a jeweler who was coming from Monte Carlo in his car. Then—the *patronne* was in here a little while ago and told me this—it seems they went on to Avallon and robbed a bank or something."

"Nice young people, you and your friends!" commented Strelitso, who in listening to Gustav's troubles was beginning to some extent to forget his own.

"We were all off our heads!" said Gustav. "If it hadn't been for that beastly absinthe we'd never have got into such a scrape; but we'd been at it for a couple of days with some young friends from Montmartre and everybody was spinning."

"See here!" said Strelitso. "Get into your clothes and let's both go up to the château. I'd rather be drowned, I'll admit; but I owe your father an apology for having acted as I did. After having made it he can kick me out the gate if he likes. Besides I've a little score to settle with this American."

Gustav agreed to this. Though not a dutiful son in the fullest sense of the word, he had always found his father a strong and kindly refuge in time of need, for the old baron adored both his children; and the only wonder was that he had not spoiled them utterly. He had married late in life, and Basia and Gustav seemed to link him to his youth, when he himself had taken far more interest in the exotic plants that grow in cafés than in the freshly limed fruit trees which grow in the garden of a château.

Gustav, by this time thoroughly scared, asked nothing better than to go back to the château, see Virginia, who by this time must have returned with the others, get the tiara and give it to Sautrelle, if this had not already been done; then go to his father, make a clean breast of the whole business and trust to the sturdy old disciple of Tolstoy to pull him out, either by the neck or heels. Baron Vilzhoven's influence was far-reaching, and he was a man not only respected but beloved, and held, like his friend Baron Rosenthal, with whom he had been associated in some big international affairs, the rank of an officer of the Legion of Honor. Gustav, the small son of a big father, was quite ready to get behind that bulky figure, for which he entertained the most profound affection and respect.

Wherefore he dressed hurriedly, crowded a fifty-franc note into the unwilling but receptive hand of the motherly *patronne;* when he and Strelitso set off for the château. The morning was fresh and fragrant, and the brisk walk up to the château did much to bring back Gustav's courage and to clear his head. They reached the gate and Gustav rang noisily, when the small iron door was opened as though somebody had been waiting behind it.

"Ah, *mon dieu!* Monsieur Gustav!" cried the old lodge-keeper. "But this place is buzzing like a hive of bees. Thank goodness that you have come—and Monsieur de Strelitso, who can explain to Monsieur le Baron what has become of the others."

"What others?" asked Strelitso.

"The young ladies and the American gentleman. But hurry! Here is Monsieur le Baron himself, and he is not content."

*XII*

THE Baron Gabriel de Vilzhoven—for the French must always tack a "de" to any title—was a man who found it both mentally and physically refreshing to change his habits in accordance with surrounding conditions, as most of us change our clothes. On his big Hungarian farm, where he usually went to superintend the harvest, he wore untanned boots, and when the evening was frosty drank heated beer, with butter and spice floating on top. In Paris he drank champagne and got up late for the excellent reason that there was no use in getting up early; and when he sagged the back of his long-barreled mount for a canter in the Bois at eleven he was costumed cap-a-pie in the latest fashion prescribed for this exercise.

Therefore, while stopping at his château in the Yonne, he rose early, slipped a peasant blouse over his bushy old head, shuffled into a pair of wooden-soled slippers and went out into the fragrant morning to assure himself that the trees were still where he had left them the night before, and that the frost had not nipped the plum, peach, pear and other blossoms. He liked, also, to let out the dogs and watch their early gambols. Then, making a general tour of the premises, pausing always to chat a little with the folks at work in the vines or farmyard or gardens, he returned to the breakfast room and refreshed himself with half a bottle of white wine, Bismarck herrings, dried meat thinly sliced, a bit of cheese and bread. This fortified his system up to the hour of luncheon, which was a rather heavy meal, served between half past eleven and twelve.

The baron was a profound student, could discourse colloquially in most of the living languages—and some of the dead ones, too, for that matter—was the author of several excellent monographs that had a range of subject matter from the grafting of California shoots on the vines of the Yonne to a treatise on the banking systems of Europe. He dictated no laws of living or behavior to any man, held that any religion was better than none, read a bit of history, religion or philosophy before going to sleep, and lived at peace with all men.

All things considered it is not difficult to understand how a man of the baron's ripe attainments should have happened to beget so foolish a child as Gustav; for a family stock, like a rich field, cannot produce indefinitely a rich harvest without a period of lying fallow—or, if it does produce, the crop is apt to arrive in spots, some generous and others poor; and this was the heritage between Basia and Gustav. Basia was opulent, whereas Gustav was rather meager of mind and body, though inclined to pride himself on his amazing luxuriance of weeds, which really flower at times like a wheatfield full of poppies or mustard; but the old baron, a philosopher and a man of heart, quite understood his son, and realized that he had transmitted to him many lawless instincts of his own youth, but without the power of restraint he himself had inherited from rather stupid though God-fearing ancestors. Consequently the baron loved Gustav with all the warmth of his big, understanding heart.

It must be admitted, however, that Gustav often tried his father sorely, for the baron was a lover of respectability in its old-fashioned sense, and, though able to condone youthful escapades, detested anything that smacked of commercial looseness—and Gustav, in spite of a generous allowance, was always in hot water with his creditors.

On this particular morning the baron was up with the sun, for he and Basia were to leave the house in the limousine at ten to assist at the wedding of Mademoiselle d'Irancoy and there were several things about the place to which he wished to give his personal attention. Passing the garage on his way to the farm, the baron glanced in to see that everything was shipshape, when, to his surprise, he discovered that there was only Captain Rimbert's car in the place.

"Now where the devil have they put Mr. Fulton's car?" asked the baron of himself, for he had ordered his own limousine taken to one of the farm buildings in order to make room for his guests'. Annoyed at this failure to carry out his directions, he summoned his own chauffeur, who was at work on the brasses of the limousine, and asked what had become of the car that had arrived the afternoon before.

"It is in the garage with the other, monsieur," said the man.

"In that case," snapped the baron, "I had better go at once to some specialist for a treatment of the eyes. I can see but one."

The chauffeur made a hasty examination of the premises, inquiring of every one he met, but with no result. Nobody had seen the car since it had come in the afternoon before. Neither was there any sign of it in any of the outbuildings. The baron puffed out his cheeks and stared at the doors of the garage. The downpour of the night had washed away all tracks made by the exit of the two cars as well as those made by the entry of Henri, who had come in by the farm gate and had arrived just before the storm.

"But this is incredible!" roared the baron. "How is it possible to spirit away a big, heavy auto and nobody the wiser? Run and get Mr. Fulton's chauffeur and tell him that the devil has flown off with his car!"

Connors, who was taking his coffee at the farm where he had been lodged, came on the run. He understood a little French and gathered from the excited "*Votre auto est parti!*"—Your auto is gone!—that something about the car had parted; but when the baron, glaring at him over his big shell-rimmed spectacles, explained that no trace was to be found of the car, Connors could only stand goggle-eyed:

"Maybe it was the bandits took it, sir!"

This suggestion quickly communicated itself to the servants and farm folks, and when a more careful examination showed that a car had indeed passed out of the farm gate the agitation became extreme.

"Run to the telephone," said the baron to old Josef, "and spread a general alarm! Call up every place in the vicinity. Good Lord! What times! What times!"

*"Saprisli!" Thundered the Baron. "But What Is That You Have Upon Your Head?"*

He hurried into the house and went immediately to what he supposed to be Fulton's room, but which happened to be the one assigned to Mills. Rapping sharply and getting no response, he tried the door and, finding it unlocked, entered. To his amazement the bed had not been disturbed. The baron stared, then rubbed his eyes.

"Now what is the meaning of this?" he demanded of himself; and being unable to hit on any explanation he went out and tried the next door. Fulton, who was in the act of turning over to enjoy his beauty sleep, looked up with sleepy surprise.

"Good morning!" said the baron. "Your car is gone!"

"Wha-what?"

"Your car is gone—and so is Doctor Mills! Your man knows nothing about it. What is the meaning of this?"

"You can search me!" said Fulton, now quite awake. "Mills is poor, but honest."

The baron stared at him hopelessly for an instant, then turned to the door and hurried to Basia's room. Here, his thundering summons bringing no response, he opened the door and entered. To his dismay the room was unoccupied and the bed, like that of Mills, had not been disturbed.

(Continued on Page 60

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers
To Canada—By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Single copies, five cents.
Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $3.25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 22, 1913


## The Day's News

WE HAVE just finished reading one of the best daily newspapers in the United States—a newspaper that represents actual bedrock in journalism. It contains only two telegraphic items—one about the situation in Mexico, the other about baseball—and these are the only doubtful items in the paper; for it is questionable whether two-thirds of all the possible newspaper readers in A—— and vicinity really care what is happening in Mexico or what Ty Cobb's salary is to be. But there is no question whatever about this leading news story of John Smith's automobile accident. Everybody in A—— and vicinity will be interested in that because everybody there knows John Smith. And this ordinance to pave Oak Avenue—possibly every reader of the paper walks on Oak Avenue and knows people who live on Oak Avenue.

There are several thousand journals in the United States like this one, and taken together they print the day's news. To A——, paving Oak Avenue is not only more interesting but more important than the composition of President Wilson's Cabinet. In February the President-elect was said to have uttered a naughty word out of vexation because the reporters pestered him to know who the members of his Cabinet were to be. Professionally that was great news; but how many people do you suppose there were in the whole country who would have let their soup cool five minutes for the sake of finding out? Possibly a couple of hundred. At least ninety-five millions could not have given the names of the Cabinet officers correctly the day after they were announced!

The big city papers are terribly handicapped. Having little certain knowledge of their readers' interests they have to guess at what will appeal to them. Once in a while—as in a Titanic disaster—they have news they know will appeal to everybody; but most of the time they must work mainly in the dark.

## Victims of the Law

A HUNGARIAN named Andrew Toth was convicted of murder in Pennsylvania and sentenced to the penitentiary for life. After he had been twenty years in prison it was shown, beyond doubt, that he was innocent. The state had done him a monstrous wrong, for which it made no reparation whatever. A private citizen—one Andrew Carnegie—partly discharged the state's debt to Toth by granting him a pension. Now a great state, in the rôle of a deadbeat, relying upon private munificence to pay its debts if they are paid at all, is not an inspiring spectacle.

If the commonwealth had taken a rood of Andrew Toth's land, or his cow, or his cart, its laws would have furnished him with means of redress. For taking twenty years of his life it provided no redress whatever. Every other state in the Union—and the United States itself—is exactly in the position of Pennsylvania in this respect; and nowhere does criminal law operate with such scientific precision that unjust convictions and unwarranted prosecutions are not known.

A bill has been introduced in Congress to provide compensation for unjust convictions in United States courts. Provision for compensation in such cases is the rule in Europe. It should be the rule here. Miscarriage of justice as gross as that for which Toth suffered is rare. Misuse of the machinery of justice by unwarranted prosecutions is more common, and the law should provide redress for the victims. On trial the man may be acquitted, but he has suffered disgrace and been put to heavy—often ruinous costs. Merely to acquit him does not do him justice. If the trial shows so flimsy a case that the prosecution was evidently unwarranted the state should be liable for the damages inflicted by its officers. In administering justice the administration itself should be just; but our laws, so far, have never been concerned with that.

## Two Winter Resorts

THE two resorts are no great distance apart as the crow flies. One of them consists mainly of a vast hotel. Its golf scores and dinner parties are carefully telegraphed to the metropolitan press. Winter before last a Western lady made elaborate preparations for a social campaign there; and on the third day she wrote home despairingly: "I have to eat luncheon and dinner in my room because my very best dresses are the kind the women here wear to breakfast." What it costs to stay at this resort is mentioned among common folks with half-incredulous awe.

The doings at the second resort are never chronicled abroad except in personal letters to the Lone Elm Vindicator and the Peach Hollow Weekly Gazette. Its hotels make no pretentions to style anywhere except in their names. There are not even golf links. Elderly resorters pitch quoits and play croquet in their shirtsleeves; others go fishing and bathing. The average expenditure for a fortnight about equals the average for a day at the first resort.

The smart resort would pronounce the other one quite impossible; but in ten years the smart resort has changed scarcely at all. Each January a crowd of affluent persons flocks there. An army of servants is mobilized from far and near to wait upon them. Much food and drink, to suit their exacting tastes, is imported. In March they go away, and from April to the holidays the resort is mainly given over to some caretakers and speculative buzzards.

Meanwhile the second resort has grown from a straggling village in the sand to a very brisk little city, with some twenty miles of well-paved streets, deep harbor improvements, three good public-school buildings, and other evidences of healthy prosperity. The undistinguished, middling sort who went there are the sort that built this country. It is in their nature to strike a root into the soil. "Pretty good place—eh, Tom? I believe it's got a future. Let's buy that five acres and put up some cottages." It's true everywhere: for a solid growth, get the undistinguished middling crowd.

## An English Oligarchy

THE formulas of democracy do not work well in business. All great businesses, such as the railroads, the trusts, the life-insurance companies—no matter how many enfranchised stockholders or policyholders they may have—are practically autocracies or oligarchies. Labor in Great Britain seems to have been pondering this fact. Three big labor organizations comprise almost all the skilled railroad workmen, numbering about two hundred thousand, in that kingdom. Delegates from these unions conferred recently and adopted a plan for amalgamating all three into a single union. Considering its numerical strength and its strategic position with reference to a nation's transportation, this would probably be the most powerful single labor organization in the world.

So the most interesting point in the proposed plan is that which provides for an executive council of twenty-four, to be vested with plenary power to declare and to call off strikes without referring the question to a mass vote of the members, as is required in the old unions. Putting pretty complete power over railroad labor in Great Britain into the hands of twenty-four men might be called creating an oligarchy. Very likely in practice it would make the union more efficient and more actually useful to its members.

To strike or not to strike at a given time is purely a business question of expediency. A genuinely representative council would very likely be able to pass judgment on it better than a majority of the members could. It is a departure from the formulas of democracy; but personally we care nothing for the formulas—only for the substance of the thing itself.

## The Effective Anti-Suffragists

WE RECEIVE a good many arguments against woman suffrage, but find nothing new in them. Generally they begin by saying that woman cannot bear arms and end by declaring that her true sphere is the home. Generally, also, they calmly ignore the history of the race and assume that the position occupied by some women in some spots on the globe for a few centuries must be the one divinely appointed for her from the beginning. If home is woman's true sphere—when more than one female out of every five above sixteen years of age is employed as a breadwinner—then probably she needs the ballot simply in order to get back into her sphere.

The American arguments against woman suffrage are not convincing; but in England there are some rather weighty arguments—furnished by the militant suffragettes. Assaulting statesmen, smashing the windows of unoffending shopmen, destroying mail and threatening works of art are poor preparation for participating in the government of a democracy. In a Parliament containing a contingent of militant suffragettes football costumes with armor for the speaker—would be the only practicable wear. Any one who felt bound to introduce a bill that met with the lady members' disfavor would probably make the motion from beneath a table. M. P.'s in delicate health would deliver their speeches by telephone. It is evident that many a militant suffragette needs the ballot less than she needs spanking.

## Ready-Made Farms

CANADA is wrestling with an immigration problem, but of a different nature from ours. The Dominion hungers for immigrants. The government and the great landowning railroads for several years have carried on a vigorous campaign in many parts of the world for the purpose of attracting promising settlers to Canadian soil. They have advertised, established agencies, made very low steamship rates; and of late have offered ready-made farms. A railroad, holding millions of acres, will erect in advance of the settler's arrival a substantial five-room house, a barn to accommodate eleven animals, put a wire fence round the farm, bore a well, and plow fifty acres.

Yet in ten years Canada's urban population has increased much faster than her rural population—the gain being substantially as great as in the United States. And part of the gain in rural population has been at the expense of the United States, bringing no new hands to the cultivation of the soil.

## The Business of Government

THE new chief executive of Illinois, upon taking the gubernatorial chair, made the following request: "All now holding offices within the gift of the governor will tender their resignations to me without further suggestion from me. . . . This is a Democratic administration."

That is the pure Jacksonian view of the business of government, which has obtained in this country for two generations. It implies that no special aptitude, no training, no experience, no particular ability whatever, is needed to carry on the work of a government. One man can do it quite as well as another. It is a view derived, of course, from frontier times, when nearly all men were more or less jacks of such few and simple trades as there were—could carpenter a little, or tinker a little, or set a horseshoe, in the intervals of plowing and building fences. In those times steady, salaried jobs were exceedingly rare and much desired. Hence those within the gift of the Government were apportioned among the faithful.

It is easy to account for the spoils system in Jackson's pioneer day, but impossible to apologize for it now. Though everything else becomes more and more specialized, government is still in the simple jack-of-all-trades frontier state.

Its business is conducted on rail-fence and stage-coach principles. One able-bodied man can do it as well as another. The theory is that the business of government requires no particular experience or ability—and it does not get any to speak of.

## Money for Investment

FOUR high-grade bond issues were offered to the public in London recently—and all fell flat. Of two municipal issues, each offered on terms that would net the investor about four and a half per cent interest, only about one-fifth was taken. Of another issue ninety-five per cent was left on the underwriters' hands. Within six months the British public has declined various other high-class offerings; and the gloomy observation that no capital is available for investment has often been heard. But, simultaneously with the bond offerings referred to above, an issue of the preferred stock of an American industrial was brought out in the London market and oversubscribed more than four times. The reason, of course, was that this preferred stock paid seven per cent.

In this country, though high-class and low-interest bonds have steadily declined, investors have absorbed immense quantities of six and seven per cent stuff. There is plenty of capital, but it is not to be had except at rates much higher than those prevailing a year or two ago.

This makes a regrettable situation. The strongest borrowers do not bid high enough to attract the money. Capital they could use to great advantage is consequently withheld from them. Less strong borrowers do bid up and get the money. There has been an important shift of investment from first-chop security to second-chop.

# WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

## Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

### A Happy Choice

WHAT President Wilson will do for or to his country—which, as you might say, is ours also—is a problem that is keeping many earnest and patriotic students of affairs awake at night, though we have it on credible authority that Mr. Wilson is getting his nine hours of slumber, as set forth in the advance notices from Trenton. Those—and their name is legion, as Senator Morris Sheppard, the word-geyser from Texas, would remark—Those who have engaged themselves on this subject affirm with emphasis that Time alone will tell, thereby stealing some more of Senator Sheppard's stuff, and that prognosis is beyond human ken—which is another of the senator's nifty nuances.

Time alone will tell! Hence, we must all wait on Time—unless somebody has put a dictagraph under the sofa in Time's office. However, the new President has placed one jewel in the flashing diadem of his accomplishments—Senator Sheppard seems to be writing this piece—and has thus done much for the happiness of this indivisible Union of indestructible states as well as for his own. He has done one thing that is as novel as a Democrat who does not want an office, and as gracious as a Democrat who has received an office—the two conditions being the respective acmes of novelty and gratification, the apexes of uncommonness and delight.

In addition to collecting a Cabinet composed of erudite, astute and amenable—especiably amenable—citizens to share with him, or to labor heavily under the impression that they share with him, the responsibilities of being economical when the Democrats have their first unimpeded view and tenancy of the treasury for sixteen long and hungry years, the President has appointed a secretary who has a cheerful disposition and a sense of humor.

Does that seep in? A secretary who has a cheerful disposition and a sense of humor! Maybe he won't have either long; but he has them now—glory be! When we scan the list of past performers in this place we give the usual quantity of cheers and issue cards of thanks. Taking them as a whole, the previous secretaries to our presidents have been a sweetly solemn lot.

There was Hilles, who mourned and refused to be comforted—though it must be confessed he had little to be cheerful about; Norton, who was rudimentary in his appreciation of the humor of any situation; Carpenter, who was perpetually scared stiff and never observed anything but the tragedy of it all; Loeb, so efficient it made your head ache, but taking it as seriously as a high-school boy takes a frat initiation; Cortelyou, inscruting inscrutably, but in a cold, dignified and disconsolate manner; Porter, loaded to the guards with grief; and Lige Halford, lashed to the mast of gloom. Nice boys, but depressed; earnest, but doleful; active, but somber!

And here comes Tumulty, Joseph Patrick Tumulty, of Jersey City, with the u in his name having the short sound, as i in occipital, and pronounced as if it were the u that nestles in tummy or drum. Now do not be misled, please, into thinking Tumulty a jokester, or one of those storytelling pests, or a comedian—for he isn't. The idea I am striving to impart is that Tumulty does not always view a situation as a total loss with no insurance, but has a light heart, a sunny mind, a buoyant spirit; and is gifted—yes, blessed—with the great benefaction of perspective.

### The Knocker of the White House

I DO not know much about County Cavan in Ireland—the maternal half of my forebears were Ulster folks themselves—but I make bold to say that County Cavan men, if you'll let them tell it, are all cheerful, light-hearted and lads of good spirit; and that Tumulty runs true to Cavan form in this respect. He bubbles with gayety, exudes exhilaration—and the smile av him would charm a bir-rd out av a tree! He is frank, hearty, good-looking; and there is none of that bogus blarney business about him. An honest, straightforward, joyous lad, who sees fun when there is fun; can make fun when it's fun's time to be made; who knows how to put the point to a story; can deliver a rattling speech; and has six children, ranging from eight years to three months in age—the pride of his heart and home.

Notwithstanding all academic and priggish reports to the contrary, President Wilson knows a joke from a judgment, and he can and does tell a good yarn. He is not so desperately scholastic as some have feared. Still, that is not the reason why he chose Tumulty to come with him to Washington and sit in the room outside his in the White House, to act as official filtration plant for him—to be the

*A New Kind of Secretary to the President*

shock absorber. Tumulty was with the President during the two years he was Governor of New Jersey and served him as his secretary then; and when the President picked him the President gave adequate notice to those who know Tumulty that W. Wilson, who turned that amazing handspring from school to statesmanship, visualizes a good thing when it comes within the purview of his gaze.

He did not pick Tumulty because Tumulty does not always view with alarm. He picked him because Tumulty had given Governor Woodrow Wilson two years of excellent service as secretary, because he had tried him out in New Jersey, and because he knew Tumulty and Tumulty knew him. Tumulty had proved up. He had shown executive ability, had made friends and kept those he had. He was loyal, sensible, courageous, honest, able. Any president of the United States who can find a man for the intimate official relationship of secretary has helped himself a lot toward a successful Administration; and Mr. Wilson is keenly desirous of success.

Tumulty is thirty-three years old. He was born in Jersey City, where his father, from County Cavan, was a contractor. Young Joe was educated at Saint Peter's College. He studied law and was admitted to the bar. He was in politics in Jersey City before he was old enough to vote. Politics is the natural occupation, pursuit, vocation, avocation and diversion of all persons who live in Jersey City. When young Tumulty was having fun, mixing in ward and precinct fights, and making speeches in the campaigns, the late Bob Davis, who was the Democratic boss of Jersey City, picked out Tumulty as a promising young person and a good one to have on the Davis staff, and nominated him for the assembly.

Tumulty was elected. He went to Trenton and began his lawmaking career. He had developed into a keen, effective talker. Greatly to the shock and surprise of Davis, Tumulty did not jump through the Davis hoop whenever Davis gave the command. Instead, the young man showed a streak of political independence that made Davis gasp and caused him to resolve on political punishment for this obstreperous young person. It did not work out. Tumulty had more friends in his district than Davis had; he went to the assembly four times altogether and continued to do as he saw fit—and not as Davis tried to dictate.

Tumulty did not fight the organization. He was an organization man, but he did not let the organization make a tool or a slave of him. And, oddly, it was at the funeral of Davis—or just after it—that Governor Wilson asked him to come to Trenton with him. He went. As secretary to this new governor, who had only recently been the president of a university, he supplied what the governor lacked—the political knowledge and the knowledge of politicians; and that was most important, for the Governor of New Jersey has greater range and power of appointment than the governor of any other state.

Tumulty believes in his chief, but he is not afraid of him. He combats him on occasion and is never chary of giving his decided opinion. He has a great capacity for work—and he'll need it—and a keen, sound, hard common-sense. He has no frills, is frank, manly, clean and clever; and with it all is that tremendously valuable asset—those twin assets, rather—cheerfulness and humor. There will be a great deal of warm humanity in the office of the President's secretary from this time on. Inasmuch as we have a new kind of President we also have a new kind of secretary to the President; and it really seems as if the combination will add to the joy of Washington life from time to time.

### A Missouri Medley

THE president of the company that owns and operates the hotels and transportation in Yellowstone Park was considerably surprised when he received a letter from a Missouri patriot who had designs on him. This is a faithful transcript of the Missouri man's record of his ambitions, painfully hammered out on a typewriter:

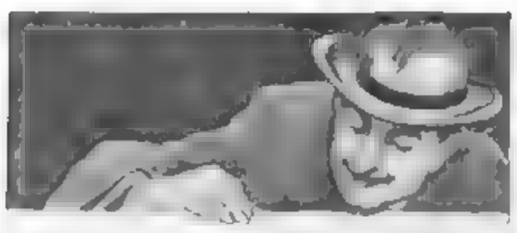
*Dear sir:* I have A leter From The department of the interior Giving Your Name As The presidant of Hotel At Yelostone Park I desire Some Information As To whethar or not You are under the sivel survis Rule Or not and what your duties Are And What Pay You gett for your servis in charge of this Hotel also what all you hvae to dew I presume The Clerk Is under Civel servis rules And Bot The manager of the hotel Give Mee al the information you can as to your duties And what theire is in it in your behalf Are you under Aney bond for your survis also how your survises Are payed for and your dutey it might posabley bee that it wil bee to your advantage to give mee these perticler points also when your term of servis expires pleas dew this at your earliest posabel convenianees as i am makin an aplication under the presant admistoration posabley for this position and aney further information you can give mee wil be thankfuley receaved for this or aney other part pertaining to the management of this park I presume Your duties would bee in part to asist or make some of these apointments of the keepers of the game these places know doubt would be atended with some danger of the animals unless wel acquainted with their habits but giv mee all the information you can as to the best Positions At the Park I understand The Clerk Is Under Sivel survis rules is to superintend and He Getts $1800 pur anam & I Presume he would stay at The hed quarters Or the hotell but what I want to know most particuler is your position as the manager of the hotel i should not want mutch outdores work I understand That the preasant acting Superintendent Is Col L M brett is he under Sivel servis rule or Not i also See he has About Four Troops And A moshion Gun nessarey To protect things In and round the Park with power to call aid to help if nessarey which i don't presume ever yett has ocured so kindley give me your opinion as best you can which i wil gratley apriciate With kind regards I beg To Remaine yours truley ——

### An Expensive Seat

"YES," said a statesman at Washington, "I quit drinking and went on the waterwagon; but I had to fall off again—it was too expensive."

"Too expensive!" said a friend. "Why, I thought it worked the other way round."

"Oh, no," replied the statesman. "It was too expensive! Why, after I had been on the wagon for a time I felt so good I actually had to spend money for breakfast—a meal I never ate in my drinking days; and I figured that was an unnecessary expense and went back to the old life to escape it."



## Ask The Man Who Cuts His Own Grass

Why he likes his "W. & B." lawn mower. He will say because it runs easy, cuts smooth and close, stays adjusted and remains sharp.

# "W. & B." Lawn Mowers

are a success because their cutting parts are right. We have been making cutting parts for 59 years. Experience has taught us the best kind of steel to use and just how to work up and temper this steel so that it will cut grass best, *yet hold its edge.*

Every machine we put out is built and inspected by the experts we have trained. And every mower is run on a special testing device in our factory until we are sure that its adjustment is right.

Our experience and our guaranty are behind every one of our mowers.

Look for "W. & B." on the handle

**Ask Your Dealer to Show You These Two Lawn Mowers**

The Diamond Special Ball Bearing Lawn Mower, the running mowers you ... The Junior ... on the market.

*Write for illustrated folder and send us your dealer's name*

## Dealers' Attention

Every "W. & B." lawn mower you sell adds a satisfied customer to your list. Order of your Jobber today. If he cannot supply you, write us direct.

**The Whitman & Barnes Mfg. Co.**

*Established 1854*

General Offices, AKRON, OHIO

New York Store, 64 Reade St.

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# THE LAME DUCK

## Views of an Innocent Bystander

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JIM: There was a man in this town—maybe he is here yet—who had the quick-or-I-perish method of obtaining sustenance down to a finer point than any one of the hurry-up contingent I have ever known—and I have known most of them.

After he had selected his victim he would wait round until the signs were propitious—until there were evidences, such as payday or any other indication that money might be nestling in the jeans of the poor chap who was to be sacrificed; and he had a sense of such a situation that was nothing less than a gift—as was what he secured, by the way.

At the psychological moment he would rush in, face convulsively emotional, voice broken, every flag at half-mast—and sob:

"Old man, I hate to do it, but it's a case of life and death! If I don't get my rent money within half an hour I'll be thrown out on the street; my poor babies will be without a home. I've tried everywhere and I am forced to turn to you. In God's name don't turn me down! Think what it means to have those poor babies without a roof to shelter their innocent heads! Think what that means! Can't you—won't you—I beg you—I implore you—beseech you—won't you help me out for a few days until I can get things in shape? It isn't much! Oh, pul-luh-eese!"

He'd throw himself down in a chair and great sobs would rack his frame. It was very affecting.

"How much?" the victim would ask nine times out of ten.

"Oh, very little. My rent is twenty-seven-fifty a month. I've got it all but the twenty-seven. Could you make it thirty? Only for a few days! Oh, thank you! Thank you! Those poor, golden-haired, innocent children will pray for you this night under that roof you have saved for them. Thank you!"

And he was gone! That thirty, of course, was gone also, and remains among the permanent investments of the man who responded. If any investigating was done it was found the man had no children, had no rent to pay; but he prospered exceedingly. Some weeks he made as much as sixty or seventy dollars!

### Mr. Wilson's Sobbing Suppliants

Now I am reminded of this because there are certain of our statesmen who have been trying the quick-or-I-perish method of obtaining the all-essential and sustaining patronage from our new President, Mr. Wilson, and have been having most indifferent luck at it. Take it from me, Jim, there is a bunch of artists in this line in our Congress, and they have put over a lot of things on susceptible presidents by variations of this method. Much to their regret—not to say chagrin—they find it is difficult, if not impossible, to make a dent in Mr. Wilson by any forays of this kind.

I have seen them dash into the White House with a tale of political woe that would move a wooden man to action—tales of political disaster to those staunch supporters of the Administration that would surely ensue unless they had—and had instantly—certain offices within the gift of the president, or certain recommendations, or certain anything else they wanted. I have heard them sob their hearts out in that office, bellow with grief, claim chokingly that ruin—black ruin—stared them in the face unless they were rescued by the strong arm of the president; and I have seen them get away with it time and again.

However I haven't observed anything of that kind since Mr. Wilson went into the White House; and that doesn't mean there haven't been scores of attempts at it. There have! Every hurry-up boy in the lot has hurled himself at the President, weeping bitterly, crying on his shoulder—and not one has landed anything yet.

President Wilson has a method of his own. It is the most efficacious method I ever knew about. Let me set the stage for you:

The President is in his office receiving visitors by appointment. Along comes one of the hurry-up boys. He has his plans all made. Just as soon as he gets his chance he will dash in, turn on the woe and make his pleading talk. His chance comes. He dashes in. The President smiles and shakes hands.

The hurry-up boy pulls out the tremolo and goes at it. He sobs all round the place. He shows how nothing but political death awaits him unless this thing is done—and done immediately! He is tearfully eloquent. His heart-throbs sound like a motor cycle going up hill. It is Art.

The President listens attentively. He doesn't say a word. After the fit has been thrown and the statesman stands palpitating at the side of the desk awaiting the verdict and watching the President narrowly through his tear-dimmed eyes, the President says: "Ah, yes, Mr. Jinks; that moves me strangely. Let me get at the facts of it"

And instead of talking about it, discussing it, giving the statesman a chance to repeat it, the President deliberately reaches into a drawer in his desk and takes out a little memorandum book. This he opens precisely. Then he puts on his glasses calmly and with no evidence of haste, takes that third glass he wears on occasion for one of his eyes which isn't quite up to the other one, adjusts that, picks out a pencil with great deliberation, squares himself in his chair and says dispassionately: "Now, then, what are the facts?"

### Puncturing Passionate Pleas

Well, you can see it for yourself. Imagine a heart-throbber, a hurry-up boy, standing there and watching those deliberate preparations to rehear a tale that is positively no good when it is subjected to analysis—that falls apart in fifty places when not told with great emotion. He wilts, Jim—wilts, I tell you; and he begins to droop the moment that memorandum book comes out.

The president is painfully precise. He doesn't make a note in a hurry. Instead he goes at it carefully—writes minutely and with great care; and by the time he has half a page finished the sobber is floundering round and so flabbergasted he doesn't know his own name! And that usually ends it, with the hurry-up boy backing out, followed by a cheery: "Glad to have seen you!" from the President.

That illustrates one characteristic of our new President. He is as precise as any man you ever knew. Ordinarily when a man wants to make a note of anything he scribbles a few words down on a scrap of paper or puts a few words in his notebook. Not so with Mr. Wilson. He is as careful and methodical about making a note as he is about writing a message to Congress. He takes his time. He begins at the beginning and goes straight through, noting down whatever is important; first getting ready in a non-hurried manner by adjusting his eyeglasses; seeing to it that his pencil is sharp and getting his notebook just as he wishes it. When he has finished his notes they are like copperplate—clean, distinct, neat, logically arranged and ample. They look as if they were engraved.

Nothing can hurry him. No pressure can make him be other than neat and precise; nor can any pressure make him stop before he has finished his pursuit of the subject. And what that habit has done to the hurry-up boys is one of the tragedies—from the quick-quick view—of this Administration. They are stopped. You cannot sob and be shaken with woe when a cool, calm, collected, logical person is sitting with pencil and notebook, putting down what is said between sobs in orderly sequence, and asking questions that search the sobber's soul as well as puncture his passionate plea.

Another phase of the President that is new to presidents, so far as I know, is his knowledge of shorthand. He is a mighty good stenographer and his notes are perfect. They are clean-cut, properly shaded, neat and orderly. I saw a page of them the other day; and more than anything else they reminded me of the notes of that most capable of shorthand citizens, Allister Cochrane, who is one of the official reporters of the House of Representatives, and who

## Worth Looking Into

The choice of a table beverage frequently has much to do with the health and happiness of a family, not only the children, but grown-ups too.

**The New Food Drink**

# INSTANT POSTUM

is proving most satisfying and beneficial in homes where it has taken the place of other beverages, some of which contain caffeine and other harmful ingredients.

This new beverage requires

**No Boiling**

It is regular Postum percolated at the factory and reduced to a soluble powder.

A level teaspoonful in a cup with hot water, and cream and sugar to taste, produces a very fascinating beverage *instantly.*

Instant Postum is free from caffeine or any harmful ingredient.

Sold by Grocers everywhere, 90 to 100 cup tin, 50c—40 to 50 cup tin, 30c.

A trial tin (5-cups) sent for grocer's name and 2c. stamp for postage.

*"There's a Reason"*

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ontario, Canada

writes such beautiful shorthand that it looks like the engraved stuff in the stenographic instruction books.

The President writes all his speeches in shorthand. He sits with a pad and composes, putting his thoughts down stenographically. Then, in the old days, he used to pound them out on a typewriter himself—and he is pretty fair on a typewriter too. He wrote his inaugural address in shorthand and typed it himself; and his first message to Congress is in shorthand notes in the original. But when he starts to make notes in that memorandum book of his—good night to all the hurry-up business!

It is a function—the way he does it. His eyeglasses have to be adjusted carefully. His pencil must be in proper condition. His position must be right. And he goes at it so methodically that the person in front of him usually becomes a mass of quivering pulp before the first note is made. It's a little scheme of his own. It works absolutely. Show me the man who can rush anything by a President who is as cool and calm as a stalactite, and who insists on eliminating the fluff and getting down to the facts in the case! It can't be done!

So far the position of the President and the Congress is one of polite neutrality. The President is feeling the politicians out and the politicians are feeling the President out; neither has come to any definite conclusion. The older senators and representatives—especially the Democrats—are all in a haze. They are dealing with a new kind of man—or trying to deal with him; and they find the old methods don't work. They were very apprehensive. They didn't know what was going to happen, but after the first few preliminary looks decided they were in the position of Uncle Joe Cannon's boy, who had a dog to sell.

The boy came down the street in Danville tugging the dog along on a string. A woman stopped him.

"Boy," she asked, "is that dog for sale?"

"Yessam!"

"Is he a fierce dog?"

"He's the gosh-darnedest, gol-blamedest fiercest dog you ever seen!" boasted the boy.

"Oh!" she exclaimed in dismay. "I don't want to buy a fierce dog."

"Well," said the boy reassuringly, "he ain't so gosh-darned, gol-blamed fierce!"

That's the way with the members of Congress. They have been asking about the President, and they are finding out that, though he is fierce, he isn't so all-fired fierce as they had feared. The one thing they have discovered already is that the President of the United States is Woodrow Wilson, former governor of New Jersey, and none other. After that percolates thoroughly there won't be much trouble.

But society—hevings, Jim! Society is all in a turmoil. There have been rumors that President Wilson doesn't care a hoot for the social side of the great game here and will conduct himself along those lines of indifference. You see, Jim, though our Washington society affects to care little about officialdom, there isn't a place in this wide world where a little goes so far, or where there is more snobbish attention to rank. They say they don't consider it; but there isn't one of them—host or hostess—who isn't plotting all the time for White House favor and trying to get on the social lists over there in a superior way. And they are wondering what the Wilsons will do.

If you have any social aspirations, Jim, I can tell you just what the Wilsons will do. They will do everything the position demands in the way of set social functions. They will have the four big receptions and give the regulation, conventional dinners; but that will about let them out. The President doesn't care for that end of it. Besides, he realizes he has a monumental job of work ahead of him. He knows it will take all his brain and all his brawn and all his skill, and all the skill of those round him, to pilot his party through the tremendous difficulties, both political and economic, that he and his party face; he is seriously considering that job and his responsibilities, and does not intend to complicate it with social flubdub.

Mr. Wilson isn't in the White House for pleasure. He is there for work. The chances are that the social side of the Wilson tenancy of the White House will not be highly developed. But otherwise it will be the busiest place in this country for four years. You can stick a pin in that!

It all comes down to the same thing. What the great bulk of our Democratic population desires at the hands of this Administration is recognition. That applies to the active men who are in Congress and in state politics, and also to the enormous number of Democratic dodoes who have come out of the high grass, where they went into retirement back in Cleveland's day. They all want to be recognized.

Did I ever tell you of the citizen of foreign extraction who was active in organizing a section of the voters of foreign birth for the Taft and Sherman ticket in 1908? After the election he haunted Frank H. Hitchcock for something in the way of compensation for his arduous labors. Hitchcock eluded him, thinking him amply compensated by the money that had been paid to him during the campaign.

Finally he got in to see Hitchcock.

"Mr. Chairman," he wept, "do please give me something—if only a dime—so that I may feel that I have been recognized!"

We have a lot of dime-hunters in our perturbed midst, Jim.

Yours, BILL.

# WHAT NEXT?

### *Cone-Shaped Motor Cars*

PARIS is setting the style for a new type of automobile, shaped like a short fat perfecto cigar, pointed front and back, which has enough merit and distinction for some purposes to insure its appearance on American roads before long.

In a car of this streamline form the pointed or rounded-cone back of the car is as important as the pointed front in reducing the resistance of the air. The nose of the car splits the air, and the air that is pushed aside squeezes against the air farther away, so that for a fraction of a second there is a layer of compressed air round the front of the swiftly moving car. Before this air can lose its compression the car has jumped ahead and this compressed air is at the back, where it expands quickly and by reason of the cone shape helps to push the car ahead. It is just like shooting a seed by squeezing it between your thumb and forefinger.

The streamline form of birds largely explains their ability to make long and swift flights with comparatively little effort. Many birds get back from this compressed-air push from behind more than ninety per cent of the power they expend in pushing ahead. Man has not been able anywhere nearly to equal the streamline-form efficiency of the bird, but the value of these forms has forced their adoption in aëroplanes and is coming to affect the shapes of all speed vehicles.

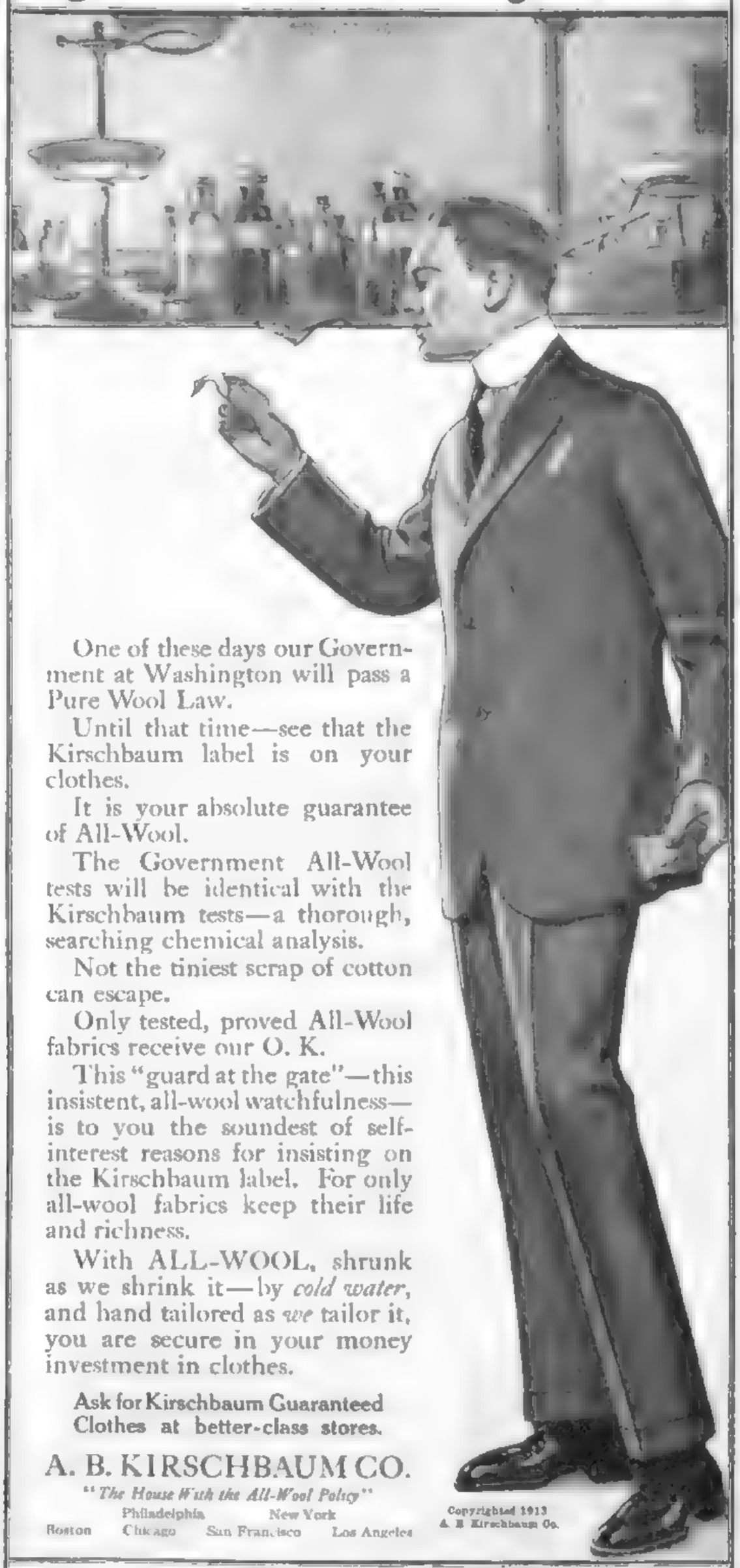
### *Harnessing the Tide*

THE energy of the tides utilized in a scientific manner is a new threatened competitor of coal. Whether the tide is high or low, the new plants will work without interruption; so they show about as much advance over the old tidal waterwheels strung along the Atlantic Coast as a modern hydro-electric plant does over the old gristmill wheel. In the case of the old tidal mills a pond was filled at high tide and, as the tide ran out, the fall of water from the pond was used to turn the wheel.

There is a plan on foot to build immediately at Husum, Germany, a tidal power-plant of this new order, to compete with coal energy. It is to develop by day and night more than six thousand horsepower. Engineers who have looked into the subject think it entirely likely that this experiment will show that electricity can be generated more cheaply on many coasts than by coal plants at present coal prices. They anticipate that it will surely be a success if a market can be found for the power day and night instead of, as is now the case, during only a few hours of greatest demand. The actual cost of making the electricity will be very small, but the plant will be costly to install.

At Husum it has been found that the normal difference between high tide and low tide is ten feet and eighty-five hundredths. Tides are often much higher than that, but the added height is of no value. Land along the shore is low and marshy, so


ALL WOOL
By Laboratory Test



One of these days our Government at Washington will pass a Pure Wool Law.

Until that time—see that the Kirschbaum label is on your clothes.

It is your absolute guarantee of All-Wool.

The Government All-Wool tests will be identical with the Kirschbaum tests—a thorough, searching chemical analysis.

Not the tiniest scrap of cotton can escape.

Only tested, proved All-Wool fabrics receive our O. K.

This "guard at the gate"—this insistent, all-wool watchfulness—is to you the soundest of self-interest reasons for insisting on the Kirschbaum label. For only all-wool fabrics keep their life and richness.

With ALL-WOOL, shrunk as we shrink it—by *cold water*, and hand tailored as *we* tailor it, you are secure in your money investment in clothes.

Ask for Kirschbaum Guaranteed Clothes at better-class stores.

A. B. KIRSCHBAUM CO.

*"The House With the All-Wool Policy"*

Philadelphia New York
Boston Chicago San Francisco Los Angeles

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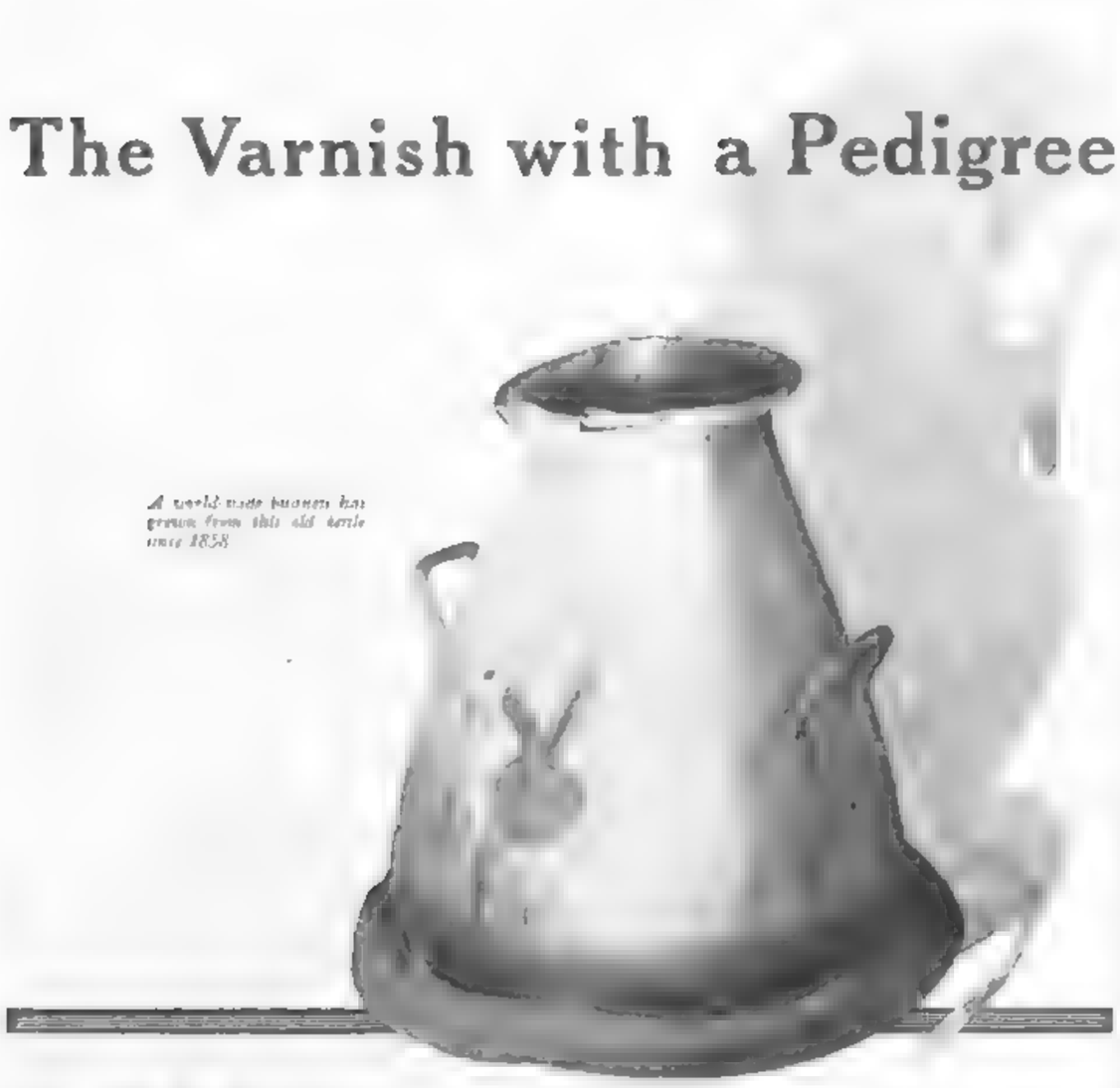
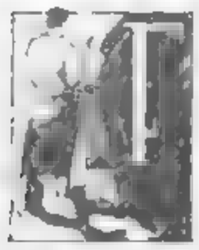
Kirschbaum Clothes
$15 $20 $25

# The Varnish with a Pedigree



*A world-wide business has grown from this old kettle since 1858*



FIFTY-FIVE years ago, in the kettle shown above and holding but a few gallons, Berry Brothers made their first run of varnish.

Today, our storage tanks—kept constantly full—have a capacity of *1,080,000 gallons.*

That is the result of half a century of high manufacturing ideals. When the two brothers Berry produced that first kettle of varnish they labored long and hard to get it just right—to make it just a little better than anything else then known.

And these ideals bore fruit—as such ideals always will. Men recognized the quality of their product—demanded it in ever increasing quantities. And so grew a business vast in volume, world-wide in scope, founded on merit alone.

For half a century we have maintained the same standard of manufacture. More! We have maintained expensive laboratories, ceaselessly experimenting to discover new and better methods. Today there is a Berry Brothers' product for every varnish need, each as perfect as human skill can make it.

## What This Means To You

*You*—home-owner, manufacturer, builder, contractor, architect, dealer—should take a personal interest in the selection of varnish. One room in a home—or a sky-scraping office building—the finish will make or mar the entire appearance of the job.

If you insist upon Berry Brothers' goods and look for the Berry Brothers' label, you can be assured of a finish at once durable, permanent and beautiful—the best that can be made for your particular purpose.

We have a variety of interesting booklets on varnish problems, designed for every class of user. Write and tell us your varnish needs and we will gladly send the proper booklet free. Berry Brothers' Varnishes are for sale by reliable dealers everywhere.

BERRY BROTHERS

*Established 1858*

*Factories:* Detroit, Mich., and Walkerville, Ont. *Branches:* New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, San Francisco, London, England.

BERRY BROTHERS' VARNISHES

**The Famous Berry Wagon**

has been the delight of thousands of children for three generations. Ask your dealer about it. And write for free children's booklet in color "Around the World in a Berry Wagon", illustrated by W. W. Denslow.

that ponds can be made by a system of dikes—the really costly part of the enterprise. Two big ponds will be constructed and possibly a third reserve pond. When the tide is high one pond will be filled, and when at ebb the other pond will be emptied.

By juggling the available fall of water between the ponds, and between each pond and the sea, it will be possible always to have a fall of water of six feet or more. The flow of water from the sea to the low pond on a rising tide and from the high pond to the sea on a falling tide will be the main dependence. Modern turbines will be employed, connected with pipes from the ponds and the sea, so that a fall in any direction can be used.

Whether or not the Husum experiment will be followed by the installing of modern tidal plants in this country will depend on the profit sheet and not on the mechanical question; so the cost estimates are of value. The total installation is expected to cost one million three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which is a high figure abroad for a project to generate six thousand to sixty-five hundred horsepower. The annual output would reach thirty million kilowatt hours; and if it could all be sold the electricity would cost only four-tenths of a cent a kilowatt hour. If a market could be found for only five million units the cost would reach two cents and four-tenths. The United States Government has a contract to sell the power from the Roosevelt Dam at one cent and a half a kilowatt hour.

The figures show that in places where a twenty-four-hour service of electric power can be marketed, such as would be used in some manufacturing operations, the tides can now become a competitor of coal; and it has been suggested that by using an auxiliary steam plant during hours of heavy demand, or accumulators to store up energy during the hours of small demand, the plant might become profitable for ordinary electric service.

### *Hot-Panel Heating*

THE plan of heating houses by warming the walls from hidden pipes is getting much attention here and in England, where it has been given the name of hot-panel heating. A distinguished officer of the Royal Engineers, Captain H. Riall Sankey, believes it to be the system that will eventually make houses really comfortable.

Pipes looped back and forth are embedded in the plaster walls of a room, with extra pipes round the baseboards and windows. These are heated by ordinary hot-water or steam systems. The excessive heat of the pipes is diffused through the plaster, giving a large area with a low heat instead of a small area with a high heat. An air passage through the walls reaches the pipes and allows circulation of heated air in the room.

An American automobile manufacturer has adopted a similar plan for his assembling shop, where men have to kneel or lie on the floor frequently. In the concrete floor are embedded steampipes, which keep the floor warm and also warm the shop.

### *Games With Gases*

PLAYING cushion caroms with atoms is the rarest game in the world—for, besides its inventor, Sir J. J. Thomson, only two other scientists in the world have become adepts at it, and they are Professor M. von Dechend and Professor W. J. Hammer. The object of the game is to find new kinds of atoms, and the inventor of it has already found one, a gas which he says is "as elusive as a sea-serpent." By months of effort, after he had convinced himself that there was such a sea-serpent gas, he has now succeeded in capturing an amount of it about equal to one tiny crystal of granulated sugar.

There are no very rosy commercial prospects for his find, but the discovery has shown his game to be one of those abstract scientific studies that satisfy the scientist by increased knowledge and at any time may bring out some facts of great value.

The game is played with gases, a glass bulb and electricity. A little gas or a combination of gases is placed in the glass bulb, and the infinitesimal particles that go to make it up are electrified and sent flying against a screen. The particles carom off, but they bound off at different angles according to their atomic weight; and if the gas contains several gases or elements there will be streams of atoms bounding off the screen at clearly separated angles. The particles, of course, are smaller than the most powerful microscope can detect; but the streams of atoms—all electrified—can be photographed as light-streaks when they carom off. The pictures show the separate streams.

Professor Thomson can tell by the angle just what kind of particles composes each stream. In some of the pictures he detected a faint stream indicating some particles he could not identify, heretofore, with any known element. He now concludes that the particles are composed of a gas that bears the same relation to hydrogen that ozone does to oxygen.

### *The Parlor Puzzle*

HOW to make working men and their families live in their living rooms and not in the kitchen is the problem of architects who are planning working men's cottages for English cities. The complication is something like that of the bathtubs in the model tenements erected in New York.

Most of the cottages being built under the English municipal housing schemes have two or three bedrooms, a living room and a kitchen for principal rooms. The city of Shrewsbury, for instance, has just adopted plans for sixty-three cottages, with a living room in each, a kitchen-scullery-bathroom, a larder, a toilet room, and two or three bedrooms upstairs, to rent at ninety cents or one dollar and ten cents a week, according as to whether they have two or three bedrooms.

Experience has shown that the families will fill the living room with knickknacks—as were the old New England parlors—and use the kitchen for the living room. So in this Shrewsbury plan the kitchen has been given a different character in order to force the use of the living room. The working men demand the living room as a matter of pride. Without such a room in which to receive the minister and other guests, they feel the real sting of poverty.

One experienced social worker, Miss Margaret Tabor, suggests a new way of solving the puzzle. She would provide a very small entrance-hall parlor, in which all the knickknacks could be placed and visitors received; a large living-room kitchen; and a small scullery, far enough away from the kitchen fire to make it unpopular as a living room.

### *Folding Bridges*

ONE of the strangest big bridges in the world is soon to be built over the Hugli at Calcutta, India. It will be supported entirely on pontoons floating in the river; and the draw span in the middle will probably be built so that each half of the draw as it is raised will bend up in the middle and neatly fold back out of the way of passing ships.

Piers are not desirable in that locality because of the obstruction to traffic and to floods, and because they would have to be high and would require steep climbs to the bridge at each end. Therefore a pontoon bridge is the only design available. Engineers all over the world have been interested in solving the problem, especially in the design for the draw span. In the new pontoon bridge at Constantinople the center span swings out when a ship must pass. The folding draw that will probably be adopted for the Hugli bridge is the design of Sir Bradford Leslie. A tower at each end of the draw will support its half of the draw by cables. Forcing the floor of the half span down near the tower will make that half bend up in the middle and fold back against the tower.

### *More Haste and More Speed*

IT COSTS more money to make the stops on some electric subways and trolley cars than it does to run the cars. In other words more electric power is used up in grinding brakeshoes than in pulling the train. This applies to trains that make frequent stops but must make speed between stops.

An engineer of the London tubes has found that on some short runs there the trains were using considerably more power in stopping than in running. On the London tramways the electric cars use thirty-five per cent less power on Sundays than on weekdays for the same runs, because on Sundays the streets are not so crowded and the brakes are not used so often for quick stops. Much the same conditions apply to city cars everywhere.

# THE STORY OF A LIVE WIRE

Concluded from Page 9

liability on the capital stock holdings may be averted; and, most important of all, in order to avoid the paralyzing effect on the community of the failure of a bank. As a matter of fact, with the exception of banks that have become insolvent through dishonesty, failures have been wholly due to reckless management and persistent disregard of the law. To put it another way, most of the banks that have failed are of the class which should have gone into voluntary liquidation before the conditions which precipitated the failure were reached."

This is plain, straight talk; and in the reams that have been written on the subject of weak banks you may find nothing that states the case so completely or concisely. Of course the comptroller's actions in regard to all banks are necessarily based upon the facts submitted by the examiners in the field. Therefore, in plugging up the holes in the National Bank Act, he has not failed to tighten up the rivets in his own particular structure. There has been as great a revolution in the work of the examiners as in the management of banks they have examined.

They needed tightening up all right, for in some thirty years' banking experience I have seen examinations that were the subject of laughter and derision for days after the man had left. It was only through their reports that the comptroller could tell what a hundred men were doing in various parts of the country; but their shortcomings, he says, "do not appear, as a rule, in reports written by themselves." So a letter was sent to every national bank in the United States asking how the examiners' work was done and how it could be improved. Six or seven thousand replies containing criticisms and suggestions, together with the actual experience of working with examiners in eight or nine different states, formed the basis of the improvement in the efficiency of the force.

These positions are no longer dependent upon mere political pull, as they so often used to be. In addition to undergoing a rigid examination as to his knowledge of the banking business, the National Bank Act, commercial law, bookkeeping and accounting, the examiner, before he assumes his duties, files a statement that "he will liquidate any loans he may have in any national bank; that he will in good faith dispose of any shares of stock in any national bank or other banking institution now owned by him; that he will not borrow, while a national bank examiner, from any national bank; that he will not serve as officer or director in any business corporation; and that he will not take any active interest in politics." If an applicant cannot stand the examination he cannot get the job, no matter what his backing.

### The Examiner's Duties

It is a curious fact that neither an oath of office nor a bond was formerly required of these men, though they handled about eleven billion dollars of cash and other assets twice each year. Every one of them has now taken this oath, and two million dollars of their surety bonds—twenty thousand dollars each—has been filed with the comptroller. He has increased the duties of the examiners until they amount to a semi-audit, at the same time forbidding the examination of banks at night, for the reason that the officers should always be on hand to answer questions, and because nightwork might create a bad impression outside.

This new order has still further shortened the time in which, according to one examiner, he is expected to do the following things: Verify the cash by an actual count; make a careful note of irregular checks and cash items; list the bills receivable to prove that the amount called for by the general ledger is in hand; go over these bills again in the presence of an officer, and preferably with two or more directors; secure the proper data on large or excessive lines of credit; obtain the liability of officers and directors, their firms and the companies or corporations in which they are financially interested; inspect and value such collaterals as may be pledged on the same, as well as ascertain whether all signatures and indorsements are genuine, and that no borrower has secured a larger loan than his business and general financial standing will warrant; copy a statement of the bank at the close of business the previous day; ascertain whether the required reserve is in hand and has been maintained for the preceding thirty days and, if practicable, since the last examination; carefully inspect the minute book with its records of each meeting of directors and shareholders since the previous examination, and also the minutes of the finance and other committees when their records of such meetings are kept, making note of any irregularities.

He must compare the bank's copy of its last report of condition to the comptroller; compare the copy of the last report of earnings and dividends with the books of record, to ascertain whether such reports were correctly made; verify the stock-certificate book and the stock ledger, for the purpose of proving that the proper number of shares has been issued and correctly credited to the various stockholders, and to discover if all surrendered certificates have been properly indorsed, canceled and attached to their original stubs, as they should be; check off the last statements from corresponding banks, to prove their correctness as compared with the books of the bank under examination.

He must prepare a list of all notes and transit items that are out of the bank for later verification by correspondence, verify outstanding certificates of deposit, certified checks and cashier's checks; examine and list all stocks, securities, and so on, held by the bank, and all real-estate mortgages held or owned by it; examine the profit-and-loss and expense accounts; take off or verify the depositors' accounts on the individual ledgers; and verify by correspondence the amounts of money borrowed on bills payable or otherwise, the amounts credited to state, county or municipal officials, the amounts due to and from banks and bankers.

If these points are all carefully covered the bank has received a thorough and efficient examination. Just compare all this with what three or four men of an examining committee have to do!

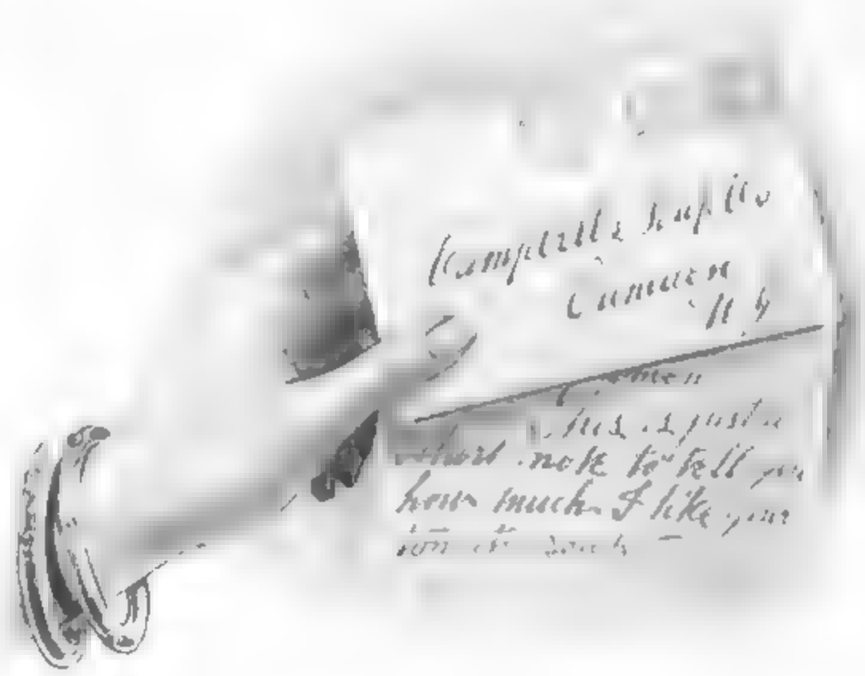
### What Bankers Do Not Know

Now there is no question as to the necessity of running down all these items in order to get at the exact condition of the bank. Nevertheless, the fact remains that it is not always done, because no examiner living, dead or to come could do it all in the time usually devoted to each bank and make a decent living. I speak now of those banks outside the largest cities, where the examiner works alone or even with an assistant whose salary and expenses he has to pay.

Here is another tip to bankers—not one in fifty of them, to say nothing of directors and stockholders, seems to know anything about it: Last year the national banks paid into the United States Treasury about three million seven hundred thousand dollars in taxes on their circulating notes. Out of this amount they could have paid the cost of redemption of notes, the cost of new plates for printing them, the cost of running the comptroller's office and the amount they paid direct to the examiners, and still have left nearly two million five hundred thousand dollars. In other words, the Government is making a clear profit out of the national banks of over two million dollars, some of which might well be used to bring the examining force up to the proper number and degree of efficiency.

Practically all of these reforms have been brought about without the backing of any specific statutes or increase of authority in the hands of the comptroller. They have prevailed simply through the ordinary practical horse-sense contained in them, plus the nerve to carry them out. It is true that some feathers have flown, but they have usually grown out again finer than ever. Though each year now shows a constantly decreasing number of failures, the work of which this is a mere sketch is by no means finished. Therefore the question is not so much why it was not done long before as whether it will be continued along the same lines.

The people of this country are sick and tired of bank failures, and they have every right to be; for not one in a hundred is excusable on any ground whatever. With our banking laws imperfect as they are, every right-thinking banker is—and every depositor should be—interested in seeing that the supervision of the national banks continues in strong, capable, unbiased hands.

**Isn't this note a useful hint to you?**

It is part of an actual letter recently received.

"I am a bride," it continues, "and not very familiar with cooking; so you see how doubly I appreciate the constant helpfulness of

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

Constant helpfulness—that is what this wholesome soup offers to every housewife. You can serve it either plain or as a cream of tomato soup by following the simple directions on the label. Serve it with croutons (small cubes of bread toasted) or with grated cheese or noodles, or vermicelli or rice. Use it for tomato cocktails, for a brown sauce or a Tomato tartare to season meats, pot-roasts, fish, omelettes, etc. Without effort or trouble for you, it transforms the plainest dish into a savory and appetizing repast.

Write today for our little free booklet which gives complete recipes for some of these inviting dishes.

"I boldly sail the flowing main.
And here's my main idea:
To find and capture
And taste with rapture
This goodly *Campbell* cheer."

**21 kinds**
**10c a can**

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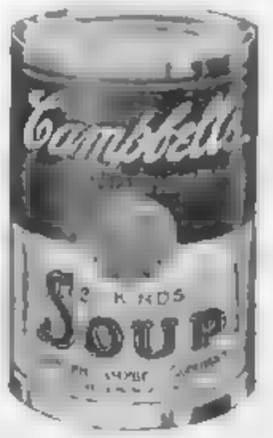
| Chicken-Gumbo (Okra) | Pea |
| | Pepper Pot |
| Clam Bouillon | Printanier |
| Clam Chowder | Tomato |
| Consommé | Tomato-Okra |
| Vegetable | |
| Vermicelli-Tomato | |




**Look for the red-and-white label**

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Only fully matured, rich, ripe, long leaves will *hold together* in Old English sliced plug. The short leaves and scrap that *may* be used in loose cut tobaccos, would break and crumble when cut into curved slices.

Every leaf of fine old Burley used in Old English is selected for *this brand alone*. That is why every slice of Old English *looks* and *smokes* like every other slice—the *quality never varies*.

**Old English**

**10c CURVE CUT 10c**

Hard-pressed, sliced plug is the *right* and *only* proper way of preparing tobacco for the *pipe*. It keeps the tobacco *in perfect condition* in all climates. It *burns slowly* in the pipe bowl, insuring a much *cooler* smoke than any quick-burning loose-cut tobacco can possibly give.

The "*slice to a pipeful*" in the Curved Tin that *really fits* the pocket, is the most *economical* form of tobacco in the most *convenient* package that has ever been designed.

Smoke Old English today, and you will understand why it has always been the favorite of men who really *know* pipe-smoking.

Sample tin will be sent for 2-cent stamp.

**Old English Dept.**
**111 Fifth Ave.**
**New York**

# LA GRANDE FÊTE AMÉRICAINE

(Concluded from Page 11)

not the only way to change it. A little raw potato and then all that softer does happen to show that there has been enough. It changes the expression."

"Hey, stop it! Stop it!" yelled a big American. "Either you're crazy or I am. Chop it!"

"It is the word," asserted the pale young man, and droned along.

It was a weird scene. By this time even the Comanches had ceased waving their tomahawks and the orchestra men in the red coats were searching their French telligences to find what it was all about. People from upstairs crowded down.

"What is it? What is it?" cried the dazed listeners.

"It is the word!" And the pale young man lifted the little paper-covered book to his lips and kissed it reverently. Various reasons were tottering on their thrones by that time, but he did not stop. Instead he lifted his voice, raised his hand high in the air and shouted triumphantly: "The time that is the smell of the plain season is not showing that the water is running. There is not all that breath. There is the use of the stone and there is the place of the stuff and there is the practice of expending questioning. There is not that differentiation. There is that which is in time. There is the room that is the largest place when there is all that is where is space. There is not that perturbation. The legs that show are not the certain ones that have been used. All legs are used. There is no action meant."

### The Book the Pale One Read

By this time the pale young man was a bore. "Cheese it!" shouted some students; and they hauled him down and sat on him, but from the dusty floor the pale young man held forth shrilly until he had finished with his frenzy: "There is all there is when there has all there has where there is what there is. That is what is done when there is done what is done and union is won and the division is the explicit visit. There is not all of any visit."

He squeaked out the final "There is not all of any visit"; and a party of us pulled the students off and helped him up. He was clasping his little paper-covered book to his heart and his eyes were rolling in a fine frenzy.

"What is it?" I asked him.

"It is the word!" he said. I took the book, a slim pamphlet of eleven printed pages, entitled Portrait of Mabel Dodge at the Villa Curonia. I couldn't get him to say more than "It is the word!" But I kept the book and have quoted literally what he read. It may be cubist or futurist or rhythmist or what-not. Certainly it was an odd diversion in a fête Américaine.

There were no more literary interludes. After that the fête was confined to music, dancing, laughter, parading of gayly decked boys and girls wearing fantastic costumes and fantastic paper hats, the playing of all sorts of tunes on all sorts of instruments. Occasionally a girl would pop up and sing a little song. The applause was always liberal and she always won her reward in a grenadine or a bock.

It was a great, jolly, happy crowd, half French and half American, with a few stolid English here and there. The fun went on for hours. People came and went. We had various processions and diversions. It was a noisy but well-behaved crowd. There were no quarrels. The holiday spirit prevailed; and upstairs the lady cashier beamed while the torrent of francs rolled in, and the proprietor bestowed on himself a new decoration every few minutes for the success of his entertainment. When I left he was seriously considering taking over the Folies Bergère stage management; and before the night was over, I am told, he announced himself as the next director of the Comédie Française.

I saw M. Gautron du Coudray as I was leaving. We stood on the curb together.

"Ah, monsieur," I said, "*j'ai beaucoup de chance de vous rencontrer.*"

He bowed low and replied:

"*Il n'y a pas de quoi. Voulez-vous payer le cocher, s'il vous plaît?*"

So I paid the cabman, which, it seems to me, was little enough of a tribute to extend to a poet who had celebrated my native country in deathless verse.


## Sincerity Clothes

The better a judge of style you are the more you will like

## Sincerity Clothes

The sleek, cleverly flowing lines of the garment, the smart way it suggests the body outline, and the thorough tailoring that makes it what it is, will appeal to your critical judgment.

Our Book of Styles is an inspirational guide to good dressing. It suggests many distinctive new modes. Send for it.

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CHICAGO

# MARKED DOWN

(Continued from Page 14

"Marcus," she said, "honest, you don't look right; you're pale!"

He seated himself on the divan, with her as his immediate vis-à-vis. The light played over them.

"You can believe me, Birdie; somehow when I'm with you I got so many kinds of feelings I don't know how to tell you."

Nature had been in a slightly playful mood when she chiseled Mr. Gump. He was a well-set-up young man—solidly knit and close packed—but five inches short of the stuff that matinée idols and policemen are made of. Napoleon and Don Quixote lacked those same five inches.

This facetious mood, however, was further emphasized in the large, well-formed ears, which stood away from his head as if contemplating alarmed flight, and in a wide, heavy-set mouth, which seemed straining to meet those respective ears; yet when Mr. Gump smiled he showed a double deck of large white teeth, dazzling as snow, and his eyes illuminated, and small-rayed wrinkles spread out from the corners and gave them geniality.

"Your mamma was here at the whist this afternoon, Marcus. We think she's a grand woman!"

His face lighted as suddenly as a jack-o'-lantern when you insert the taper.

"I was afraid she wouldn't come on account of the weather. I meant to telephone from the factory to take a cab, but I had a hard day of it. What's the difference, I always say in a case like that, whether it costs a little more or a little less? Recreation is good for her."

"It's a terrible night, isn't it? Papa says even the horses can't walk—it's so slippery."

"I care a lot how slippery it is when I come to see you, Birdie." He sighed and regarded her nervously.

"Aw, Marcus! Jollier!" She colored the red of the deepest peony in the garden and giggled like water purling over stones.

"You can believe me, I wish I was jollying! Until I met you it was all right to say that about me; but now—but —— Oh, well, what's the use of talking!"

He rose from the divan in some agitation, thrust his hands into his pockets, hitched his trousers upward and walked away.

Birdie remained on the divan, observing the rules of the oldest game, clasped her hands on her knees and held the silence. When she finally spoke her voice was filtered by the benign process of understanding.

"Look how easy he gets mad," she said querulously; "just like I'm not glad he wasn't jollying!"

There was a pause; the large onyx clock on the mantelpiece ticked loudly and impersonally, as if its concern were solely with time and not with man.

Mr. Gump dilly-dallied backward and forward on his heels, and gazed at an oak-framed print of two neck-and-neck horses—a sloe black and a virgin white—rearing at a large zigzag of lightning.

"A fellow like me ain't got much chance with a girl like you anyway. It's like I said to you last night—if a fellow can't give you what you're used to he'd better keep his hands off."

"A boy that's going to manage Loeb Brothers' new factory to talk like that!"

Mr. Gump swung suddenly on his heel, came toward her and took her pliant hands in his. In the improvised caldron of their palms an important chemical reaction suddenly effervesced and sent the blood fizzing through their veins.

"Birdie," he began, "I'm not the kind of a fellow to go stringing a girl along. I only wish I'd 'a' known what I know now sooner; but wishing ain't going to help. I came up here tonight to tell ——"

At the high tide of this remark the door opened and Birdie turned reluctant eyes upon her parent. Mrs. Katzenstein, stately as a frigate in low seas, hove in.

"How do you do, Mr. Gump? No; stay where you are. This is my favorite rocker. Such weather, ain't it! I telephoned to Mr. Katzenstein twice this afternoon to be sure and wear his rubbers home. You're looking well, Mr. Gump. When you do well you feel well—ain't it?"

"That's right," he agreed, reseating himself. "I'm pretty tired from a hard day; but work can't hurt anybody."

"Just like Mr. Katzenstein—ain't it, Birdie? Honest, sometimes I wish there wasn't such a thing as a petticoat made. How that man works! Believe me, I worry enough about it. He should make a few dollars less, I tell him."

"You got a swell apartment here, Mrs. Katzenstein. Some cousins of my poor father's—the Morris Jacobs -live in this same house."

"Are those Jacobs your cousins? Such grand people—the knit-underwear Jacobs, Birdie! I never meet the old lady in the elevator that she don't ask me to come up and see her. It's terrible the way I don't pay calls. Birdie, we must go up soon."

"Yes, mamma."

"Yes, we got a nice little apartment here, Mr. Gump; but for what we pay it might be better. If I didn't dread the *gedinks* of moving we could do better for the money; but we got comfort here, even if it ain't so grand. Sometimes, on account of Birdie, I say we take a bigger place; but who knows how long she is at home—not that we're in a hurry with her, but you know how it is when a girl reaches a certain age."

"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Gump.

"I'm in no hurry," said Birdie.

"I don't say that neither. When a girl meets the right one it's different. Look at Ray—two hours before she was engaged she didn't know it was going to happen!"

"Come right in, papa. Mr. Gump is here—so tired he is he hates to come in."

There are a few epics waiting to be dug out of remote corners. One day an American drama will be born in a Western shack or under some East Side stairway; one day a prophet will look within the dingy temple of a Mr. Katzenstein at the warm red heart beating beneath a hairy chest, and there find a classic rune to the men who moil and toil, and pay millinery bills with a three-figure check; another day an elegiac will be written to the men who slip the shoes off their aching feet in the merciful seclusion of their alternate Wednesday-night subscription boxes and sit through four hours of Wagner—facing an underdressed daughter, two notes due on the morrow, and a remote stageful of vocalizing figures especially designed for his alternate and inquisitional Wednesday nights.

Life had whacked hard at Mr. Katzenstein, writ across his face in a thousand welts and wrinkles, bent his knees and fingers, and calloused his hands.

"Good evening, Mr. Gump—good evening! I say to mamma the young folks got no time for us in here. I'm right?"

"The more the merrier!" said Mr. Gump, reseating himself.

"Mr. Katzenstein says he used to know your father, Mr. Gump."

"Rudolph Gump! I should say so—yes. Believe me, I wish I had half a dollar for every shirtwaist I bought off him in my life! Your father and me played side by each down on Cedar Street before you was born. I knew him longer as you—he was a good silk man, was Rudolph Gump. Have a cigar, young man?"

"Thanks—I don't smoke."

"Ain't it wonderful, though, that in a city like this my husband should know you before you was born!"

Mrs. Katzenstein clucked her tongue against the roof of her mouth and patted her hands together. Birdie regarded the company with polite interest.

"Wonders never cease!" she said.

"Birdie, go get your papa his chair out from the dining room—since he's got lumbago these straight-backs ain't comfortable for him."

"Let me go for you, Miss Birdie."

"Oh, no, Marcus—I know just where it is." She smiled at him with her eyes—bright eyes that were full of warmth and reflected firelight.

Mr. Katzenstein groped in his side pocket for a match, ran his tongue horizontally along a cigar and puffed it slowly into life.

"How's business?" he said between puffs, with the lighted match still applied to the end of his cigar.

"We can't complain, Mr. Katzenstein. If this strike don't reach to the pieceworkers we can't complain."

"I hear your firm opens a new factory."

"Yes; we're going to put in a line of March Hare neckwear and manufacture it in Newark."

"My wife tells me you manage the new factory, eh?"

"Oh, I can't say that, Mr. Katzenstein; in fact ——"

(Continued on Page 36)


Barrett Specification Roofs

A Mile of

Barrett Specification Roofs

THE wonderful Bush Terminal in Brooklyn, N. Y., illustrated below, includes 181 buildings, comprising tremendous warehouses, enormous pier sheds for docking ocean steamers, huge factory buildings, a large modern power house and an enormous freight structure.

These buildings stretch for a mile along New York harbor. Their total roof area is 3,100,000 square feet—more than seventy acres.

This entire area was covered with Barrett Specification type of roofs for the following reasons:

1. Low first cost.
2. No maintenance expense such as painting, etc.
3. They are not injured by steam, gases and acid fumes.
4. They are fire retardent and take the base rate of insurance.
5. The net unit cost, that is, the cost per foot per year of service, is lower than that of any other type.

Although some of the buildings are fifteen years old, the roofing contractor states that the expense for maintenance of this entire roof area has been less than $10.00. He estimates that if metal or ready roofings had been used, it would have been impossible to keep the buildings free from leaks and that the painting bill alone up to date would probably have amounted to at least $50,000.00.

We wrote to the Bush Terminal Company, asking what they thought about Barrett Specification Roofs. The Vice-President replied:

"We use this kind of roofing because our experience has shown it to be the best and cheapest. Our analysis of first cost of application and cost of maintenance entitles us to speak with some measure of authority."

We shall be pleased to mail architects, engineers or owners of buildings copy of the Barrett Specifications with diagrams from which blue prints can be made. Address nearest office.

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# Smoke all you want BUT—

## *Please* chew WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT before you kiss me

The sweet, pure breath of
little children deserves the same from you.
This refreshing mint juice removes tobacco or
other odors, soothes your throat, brightens your teeth.
Keep a package in your pocket and pass time beneficially. Double your welcome with this goody
that's good for everybody and costs
next to nothing at all.

# Buy It By The Box

Look for the spear

It Costs Less - Of Any Dealer

# How the Hoosier Cabinet Saves Miles of Steps!

In the average kitchen your pantry, cupboard and kitchen table are all on opposite sides of the room. You must walk back and forth to collect flour, sugar and spices, and the various supplies and utensils you need in cooking; then you must take all these steps over again clearing up and putting away. In a fairly large kitchen this means endless steps, and much time wasted.

With the whole performance repeated three times a day, and combined with hours of standing, it is no wonder that housework steals all of a woman's time and saps her health, strength and good looks.

Every physician will tell you that long hours on one's feet are injurious in any occupation—as bad for home women as for those in the business world

In a scientific kitchen you avoid this walking and standing. You simply combine your pantry and cupboard in the Hoosier Cabinet around a beautiful aluminum topped table which is just the right height for a suitable stool.

You can sit down at work—you have ample room for everything you need in cooking—every article is within reach of your arm. You use it and put it back as you need it—your work table is never cluttered and crowded

Result! You get through quickly and are not tired. Your kitchen is attractive, comfortable—a pleasant place to work. Your Hoosier Cabinet lasts a lifetime.

## How $1 Puts the Hoosier in Your Home

Don't think the Hoosier Cabinet is a luxury for only well-to-do women. It is a life-saver for the thousands of women who are able to pay a single $1.00

The low price fixed by the Hoosier Company everywhere comes from lowered cost through enormous sales

The famous Hoosier Club Plan is supervised by the Hoosier Company

Hoosier Agents are permitted to accept a limited number of memberships from each town. You pay merely $1.00 membership fee which applies on the price of your cabinet. Your Hoosier is delivered the day you join. Then a few weekly dues of $1.00 quickly pay the remainder of the low price—and the Hoosier is yours to make cooking easy for the rest of your life, and to save you about two hours every day

## Write For Dealer's Name

Read this carefully!

3,500 reliable furniture dealers—*one* and only *one*! in practically *every* town large enough to have a furniture store—are Hoosier Agents ready to demonstrate the Hoosier and permitted to enroll club members in limited numbers

Write us a line and we will direct you to your nearest Hoosier Agent, and so save you the trip of hunting him. We also would like to send you our remarkable publication, the

## Model Kitchen Book Free

It gives you valuable hints on how to arrange your kitchen most conveniently—tells how the Hoosier simplifies daily routine and relieves daily drudgery—and how it saves your strength and health and good looks by allowing you to do most of your work sitting down

Free for your name on a postal—the book and your nearest Hoosier Agent's name.

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331 Sidney St., New Castle, Ind. Branch, Mezzanine Floor Pacific Bldg., San Francisco

Sold also throughout Canada

*Our Hoosier Agent is a good man to know*

HOOSIER KITCHEN CABINETS


(Continued from Page 33)

"*Ach*, papa, I didn't say for sure; the ladies this afternoon ——"

"Here's your chair, papa."

Mr. Gump sprang to her aid.

"Thanks, Marcus," she said.

"What do you think of my girl there, Gump? She's a fine one—not?"

"Aw, now, papa, you quit! What'll Marcus think—such goings-on!"

"How her papa spoils her, Mr. Gump, you won't believe! Not one thing that girl wants she don't get! Last week she meets her papa downtown after the matinée and comes home with a new muff. Yesterday, before he goes downtown, she gets from him a check for some business like a silver-mesh bag, like the girls are wearing. Just seems like she has to have everything she sees!"

"All I got to say, Gump, you should some day have just such a daughter!"

"Papa!"

"Papa!"

"You couldn't wish me better," said Mr. Gump.

Conversation drifted, and after a time Birdie regarded her mother with level eyes, then her lids drooped and slowly raised as significantly as the red and green eyes that wink and signal in the black path of the midnight flier.

"Well, papa, we must excuse ourselves. When young folks get together they have no time for old ones"

"Now, mamma!" protested Birdie. "We're glad if you stay."

"I was young once myself," said Mr. Katzenstein; "and I like 'em yet, Gump! Take it from me, I like 'em yet! Mamma here thinks I not got an eye for the nice girls still; but I say what she don't know don't hurt her—eh?"

"I should worry!" said Mrs. Katzenstein, regarding her husband with gentle eyes. "Put your hand on my shoulder, papa. All day he makes the hardest work for himself, and then at night comes home with a lame back."

"Good night, Gump! Come round and we play pinocle."

"I hope you don't think we're stingy with light, Mr. Gump. If I had my way they'd all be going; but Birdie likes only the gas grate. My Ray was the same way, never a great one for much light."

"I'm the same too," replied Mr. Gump.

"Good night!"

"Good night!"

Birdie remained seated in the mellow flicker of the fire-dance; its glow lit her large, well-featured face intermittently and set the stars in her hair scintillating. The quiet of late evening fell over the room.

"What a grand old pair, Birdie!"

"Yes," she said softly—very softly.

Silence.

"Say—Birdie! Say ——"

"What?"

"I didn't say anything."

"Oh!" The red in her face ran down into the square-shape neck of her dress.

Silence.

"Aw, look what you did, Marcus! You burnt the toe of your shoe!"

"Say, Birdie, what I started to say when your mamma and papa come in—er ——"

"Yes?"

"What I started to say was, so long as a fellow's got intentions it's all right for him to call on a girl—er—regular, like this." Her soft breathing answered him. "But—well, I mustn't—I ain't got the right to come round here any more."

She looked at him like a startled nymph.

"What is it?"

"So long as I had intentions it was all right, I say; but—well, now I ain't."

"Ain't what?" Her breath came more rapidly between her lips.

"I was starting to say before they came in, Birdie—I came here straight from the office to tell you—even maw don't know it yet—I've lost out! Loeb's daughter is engaged, and he's going to put his new son-in-law from Cleveland in the Newark factory."

"Marcus!"

"Yes! You can't be so sore as I am—a twenty-eight-hundred-dollar job almost in my hand, and then this had to happen! The little raise I get now don't help. I can't ask a girl to marry me on fifteen hundred when I expected twice that much—not a girl like you!"

Birdie placed the palm of her hand flat against her cheek; the stars in her eyes had vanished in the light of understanding.

"Such a mean trick!" she gasped. "How you've built up their trade for them—and now such a mean trick!"

"I was so sure all along, after what Loeb told me last month. Only last week I says to maw I'll ask you this week right after I know for certain. That sure I—was."

His voice trailed off at the end. She sat watching the flames, her shoulders slightly stooped and her eyes quiet.

"You ain't so sorry as I am, Birdie. Believe me, I could die right now! With you, it ain't so bad—you got plenty good chances yet. But if you knew what feelings I got for you! With me there ain't no more Birdies."

She turned her head slowly toward him, her throat was throbbing and a delicate pink ran under her skin.

"I should care, Marcus!" she said softly.

"What?"

"I should care!" she repeated. "We should live little then, if we can't live big—live little."

"What do you mean, Birdie?"

She regarded and invited him with her eyes, and he stood away from her like a tired traveler trying to shut out the song of the Lorelei!

"Birdie, I ain't got the right! I—I—you been used to so much. With you it ain't like with most girls—your mamma and your papa, they ——"

Even as he spoke they were somehow in their first embrace, and round their heads came crashing various castles in Spain, and they sat among the ruins and smiled into each other's radiant eyes, and whispered, with their warm hands touching.

"I don't deserve such a prize as you, Birdie!"

"Such a scare as you gave me, Marcus! I thought first you meant—you—meant it was me you didn't want."

He refuted the thought with a kiss.

"I ain't good enough for you, Birdie."

"I ain't good enough for you, Marcus."

"You can believe me, Birdie, when he told me today it was just like I had died inside!"

"It shows it don't pay to work too hard for such people, Marcus—they don't appreciate it."

"I can get the same money as now at Lowen-Felsenthal's; they were after me last year."

"You go, Marcus. You can work up with them; besides, I like the ready-to-wear business better than boys' pants and neckwear."

"I wanted to start out with giving you more than you got already, Birdie."

"Believe me, mamma and papa had no such start as we got. We can afford maybe one of those three-rooms-and-bath apartments in Harlem—Flossie Marks says they're just perfect; and mamma and papa lived right in back of the factory—I remember it myself. Which is worse?"

"That's why I hate it for them, Birdie; your mamma wants you to have the best like she didn't have—I hate it for her."

"You come tomorrow night and we'll tell them. Just you do like I tell you and I can fix it!"

He placed his hand against her forehead, tilted her head backward and kissed her twice on the lips.

"You're my little Birdie, ain't you—a little birdie like flies in the woods!"

The evening petered out and too soon waned to its finish. They parted with thricetold good nights, reluctant to break the weft of their enchantment. She closed the door after him and stood with her back against it; her lips were curved in a perfect smile.

A door creaked and footsteps padded down the hall.

"Birdie! Birdie!"

"Yes, mamma!" was all she said, going toward her parent and hiding her pink face in the flannel folds of the maternal wrapper.

"God bless you, Birdie! Such happiness I should wish every mother. Go in, baby, and tell papa. For an engagement present you get—like Ray—two hundred dollars."

Mrs. Katzenstein's face was lyric and her voice furry with emotion. She hastened, her nightroom slippers slouching off her feet, into the hall and unhooked the telephone receiver.

"Columbus 5-6-2-4," she whispered, standing on her toes to reach the mouthpiece. "Bamberger's Apartment. Batta! Hello, Batta! I know you ain't in bed yet, 'cause you got the poker crowd—not? Batta, I got news for you!—Guess! Yes; it just happened—such a surprise, you can believe me! Grand! How happy we are you should know! I want they should start in one of those apartments like yours, Batta. Five rooms and a sleep-out porch as

enough for a beginning. You can tell who you want—yes; I don't believe in secrets. Batta, who was the woman that embroidered those towels for your Miriam's trousseau?—Yes; both of them gone now! Ain't that the way with raising children? But I wish every girl such a young man! Yes, just think, for a firm like Loeb Brothers—manager yet! Batta, come over the first thing in the morning. Now I got trousseau on my mind again, I think I go to the same woman for the table linen. Good night. She's in talking to her papa—she'll call you tomorrow. Thank you! Good night!—Goodby! . . . Birdie," she called through the open doorway, "Mrs. Ginsburg's number is Plaza 8-5-7, ain't it? You think it too late to call her?"

"Yes, mamma, and, anyway, if Aunt Batta knows it that's enough—tomorrow everybody has it!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Katzenstein submissively; but after a moment she turned to the telephone again and unhooked the receiver. "Plaza 8-5-7," she said in muffled tones.

The evening following, Mrs. Katzenstein greeted her prospective son-in-law with three kisses—one for each cheek and the third for the very center of his mouth. She batted at him playfully with her hand.

"You bad boy, you! What you mean by stealing away our baby? Papa, you come right in here and fight with him."

"Mrs. Katzenstein, for you to give me a girl like Birdie, I don't deserve. She's the grandest girl in the world!"

"He asks me for my Birdie," said Mr. Katzenstein, pumping the young man's arm up and down; "but he asks me after it is all settled and everybody but me knows it—even in the factory today I hear about it."

Laughter.

"What could we do, papa—wake you up last night?"

"He should pay your bills a while and then he won't feel so glad—ain't it, Birdie?" He pinched his daughter's cheek.

"Marcus took me to lunch at the Kaiserbräu today, papa. He's starting in to pay my bills already."

"Have a cigar, Marcus!"

"Thanks, I don't smoke."

"Well, Marcus, you got a fine girl; and you're a good boy, making good money."

"I told your mamma today, Marcus; she got the best of it and I got the best of it," chuckled Mrs. Katzenstein.

Marcus regarded Birdie in some uneasiness, the color drained out of his face.

"Go on, Marcus," she said with a note of reassurance in her voice.

"Everything as you say is grand and fine, Mr. Katzenstein, except—except—well today at lunch I told Birdie some news I just heard, which—which maybe won't make you feel so good; I told her it wasn't too late if she wanted to change her mind about me."

"Ach!" exclaimed Mrs. Katzenstein, clasping her hands quickly. "Ain't everything all right?"

"What you mean, Marcus?" inquired Mr. Katzenstein, glancing up quickly.

"What's wrong? Ain't everything all right, children?"

"Aw, mamma, it ain't nothing wrong! Don't get so excited over everything."

"Birdie's right, mamma—what you so excited about? What is it you got to say, Marcus?"

"I ain't frightened; but what's the matter, children? This is what we need yet—something to happen when it's all fixed!"

"Well, I told Birdie about it at lunch today, and ——"

There was a pause. Birdie linked her arm within the young man's and regarded her parents like a Nemesis at the bar.

"It isn't so bad as Marcus makes out, papa."

"Well, young man?" questioned Mr. Katzenstein sharply.

"Well, you don't need to holler at him, papa."

"I got some bad news today, Mr. Katzenstein. The raise I was expecting I don't get—instead of twenty-eight hundred dollars I go only to fifteen. Loeb is going to put his son-in-law, Steinfeld, from Cleveland, in the new factory. I still just got the city trade."

"I says to Marcus, papa, it's enough; you and mamma had less than half that much."

"*Ach*, my poor baby! My poor baby!"

"I ain't your poor baby, mamma. It could be worse—believe me ——"

"Oh! And I thought he was going to have that grand position and give it to her so fine—how I told everybody; how I ——"

"Don't get excited, Salcha! Let's sit quiet and talk it over."

"Such plans as I had for that girl, papa! I had it all fixed that she should have one of those five rooms and a sleeping-out porch over Batta! Already I talked to Tillie that she should go to her."

Mrs. Katzenstein sniffled and wiped each eye with the back of her hand.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Katzenstein."

"That don't get you nowhere, Mr. Gump. If you had only known this last night! Now what will people say?"

"Mamma!"

"Nowadays in New York it ain't like it used to be, Mr. Gump; people can't start in on so little—half of what you make costs Birdie's clothes. *Ach*, when I think what that girl is used to! Every comfort she has—you can't give her like she's used to, Mr. Gump."

"I told all that to Birdie, Mrs. Katzenstein—I can't give her what she's got at home and she should take her time to decide."

"That's easy enough to say now after it's in everybody's mouth."

"That Loeb Brothers should play you such a trick," said Mr. Katzenstein—"a boy that's built up a trade like you!"

"*Ach*, my baby!" sobbed Mrs. Katzenstein. "And now the whole town already knows it! If only he had known this last night, before it was too late!"

"Salcha, how you talk!"

"My own husband turns against me!"

"That they should start little, mamma, is just so good as they should start big. My boy, you got a good head; and with a good head and a good heart you got just so good a start as you need. Go 'way, you foolisher children! You make me sick with your crying and *gedinks!*"

"Such a father I got, Marcus! What did I tell you, how he would act—what did I tell you?"

She kissed her father lightly on the cheek.

"Go 'way, you children!" he repeated. "You got it too good as it is—ain't it, mamma?"

"I guess you're right, Rudolph; but how I had plans for that girl, papa can tell you, Marcus! You're a good boy, Marcus, and she's got her heart set on you; but I—I hate it how everybody can talk now—something to talk about for them all!"

"They should talk!" said Mr. Katzenstein, lighting a cigar. "And talk and talk!"

"What I ordered embroidered linens enough for five rooms now I don't know, Birdie! If you want him I say you should have him—but how I had plans for that girl!"

"I'll work for her, all right, Mrs. Katzenstein. It will be five rooms before you know it—this don't mean, Mrs. Katzenstein—maw!—that I won't ever get up."

"Kiss me, Marcus," said Mrs. Katzenstein. "That she should be happy is all I care."

"Now, Marcus, we'll go up and see Mamma Gump."

"Get ready, little Birdie," he said.

"Good night, Marcus! You're a good boy, and you'll be good to our baby. Even if she ain't got it so grand, she's got a good husband—that's more than Meena Ginsburg's got."

"Run along, you children," said Mr. Katzenstein. "Here, Marcus, put a cigar in your pocket—one of Goldstein's ten-cent specials."

"I don't smoke, paw," said Marcus.

He went out, his arm linked in Birdie's. Their laughter drifted backward.

Mrs. Katzenstein resumed her chair in the warm glow of the logs—her full face, with the scallop of double chin, was suddenly old and lined; her husband drew up his curved-back rocker beside her.

"Mamma, you shouldn't take on so. Everything comes for the best."

"You can talk, papa! Now I had even told Mrs. Ginsburg, for sure, she should have one of those Ninety-sixth Street apartments."

"You women folks make me sick! You should be glad we got our health, mamma, and good men for our girls."

"I guess you're right, papa. He's a grand young man!"

"A good boy—*ach*, how tired I am!"

"Stretch out your feet, papa. It's warm by the fire."

The light flickered over their faces and sent long shadows wavering and dancing back of them.


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In Diamond Tires each thread of fabric and every ounce of rubber is combined to give the greatest strength and resistance, with no unbalanced strains at unsupported points—*Perfect 3-Point Rim Contact.*

Add to these advantages the No-Pinch Safety Flap, for inner tube protection, and, if you wish, the now famous Diamond Safety (Squeegee) Tread, and you have absolutely the most satisfying tire money can buy.

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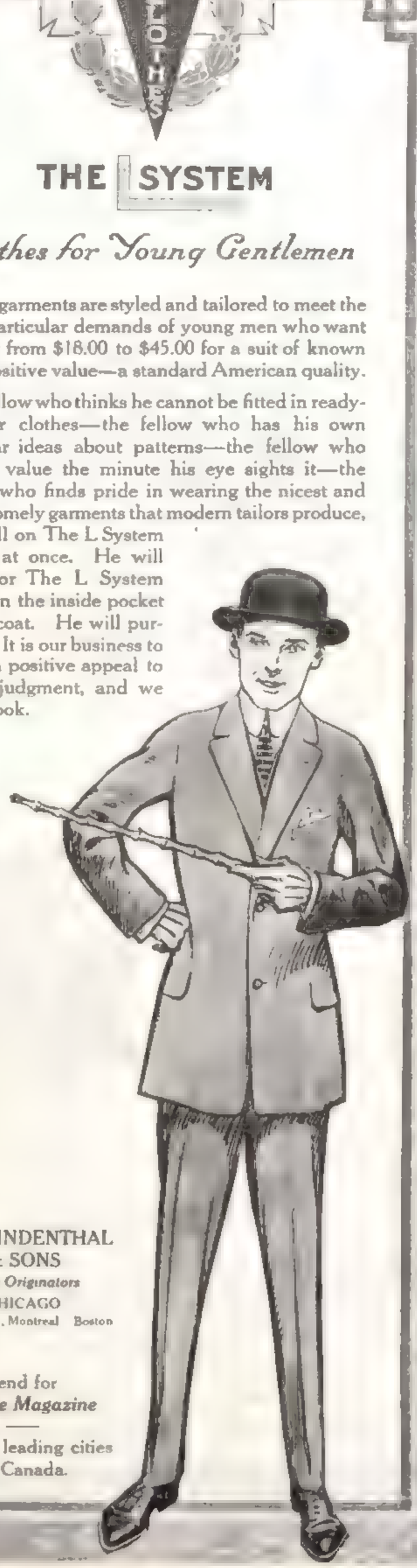
The fellow who thinks he cannot be fitted in ready-to-wear clothes—the fellow who has his own peculiar ideas about patterns—the fellow who knows value the minute his eye sights it—the fellow who finds pride in wearing the nicest and most comely garments that modern tailors produce, will call on The L System dealer at once. He will look for The L System Label in the inside pocket of the coat. He will purchase. It is our business to make a positive appeal to better judgment, and we do. Look.



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Mr. Katzenstein settled deeper in his chair; his head, bald on top and with a fringe of bristles over the ears, was hunched down between his shoulders.

"You've been a good mother, Salcha."

"Not such a mother as you've been a father—me and them girls never wanted for one thing, even when you couldn't afford it as now."

"Ah—ho!" sighed Mr. Katzenstein.

"You're tired, papa, and it's late. Here, I'll unlace your shoes for you."

"No; in a minute I go to bed—such a backache!"

"She's got a good man; and, like you say, that's the main thing," repeated Mrs. Katzenstein, intent on self-conviction. "It ain't always the money."

"*Ya, ya!*" said Mr. Katzenstein.

"Look at us when we was down on Grand Street! We was happy—— You remember that green plush dress I had, papa?"

"Yes, Salcha."

"Don't go to sleep sitting there, papa; you'll take cold."

Mr. Katzenstein's fingers, that were never straight, closed over the veined back of his wife's hand.

"In a minute I go to bed."

"If she had known what was coming when he asked her last night it might be different; but now it's too late and everything is for the best."

"Yes, mamma."

"She's happy—and that's the main thing."

"Time flies," he said with his eyes on the flames. "Only yesterday she was a baby!"

"Ain't it so, papa? We had 'em and we suffered for 'em, and now we give 'em up; that's what it means to raise a family."

"Salcha," he said, his fingers stroking hers gently, "we're getting old—ain't it, old lady?"

"Yes," she said, rocking rhythmically; "twenty-eight years now! We've had good times and we've had bad times."

"Good—and—bad—times," he repeated.

They watched the flames.

After a while Mr. Katzenstein's head fell forward on his chest and he dozed lightly.

The clock ticked somberly and with increasing loudness; twice it traveled its circle and twice it tonged the hour. The gaslogs burned steadily and kept the shadows dancing. Off somewhere a dog bayed; a creak, which is one of the noises that belong solely to after midnight, came from the direction of one of the windows.

Mr. Katzenstein woke with a start and jerked his head up.

"Mamma!" he cried, dazed with sleep. "Mamma! Birdie! Mamma!"

"Yes, papa," she replied, smiling at him and with her hand still beneath his—"I'm here."

## *Fixing the Prophet*

DUDLEY FIELD MALONE was a supporter of Governor Wilson for the presidency before his father-in-law, Senator O'Gorman, had publicly aligned himself. This is a pleasing circumstance to Malone, now one of the president's closest friends, because it sometimes gets tiresome to be referred to constantly as Senator O'Gorman's son-in-law. But there is one person who was for Wilson just as antecedently as Malone, and that is Mrs. Dudley Field Malone, the eldest daughter of Senator O'Gorman.

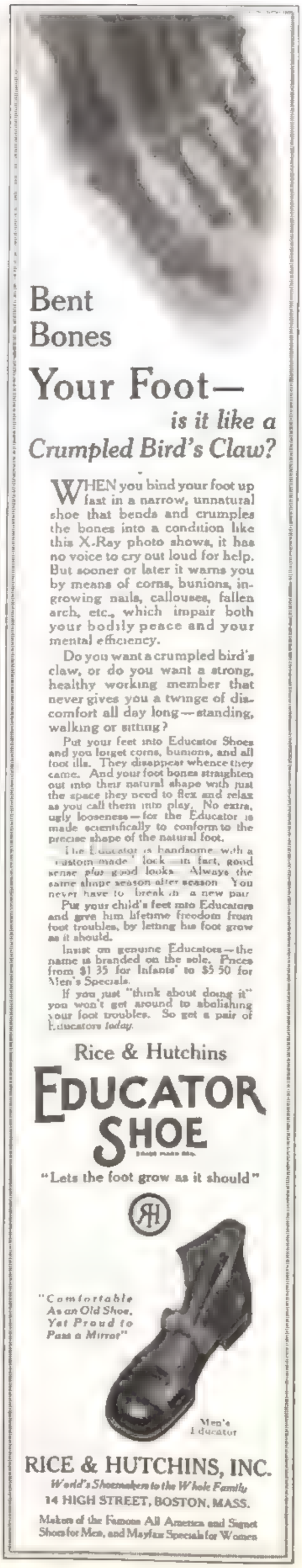
Before the Baltimore Convention—some time before—a friend of the O'Gorman family told Mrs. Malone that Clark and Wilson would kill each other off, and that the mayor of New York would be nominated—told her not once but many times. And always he would conclude his bit of prophecy with: "Keep your eye on Gaynor!"

One day, after Wilson was nominated and elected, this political prophet called at the O'Gorman home. In the course of his conversation, much of which was about "our" new Administration, he said to Mrs. Dudley Field Malone: "I want to see Dud—I have a place I want him to get me."

"Dudley already has a place picked out for you," was Mrs. Malone's rather unexpected answer.

"Has he?" exclaimed the prophet, much delighted. "What place is it?"

"Running the elevator in City Hall," replied Mrs. Malone—"so you can keep your eye on Gaynor!"



Bent Bones

Your Foot—

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WHEN you bind your foot up fast in a narrow, unnatural shoe that bends and crumples the bones into a condition like this X-Ray photo shows, it has no voice to cry out loud for help. But sooner or later it warns you by means of corns, bunions, ingrowing nails, callouses, fallen arch, etc., which impair both your bodily peace and your mental efficiency.

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## "The Ham What Am"

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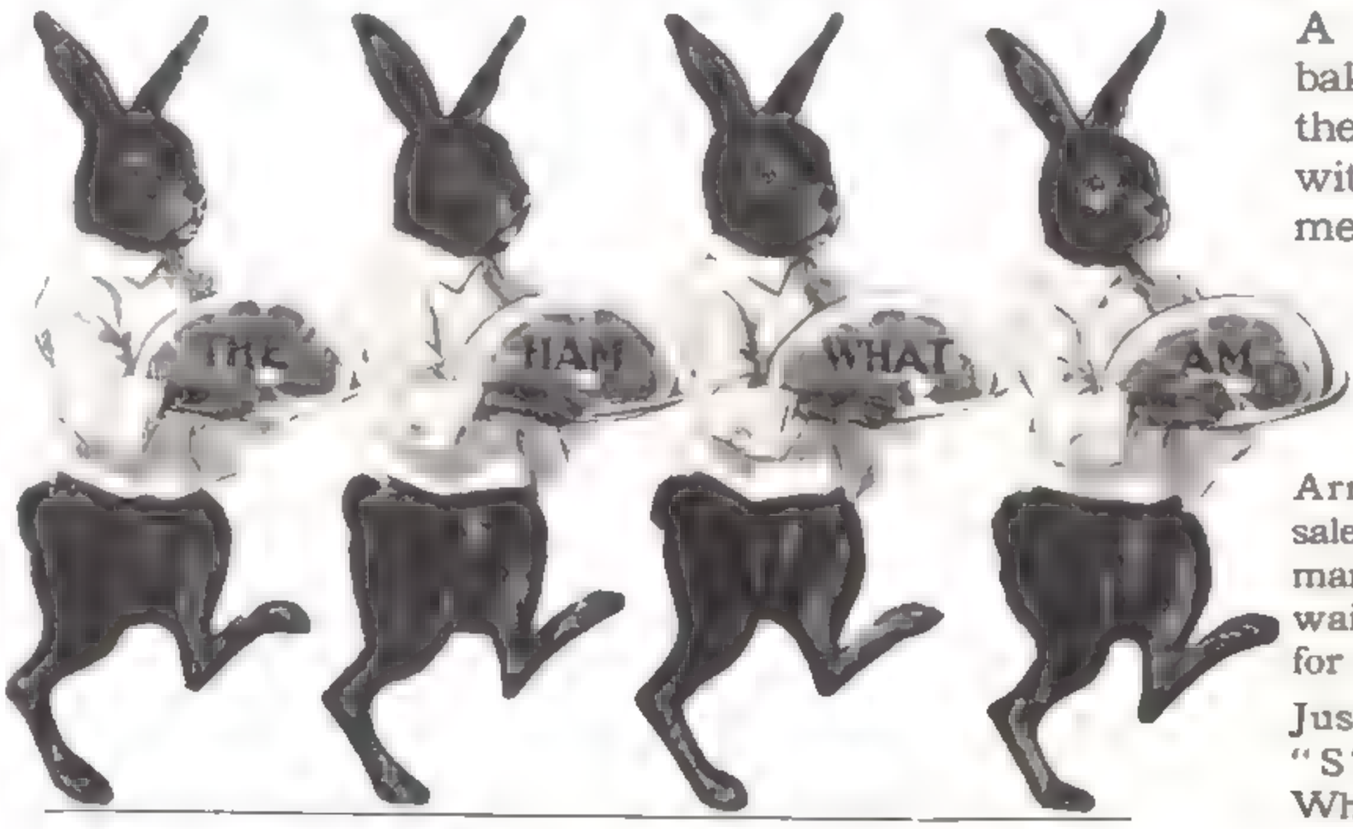
A slice of Armour's "STAR" Ham, broiled to a delicate golden brown and served in its own delicious gravy with newly laid Easter eggs all 'round. Coffee, of course, and toast or cakes, and Easter breakfast is ready.

A breakfast that every one who appreciates old-fashioned good things to eat will enjoy, not only Easter morning, but successive mornings all through the year.

Armour's "Star" Hams are selected for quality from the thousands of fine hams we inspect yearly, cured and smoked in the slow, careful way that alone produces "STAR" flavor. "STAR" hams are firm, yet exquisitely tender, mild, juicy and sweet, with a delicate pink and whiteness and beguiling aroma that tempts flagging appetites.




A whole "Star" Ham, baked or boiled, provides the hospitable housewife with bountiful refreshments for any number of guests, permits her to keep open house with no danger of awkward surprises.

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### To Every One Who Joins Our "Recipe Exchange"

We want recipes for **Armour's Monthly Cook Book**—the great "best recipe" exchange that goes to 70,000 women every month.

We pay in books and bouillon cubes—award generous cash prizes.

Send us a recipe and we will present you with FREE SAMPLES of Armour's Bouillon Cubes, both beef and chicken, together with a FREE THREE MONTHS' SUBSCRIPTION to Armour's Monthly Cook Book, which gives you, in each issue, 200 new and original recipes, that will never appear anywhere else—each a prize winner contributed by some clever housewife.

In addition we will enter your recipe in Armour's Monthly Kitchen Economy Contest, in which we are awarding $550 in cash prizes this month.

## 50 $5 Prizes 50 $3 Prizes $550 Awarded This Month In Prizes 50 $2 Prizes 50 $1 Prizes

### One for Each State in the Union—One for Canada

There are 50 $5 prizes for the best Armour's "STAR" recipes, 50 $3 prizes for the best Armour's Extract of Beef recipes, 50 $2 prizes for the best Armour's *Veribest* Recipes (Canned Meats, Soups, Pork and Beans), 50 $1 prizes for the best "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard recipes—one of each denomination for every State, including District of Columbia.

FOR CANADIAN READERS—This month we offer four additional prizes—$5, $3, $2, $1—for recipes from the territory embracing the three Canadian provinces of Alberta, British Columbia and Saskatchewan. Amounts and conditions of award in this new territory will be the same as those which prevail in the separate States of the U. S.

This month's contest closes April 15. Names of winners and prize winning recipes will be printed in the May issue of Armour's Monthly Cook Book.

Awards are made for originality, practicability and economy. Write on one side of the paper only, with your name on the top of every page. Address Mary Jane McClure, Dept. 283, Armour and Company, Chicago.

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is not merely the name of a man
—it stands for a mechanical ideal

This ideal can be expressed simply. The name "Iver Johnson" goes only on mechanisms of absolutely sound design. It goes only on articles made of the very finest grades of steel. And, above all, the name stands for a wonderful quality of machine work and steel tempering. The Iver Johnson Revolver, because of its quality and regardless of its comparatively low price, has become the standard side-arm of the world. A revolver cannot be made that is more accurate or more dependable. And it is the only revolver that is rendered positively safe against accidental discharge by the world-famous "Hammer the Hammer" safety device.

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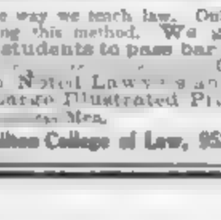

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## THE HEALER

*(Continued from Page 4)*

"He does not come always. I've known what it is to wish for him. My little lad died."

"Ah!" the girl said softly, and could say no more. There was silence for a second and the doctor went on again.

"It is not a new idea, of course," he said. "It's nothing new certainly; but when this thing happens, as it has happened many times in my fifteen years here, it comes over me with fresh significance in what surroundings we all are likely living—probably as close as our own breath to a universe of unknown powerful influences, personalities—I don't know what.

"My reckoning is," he went on thoughtfully, "that at times of great mental stress—psychic upturnings such as you went through—one drops the shell of the commonplace; the wall of matter is pushed apart by the power of the spiritual storm. So that the thought, the soul itself of this man, being always ready at the edge of material territory—hovering, as it were, about this place that he loved; longing, as he always did, to help—slips over the boundary and satisfies itself with one of the acts of healing which were his passion on earth—which, I suppose, must be his joy through eternity.

"Of course that's all rotten vague guesswork," said the doctor, and took a rub at his hair and got up. "If you don't sleep tonight I shall resign from this hospital," he announced, "for I've done a doubtful thing in telling such a story to a patient at bedtime. I believe that I understand you, though, and that it will help you—not hurt you. I think you'll sleep. I think any thoughts of The Healer must be healing, mustn't they?"

The girl said "Yes" and held out her hand, thinking of that buried sorrow in the man's soul which he had uncovered for an instant. The doctor clasped the hand, understanding, and was gone.

Shortly, with lights out and windows wide, she was lying in the dark; then, listening to the voices of the stream calling, talking low and busily in falling silver cadences, she fell asleep.

People never get through saying that life goes fast, because to each one who says it it is a discovery. Uninterestedly enough one listens to that and other truisms for years until, in a flash on a day, there is an electric shock. Why, this thing is true! Life does go fast! Life is short! The statement is an altogether different affair from what it was yesterday. Yet no one who has not felt that shock will know what these sentences are trying to say.

The girl, Honor Carr, took up her life with that courage and spirit which go most of the way toward happiness. German philosophers of the Romantic School of the eighteenth century, and others before and since, have held that each man's world is quite literally a product of his mind; that each intelligence, in the need of a not-self for a self to work on, fits to its thought a system of other thoughts that is called the material universe. Your outer self—your not-self—is as large, as vivid, as your spirit makes it.

One need not, perhaps, go so far or be so literal as Fichte to get the usefulness from such a conception. Many persons with no particular taste for the belt of asteroids between Mars and Jupiter, or for jellyfish or roots of algebraic equations, admit them cheerfully into the universe. Fichte would have trouble, none the less, in proving such persons responsible for such asteroids and jellyfish and algebraic roots. Yet for the general brightness or dullness to himself of an existence equipped with asteroids, algebra and such luxuries, each human certainly is responsible. It does not take deep philosophy to know that life for the majority is a looking-glass: one laughs into it and it laughs back—and vice versa.

So Honor Carr, starting a bit weak, a bit friendless, from the hospital at the foot of the hill of living, glanced up the ascent; found it looking steep and slippery; gasped; then remembered certain formulated resolves, certain inspirations, the clasp of a hand out of a twilight, the tenacity of a life serving others beyond death. She called up the resolves and placed them in a row before her. She, too, would be in her sort helpful, courageous, tenacious. Health, the magic solvent, which is taken for granted until it is lost, which is longed for with bitter longing afterward, had been given back by a miracle. She would weave that miracle into her days, guarding the health, serving whomever she might with the best that was in her.

And behold, as she climbed, the road of life was a hill no longer, but stretched across level meadows, wandered in pleasant places! Hills do such things at times when negotiated with spirit. Some one was walking with her whose presence made her lightfooted in the heaviest going.

In other words Honor Carr, having made up her mind to be well, happy and hard-working, taught school with great success; met after five years the only man in the world, according to her judgment; fell in love with and married him. Thenceforward, like the happy nations, she had little history.

There was a boy who filled the house with laughter and bother and playmates in squads; a boy of muddy boots and spilled ink-bottles and scratched furniture and torn clothes; a boy of sure loyalties, of sudden gusts of affection, of unexpected gentle words and of shy tendernesses when one was alone with him in the firelight; a boy like other boys in fact. This boy satisfied the soul of his mother from end to end; and up to the time he was ten years old, being a healthy young animal, had given her no anxious moments.

At that time she took him with her proudly to exhibit him to those concerned in the city where she had lived and worked a long time ago—the city of the hospital. Then, like a bolt from the blue, suddenly the boy was ill!

The doctors turned her from the room and she sat on the stairs by the door and waited. Old buried agonies and sick despairs lifted heads from their graves and took her soul in their claws and twisted it. The boy—her little, noisy boy—lying there suffering, quiet! Then when a week, as it seemed, had passed the surgeon came out of the room and looked down at her.

"We must take him to the hospital," he said. "There must be an operation and it should be quickly." Then compassionately: "Try not to worry. He may pull through."

She said that over to herself as if trying to get the meaning into her brain. "'He may pull through,'" she whispered, and then said it aloud. "May—may pull through—may!" She could not force herself to grasp what the world would be like if the slender thread of that "may" should snap. Three days ago they had traveled here together, she and the boy. Yesterday she had him, all of him—his fearless eyes and his bright hair and his clear, wondering voice; his strong little body; his whole heart—all hers yesterday. Today she had a word of three letters—"may!"

She was not of the sort that goes to pieces in a crisis; she sat quietly in the hospital drawing room and waited. The boy's father was on the cars, coming; but he could not get there until ten in the evening. She remembered, of course, the months she had spent in this place. She thought of the stream and the voices, and got up and closed the window so she could not hear them. They were horrible to her. Vaguely she thought of the visitor who had come to her here and given her new life. What was it worth if —— She shrank back on the threshold of that thought. The grateful memory that had been an inspiration to her always faded in the glare of this conflagration. She barely remembered at this moment the dramatic change that had come to her individually here.

What did anything count that had to do with life before the boy's life? The only interest on earth for her was in that well-lighted bare room where the slender figure lay unconscious on a table, so little, so helpless, amidst white-clothed surgeons, businesslike and ghastly in their snowy freshness. The woman's imagination halted, sick, shivering. She had trouble just then to keep her hands quiet, to prevent them from beating insanely on the stone window-sill.

A uniformed nurse slipped in. "Doctor Morgan wishes me to tell you," she said, "that the operation is over and that—he is as well as could be expected."

She sat petrified and stared at the nurse. The boy who two days ago dashed from the top of the house to the bottom like a whirlwind! That was the best message they could send. She rose.

"Where is he?" she asked.

The nurse laid a detaining hand on her arm.

"I'm afraid you mustn't go to him. They are taking him to his room. The moment the doctor says ——"

"I want to stand in the hall outside his room," the boy's mother interrupted.

"Yes," the nurse said—"Yes; come." The nurse showed her the door and placed her far down the hall. "The very moment," she said, and left her to keep watch.

There was a hushed excitement around the door. One or two doctors, one or two nurses, went in and out. She saw the nurse who had come to her speaking to Doctor Morgan. She saw him glance down the passage to her and nod understandingly. Then she saw a hospital attendant roll out a car and she knew the boy had been carried on it from the operating room. The attendant passed her with it, his head bent, not looking at her. Yet she knew that he knew she was the boy's mother. Doctor Morgan came for a moment and spoke to her.

"You may have to wait a long time," he said gently. "I don't want you to be there when he becomes conscious. It might excite him, and the least excitement might—hurt him. He will be better without you at first. It is a question of his strength to rally. We are doing everything that science knows; and I want him to be quiet for a while after consciousness returns. At the first safe moment you shall see him; but it may be a long time. Will you go to a room and rest?"

Honor smiled.

"I will stay here," she said.

The nurse brought a chair, tried to do things for her, made her drink a little wine. She took the wine—a mouthful of it; she sat down in the chair. Then she sent the nurse away and was at once on her feet again, her face always to the boy's door. She knew every moment who was in that room which was denied to her. She saw the two nurses steal in and out; saw one of them at length go away. She was aware that the young doctor with light hair had not come out at all. She knew when it was time for Doctor Morgan's quiet step at the corner of the corridor. She watched him hungrily as he turned the doorknob every half-hour and crept into the boy's room.

The half-hours passed, marked off by those visits, until a moment came when he turned toward her instead of away as he came out. Her heart pumped in agony. Her knees wavered and she fell into the chair almost unable to face him. Yet the message he brought was neither life nor death.

"He is awake," Doctor Morgan said, "but very weak. It is a question of his strength. You must not see him yet. Be patient a little longer."

The nurse came with beef tea. She could not even pretend to take it now, and the nurse went away with the full cup. She saw the young doctor with light hair come out as Doctor Morgan repassed the door, and then join him and walk down the hall with him, talking earnestly.

Then shortly the other nurse—the one left in the boy's room—appeared at the door, glanced back into the room, and then hurriedly slipped out and vanished also down the long corridor.

He was alone. She took an eager step forward. How could she hurt her own boy? He would be longing for her—she must go to him! There is an instinct above the rules of doctors. She started, rushed headlong for half a dozen steps, then turned and crawled to her chair. She had put his life into the doctors' hands. She had no right to do anything except obey orders. But she was devoured now with a sharp uneasiness. Why had the nurse left him alone? There was some mistake, some negligence, it might be; and the boy's life was hanging in the balance. Feverishly she gazed this way and that down the long, empty, silent corridors. There was no one in sight anywhere.

With that the door of the room opened, to her amazement, and some one came out. It was not the light-haired young doctor; moreover he had gone with Doctor Morgan ten minutes before. It was growing twilight now; a moment ago the watch on her wrist had said six o'clock. The long halls were dusky; she could not see so distinctly as a few minutes back.

This flashed through her mind as she stood anxiously and watched the man who came out of the boy's room—who turned and closed the door very softly. He wheeled then and swung with alert, noiseless step toward her. She stared as he came swiftly along; her pulse was jumping with an odd excitement. There was something strange, something familiar in the man's figure, in the light, effortless movements.

With that he was close to her. He was looking at her out of calm, wide gray eyes; and as she stared—leaning forward, her lips parted, her breath a sob, her strained gaze devouring this face, this figure which she knew now suddenly he smiled. In the sunlight of that smile was the boy's life. Her arms stretched as one might stretch arms before an altar in utter thanksgiving; she turned as he passed, for the rapid step never halted. He was not there! The long corridor was empty, silent. Then she fell into the chair, unconscious.

It was the light-haired young doctor, who was new in the hospital, who stood over her as she opened her eyes.

"Now this won't do," he protested cheerfully. "You're a perfect soldier through all the bad part; and the second the boy is better and howling for you, here you go off in a faint."

"I'm not fainting; I'm well. I'm going to him!" She was on her feet.

"That's the way to talk." The young doctor patted her fatherly on the shoulder. "Swallow this first." And she dutifully swallowed.

"He's a lot better, you know. A bit light-headed maybe—been dreaming, and thinks it's real; but his strength has come back remarkably. Pulse good; almost no temperature. Never saw anything so sudden!"

"I know," said the boy's mother, and stepped through the doorway she had watched so long.

The little, beloved face on the pillow met hers with a smile that almost broke her heart in two for joy; but she kissed him as quietly as if he had just come from school instead of from the jaws of death.

"Mother," the boy spoke eagerly, "the funniest thing a different doctor came. Not these—they're bully; but he was different. And he took my two hands, and it felt queer but nice; and I seemed to get better right off. Mother, I'm going to get well."

"Hush, darling; you mustn't talk. Yes; you're going to get well."

A hand was laid on her shoulder. She looked up and met the eyes of the man whose child had died.

"God bless you both," said Doctor Morgan. "He is going to get well. He has seen The Healer!"

## Deeds vs. Words

THERE was a negro preacher in Atchison County, Kansas, who was a big, rawboned fellow, standing six-feet-four and having all the muscle his stature implied. This minister had a congregation in which there were some young bucks who made it a practice to break up his service. He stood it for a time, and then one bright Sunday he walked down the aisle and lit into the disturbers. There followed a fight that furnished great entertainment for the congregation, and when it was over the disturbers found the minister could fight even more powerfully than he could pray.

Next Sunday he preached on the subject of Trials and Tribulations.

"Brethren and sisters," he said, "we all has our trials and tribulations. Las' Sunday they was right smart trials and tribulations right here in this house of the Lord. Your lovin' pastor had a few trials and tribulations hisself. You may note that Deacon Lemuel over there hit me on the head and knocked off a small chunk of epidermis, but you kin also note that the deacon has one eye closed at this moment of preachin', and he is otherwise considerably disfigured, bless the Lord, which shows the deacon also had a considerable lot of tribulation hisself. Brother Jones also forgot the respec' due to the shepherd of this yere flock, an' he is carryin' a few marks of his pussonal trials an' tribulations. I might also point out a considerable number of the other members of this yere congregation, who know more about trials and tribulations than they did before I engaged to show them some.

"Your pastor is a man of peace and a follower of the blessed Lamb; but any time you think he can't boss this church, all you has to do is to come foolin' round, and you will discover that you is as prone to be mistaken as the sparks am to fly upward. The deacons will now take up the regular collection, after which we will sing the doxology an' receive the benediction."

Baldwin Manualo

The • Player-Piano • that • is • all • but • human

IN playing a piano, the fingers do two things: First, they pick out the keys (notes) to be struck as the music directs. That is the mechanics of playing. Second, they give to the mind the sensation of touch—the "feel" of the keys—so that the performer uses just the right force to secure the volume and accent desired. That is giving expression to the musical feeling.

In playing the Manualo, the perforations in the music roll pick out the keys (notes) to be struck. Thus, the mechanics of playing is taken care of mechanically. But the Manualo leaves to you the expression—enables you to color the music as your musical feeling directs because, through the pedals, you experience the same sensation of touch that the pianist obtains from fingering the keys. Here is the way the Manualo makes possible this wonderful control:

First of all, every change in the strength and accent of pedaling the Manualo makes a corresponding change in the volume and accent of the music. The pedaling acts so directly on the piano hammers that they strike the strings with a force proportionate to that of the pedaling and with identically the same accent. Every strength of pedaling from the easiest to the most forceful produces a corresponding volume from the softest to the loudest. And every degree of accent on any stroke of the pedals accents the note or passage affected to like degree.

Then the kind of pedaling which produces each effect has a distinct sensation of touch to the feet. The "feel" of the pedals indicates to a nicety with what volume and accent the music will play.

Lastly, the feet are naturally sensitive to these changes of touch. We dance to music. A lively tune puts action into our feet—not our hands. We even walk in rhythmic time. Unlike the hands, which have to be trained to finger the keys, the feet need but little practice to be instinctively guided by the "feel" of the pedals so that the natural musical impulses expressed through the pedaling make the Manualo respond with just the expression which your musical feeling desires.

Therefore, in playing the Manualo, you have the pleasure of really playing a musical instrument—of producing music as you wish it—because you control the expression on the same principle that the pianist controls it—the principle of touch. You *feel* yourself determining the volume of every passage. You *feel* the accent on the accented beats. You *feel* the melody singing its solo above the accompaniment. You *feel* the crashing chords. In a word, through the pedaling you *feel* yourself playing the Manualo as intimately as if you were playing the piano by hand.

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# No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

## Our Average Profit $2.90 per Tire

Goodyear tires, according to size, sell all the way from $15.55 to $104.95.

The popular size—34x4—sells for $32.95 to $37.90, according to type and tread.

Our average profit last year, all sizes considered, was exactly $2.90 per tire.

And we include in our cost no interest whatever on millions of capital invested.

### Why We Tell It

This is something unusual—this telling of profit. But here, in some respects, lies the crux of the tire question.

The value you get depends, in large part, on how much of your money goes into work and materials.

Tires could be made at half our cost which would look very much like Goodyears.

The material cost depends entirely on the maker's standard. **So does your cost per mile.**

Stating our profit appears like the best way to point out Goodyear quality. In any event, we feel you have a right to know it.

### Lowest Cost

Our production cost, type and worth considered, is probably the lowest that exists.

We build more tires, by long odds, than any other plant in the world. So our overhead expense is at minimum

Our factory is equipped with the latest machinery, much of our own invention.

Our sales this year will be four times our capital, so our capital cost is uniquely low for a business of this kind.

All these facts mean that nearly all we get for a Goodyear tire goes into things that count.

### Where It Goes

That's why you get, at the Goodyear price, such a rare grade of materials—such costly fabric, such a costly tread.

That's why you get a tire that can't rim-cut—a tire 10 per cent oversize.

What we save in the making—what we pare from our profits—goes into these mileage-making features.

And that is why Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires are saving millions in tire upkeep.

### Who Gives More?

We leave you to judge if any tire maker gives better value than we do.

Here is the largest tire factory. We believe it the most efficient. Here is a profit of $2.90 per tire, figuring nothing for interest on millions of invested capital.

Can you conceive of a tire maker giving more for the money than you get in a Goodyear tire?

---

There is one reason for insisting on Goodyears—the desire to get your money's worth.

We have laid the facts before you. Most of you tire buyers know enough about business to judge them fairly for yourself.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO
**No-Rim-Cut Tires**
**With or Without Non-Skid Treads**

## $100,000 Yearly Spent To Better Tires

Goodyear tires, as made today, result from 14 years of ceaseless betterment.

Yet scores of our experts—mostly technical graduates—still devote their whole time to research and experiment.

We spend about $100,000 per year—about five cents per tire—to watch the tires and cut your upkeep further still.

### Not at All Like Old-Time Tires

We don't build tires as we used to build them, nor as others build them now.

Goodyears have not outsold all others without out-doing them as well.

These tires are unique, made in our own ways—ways we invented, ways we control. Every year we have made them better.

Yet we still spend fortunes every year to discover new ways to improve them.

### Rubber Experts

In our chemical laboratory and experimental department over fifty trained men are working.

These men, in the main, are technical graduates. They are here to work out their futures by adding in some way to Goodyear prestige.

The whole cost of these departments, from month to month, is a dead expense. But the results of the past are now saving tire users a million dollars monthly, at the least.

### How They Work

These men, for one thing, wear out hundreds of tires on a metered machine, under actual road conditions.

Thus fabrics and formulas are compared one with another. Some 240 have been compared at this writing

Thus methods and processes are compared one with another. New ideas are compared with the old. All in a way which leaves no room for argument—all by the mileage test.

Any old method is forever discarded the moment they find one better.

### Their Results

Among the results is our famous wear-resisting tread.

Another is the utmost in a Non-Skid tread.

Another is a fabric of matchless strength.

Another a machine which does away with hand-wrapping. Now every inch of every layer gets exactly equal tension.

Another, the Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire—the most satisfactory way yet known to make a tire which cannot rim-cut.

This was a gigantic stride, for statistics show that 23 per cent of old-type tires become rim-cut.

Then our 10 per cent oversize, by a single stroke, added 25 per cent to the average tire mileage.

There have been countless betterments too technical to treat, but those are the chief things done. And the men who did them, with added corps, are devising new ways to serve you

# No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

## 890,680 To Go on New Cars This Year

We have contracts this year from 107 of the leading motor car makers.

These contracts call for 890,680 Goodyear tires to go on this year's new cars.

That's enough to equip 222,670 cars—a very large percentage of the production.

Those startling figures show how men who know best regard the Goodyear tire.

### At the Shows

At the 37 shows held up to this writing, the average Goodyear lead has been 43.4 per cent.

That is on show cars, equipped with their best regalia; on cars where the maker puts his best foot forward.

Such decisive lead, under such conditions, also shows how these men guided by years of experience—feel about tire supremacy.

### What it Means

This is partly due, of course, to the fact that a very large percentage of motorists now demand the Goodyear tire.

But that isn't all. The best makers of cars, more than ever, are seeking to cut down upkeep. The good of the industry demands it.

And they know that tire waste, while they don't make the tires, is instinctively charged up against them.

So their records of years, on hundreds of thousands of cars, have led to these contracts for Goodyears.

### How Users Vote

Over two million Goodyear tires have now gone out to users. They have marked their mileage on countless odometers. They have proved their savings, in actual service, to several hundred thousand men.

The result is this:

The sales grew and grew until, long ago, these tires outsold all others.

The more men used them the more users they won. The demand became an avalanche

Last year's sales by far exceeded our previous 12 years put together. And this year's sale to users, so far, is twice as large as last.

---

Our factory capacity has been doubled over and over. Yet last year orders for 400,000 tires had to go unfilled.

Such a demand has not come to our tires without overwhelming reason. And it comes, remember, after 14 years—after 2,000,000 tires have been put on the test.

What these users seek is just what you seek—less trouble, less expense. And you are bound to find them where they did—in No-Rim-Cut tires.

## This is How Goodyears Won the Throne

We have seen the time when other tires held the throne in Tiredom.

In 1905—our sixth year—three rivals together made seventy times our output.

And the way we won proves this: Motor car owners nowadays watch tires. If we ever let another tire show less cost per mile, that tire will take our place.

### Began in 1906

The trend toward Goodyears began in 1906. In that year, our cost of replacement under our warrant ran 1.46 per cent. That broke, at that time, all the records of Tiredom This cost on some tires ran up to 18 per cent.

That revealed a new tire standard and the facts spread from man to man The next year our sales increased 100 per cent.

### No-Rim-Cuts

Then came a sensation—perhaps the greatest advance since pneumatic tires were invented.

The invention of Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires, which we still control.

This tire ended rim-cutting in the only satisfactory way. It stopped a trouble which, up to this day, ruins 23 per cent of the old-type tires.

These new-type tires were made to be 10 per cent oversize. And that oversize, under average conditions, added 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

This, at one jump, gave overwhelming advantage to the No-Rim-Cut tire.

### Then Meters Told

Then the meters on legions of cars began to show Goodyear's exceptional mileage. And thousands of records showed lower cost of upkeep.

Not little savings, but so big and conspicuous that men told them to others. Then the swelling demand for Goodyear tires suddenly became a flood

In no year since have our sales less than doubled, and last year's increase was 125 per cent. Yet orders for 400,000 tires last year had to go unfilled.

### Men *Know* Tires

That's the chief reason why Goodyears rule Tiredom. These are days of odometers. Men are watching tire mileage, making comparisons.

So long as Goodyears excel others they will outsell all. But not longer. That's why we keep a half-hundred men looking for ways to better them.

No-Rim-Cut tires will do for you what they have done for others. This has been proved for too many years, on too many cars to be doubted.

---

The tires that lead after 14 years—and by such a margin—are pretty safe tires to rely on.

**Write for the Goodyear Tire Book—14th-year edition. It tells all known ways to economize on tires.**

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AKRON, OHIO
**No-Rim-Cut Tires**
**With or Without Non-Skid Treads**

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**Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities**
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**We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits**
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(1041)

Jumping Jehoshaphat!

Everybody is talking about that FRAGRANCE of Stag tobacco.

But that's not the greatest thing about Stag.

The greatest thing is that Stag TASTES BETTER THAN IT SMELLS.

And don't forget that other great thing about Stag—as the poet says:

In The 5¢ TIN

HALF as much
At HALF the price
TWICE as fresh
So TWICE as nice.

Try it, brothers, try it.

"EVER-LASTING-LY GOOD"

P. LORILLARD CO. ESTABLISHED 1760

STAG

# JOHN BARLEYCORN

(Continued from Page 20)

and of the mystery of who had put the load of buckshot through the Annie's mainsail.

We talked and lingered at the bar. It seemed to me strange that we lingered. We had had our beer. But who was I to lead the way outside when great Nelson chose to lean against the bar! After a few minutes, to my surprise, he asked me to have another drink, which I did. And still we talked, and Nelson evinced no intention of leaving the bar.

Bear with me while I explain the way of my reasoning and of my innocence. First of all, I was very proud to be in the company of Nelson, who was the most heroic figure among the oyster pirates and bay adventurers. Unfortunately for my stomach and mucous membranes, Nelson had a strange quirk of nature that made him find happiness in treating me to beer. I had no moral disinclination for beer, and just because I did not like the taste of it and the weight of it was no reason I should forego the honor of his company. It was his whim to drink beer and to have me drink beer with him. Very well; I would put up with the passing discomfort.

So we continued to talk at the bar and to drink beer ordered and paid for by Nelson. I think now, when I look back upon it, that Nelson was curious. He wanted to find out just what kind of a gink I was. He wanted to see how many times I would let him treat without offering to treat in return.

After I had drunk half a dozen glasses, my policy of temperateness in mind, I decided that I had enough for that time. So I mentioned that I was going aboard the Razzle Dazzle, then lying at the city wharf, a hundred yards away.

I said goodby to Nelson and went on down the wharf, but John Barleycorn, to the extent of six glasses, went with me. My brain tingled and was very much alive. I was uplifted by my sense of manhood. I, a truly-true oyster pirate, was going aboard my own boat after hobnobbing in the Last Chance with Nelson, the greatest oyster pirate of us all! Strong in my brain was the vision of us leaning against the bar and drinking beer. And curious it was, I decided, this whim of Nature that made men happy in spending good money for beer for a fellow like me who did not want it.

As I pondered this, I recollected that several times other men, in couples, had entered the Last Chance, and first one, then the other, had treated to drinks. I remembered, on the drunk on the Idler, how Scotty and the harpooner and myself had raked and scraped dimes and nickels with which to buy the whisky. Then came my boy code—when on a day a fellow gave another a cannonball or a chunk of taffy, on some other day he would expect to receive back a cannonball or a chunk of taffy.

That was why Nelson had lingered at the bar. Having bought a drink, he had waited for me to buy one. I had let him buy six drinks and never once offered to treat! And he was the great Nelson! I could feel myself blushing with shame. I sat down on the stringpiece of the wharf and buried my face in my hands. And the heat of my shame burned up my neck and into my cheeks and forehead. I have blushed many times in my life, but never have I experienced so terrible a blush as that one.

And, sitting there on the stringpiece in my shame, I did a great deal of thinking and transvaluing of values. I had been born poor. Poor I had lived. I had gone hungry on occasion. I had never had toys or playthings like other children. My first memories of life were pinched by poverty. The pinch of poverty had been chronic. I was eight years old when I wore my first little undershirt actually sold in a store across the counter. And then it had been only one little undershirt. When it was soiled I had to return to the awful home-made things until it was washed. I had been so proud of it that I insisted on wearing it without any outer garment. For the first time I mutinied against my mother—mutinied myself into hysteria until she let me wear the store undershirt so all the world could see.

Only a man who has undergone famine can properly value food; only sailors and desert-dwellers know the meaning of fresh water. And only a child, with a child's imagination, can come to know the meaning of things it has been long denied. I early discovered that the only things I could have were those I got for myself. My meager childhood developed meagerness. The first things I had been able to get for myself had been cigarette pictures, cigarette posters and cigarette albums. I had not had the spending of the money I earned, so I traded "extra" newspapers for these treasures. I traded duplicates with the other boys; and, circulating as I did all about town, I had greater opportunities for trading and acquiring.

It was not long before I had complete every series issued by every cigarette manufacturer—such as the Great Racehorses, Parisian Beauties, Women of All Nations, Flags of All Nations, Noted Actors, Champion Prizefighters, and so on. And each series I had three different ways—in the card from the cigarette package, in the poster and in the album.

Then I began to accumulate duplicate sets, duplicate albums. I traded for other things that boys valued and which they usually bought with money given them by their parents. Naturally they did not have the keen sense of values I had, who was never given money to buy anything. I traded for postage stamps, for minerals, for curios, for birds' eggs, for marbles—I had a more magnificent collection of agates than I have ever seen any boy possess; and the nucleus of the collection was a handful worth at least three dollars, which I had kept as security for twenty cents I loaned to a messenger boy who was sent to reform school before he could redeem them.

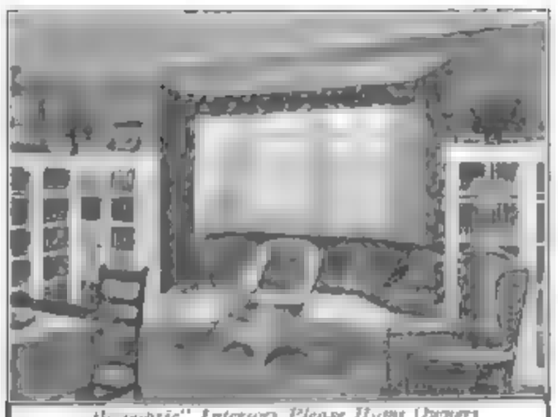
I would trade anything and everything for anything else, and turn it over in a dozen more trades until it was transmuted into something that was worth something. I was famous as a trader. I was notorious as a miser. I could even make a junkman weep when I had dealings with him. Other boys called me in to sell for them their collections of bottles, rags, old iron, grain and gunny sacks, and five-gallon oilcans—aye, and gave me a commission for doing it.

And this was the thrifty, close-fisted boy, accustomed to slave at a machine for ten cents an hour, who sat on the stringpiece and considered the matter of beer at five cents a glass and gone in a moment, with nothing to show for it. I was now with men I admired. I was proud to be with them. Had all my pinching and saving brought me the equivalent of one of the many thrills that had been mine since I came among the oyster pirates? Then what was worth while—money or thrills? These men had no horror of squandering a nickel or many nickels. They were magnificently careless of money, calling up eight men to drink whisky at ten cents a glass, as French Frank had done. Why, Nelson had just spent sixty cents on beer for the two of us!

Which was it to be? I was aware that I was making a grave decision. I was deciding between money and men, between niggardliness and romance. Either I must throw overboard all my old values of money and look upon it as something to be flung about wastefully, or I must throw overboard my comradeship with these men whose peculiar quirks made them like strong drink.

I retraced my steps up the wharf to the Last Chance, where Nelson still stood outside. "Come on and have a beer!" I invited. Again we stood at the bar and drank and talked, but this time it was I who paid—ten cents! A whole hour of my labor at a machine for a drink of something I did not want and that tasted rotten! But it was not difficult. I had achieved a concept. Money no longer counted. It was comradeship that counted. "Have another!" I said. We had another, and I paid for it. Nelson, with the wisdom of the skilled drinker, said to the barkeeper: "Make mine a small one, Johnny." Johnny nodded and gave him a glass that contained only a third as much as the glasses we had been drinking. Yet the charge was the same—five cents!

By this time I was getting nicely jingled, so such extravagance did not hurt me much. Besides, I was learning. There was more in this buying of drinks than mere quantity. I got my finger on it. There was a stage when the beer did not count at all, but just the spirit of comradeship, of drinking together. And, ha!—another thing!—I, too, could call for small beers and minimize by two-thirds the detestable freightage with which comradeship burdened one.



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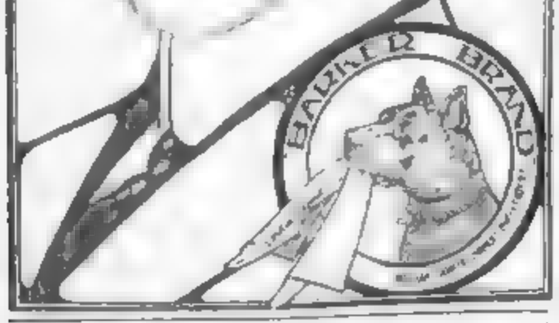

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"I had to go aboard to get some money," I remarked casually as we drank, in the hope Nelson would take it as an explanation of why I had let him treat six consecutive times.

"Oh, well, you didn't have to do that," he answered. "Johnny'll trust a fellow like you—won't you, Johnny?"

"Sure!" Johnny agreed with a smile.

"How much you got down against me?" Nelson queried.

Johnny pulled out the book he kept behind the bar, found Nelson's page and added up the account of several dollars. At once I became possessed with a desire to have a page in that book. Almost it seemed the final badge of manhood.

After a couple more drinks, for which I insisted on paying, Nelson decided to go. We parted true comradely and I wandered down the wharf to the Razzle Dazzle. Spider was just building the fire for supper.

"Where'd you get it?" he grinned up at me through the open companion.

"Oh, I've been with Nelson," I said carelessly, trying to hide my pride.

Then an idea came to me. Here was another one of them. Now that I had achieved my concept, I might as well practice it thoroughly. "Come on," I said, "up to Johnny's and have a drink."

Going up the wharf, we met Clam coming down. Clam was Nelson's partner, and he was a fine, brave, handsome, mustached man of thirty—everything, in short, that his nickname did not connote. "Come on," I said, "and have a drink." He came. As we turned into the Last Chance there was Pat, the queen's brother, coming out.

"What's your hurry?" I greeted him. "We're having a drink. Come on along."

"I've just had one," he demurred. "What of it?—we're having one now," I retorted. And Pat consented to join us and I melted my way into his good graces with a couple of glasses of beer. Oh! I was learning things that afternoon about John Barleycorn! There was more in him than the bad taste when you swallowed him. Here, at the absurd cost of ten cents, a gloomy, grouchy individual who threatened to become an enemy was made into a good friend. He became even genial, his looks were kindly, and our voices mellowed together as we talked waterfront and oysterbed gossip.

"Small beer for me, Johnny," I said when the others had ordered schooners. Yes, and I said it like the accustomed drinker—carelessly, casually, as a sort of spontaneous thought that had just occurred to me. Looking back, I am confident that the only one there who guessed I was a tyro at bardrinking was Johnny Heinhold.

"Where'd he get it?" I overheard Spider confidentially ask Johnny.

"Oh, he's been sousin' here with Nelson all afternoon," was Johnny's answer.

I never let on that I'd heard—but proud! Aye, even the barkeeper was giving me a recommendation as a man. "He's been sousin' here with Nelson all afternoon"! Magic words! The accolade delivered by a barkeeper with a beerglass!

I remembered that French Frank had treated Johnny the day I bought the Razzle Dazzle. The glasses were filled and we were ready to drink. "Have something yourself, Johnny!" I said with an air of having intended to say it all the time, but of having been a trifle remiss because of the interesting conversation I had been holding with Clam and Pat.

Johnny looked at me with quick sharpness, divining, I am positive, the strides I was making in my education, and poured himself whisky from his private bottle. This hit me for a moment on my thrifty side. He had taken a ten-cent drink when the rest of us were drinking five-cent drinks. But the hurt was only for a moment. I dismissed it as ignoble, remembered my concept and did not give myself away.

"You'd better put me down in the book for this," I said when we had finished the drink. And I had the satisfaction of seeing a fresh page devoted to my name and a charge penciled for a round of drinks amounting to thirty cents. And I glimpsed, as through a golden haze, a future wherein that page would be much charged, and crossed off, and charged again.

I treated a second time round; and then to my amazement Johnny redeemed himself in that matter of the ten-cent drink. He treated us a round from behind the bar, and I decided that he had arithmetically evened things up handsomely.

"Let's go round to the St. Louis House," Spider suggested when we got outside.

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**Mack** 12 years in use **Saurer** 18 years in use **Hewitt** 10 years in use

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Whatever your transportation needs, we have the right truck for the purpose.

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Bodies built in our own plant to suit each business and load requirement.

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Pat, who had been shoveling coal all day, had gone home, and Clam had gone upon the Reindeer to cook supper.

So Spider and I went to the St. Louis House—my first visit a huge barroom, where perhaps fifty men, mostly longshoremen, were congregated. And there I met Soup Kennedy for the second time, and Bill Kelley. And Smith, of the Annie, drifted in—he of the belt-buckled revolvers. And Nelson showed up. And I met others, including the Vigy brothers who ran the place; and, chiefest of all, Joe Goose, with the wicked eyes, the twisted nose and the gorgeously flowered vest, who played the harmonica like a roistering angel and went on the most atrocious tears that even the Oakland waterfront could conceive of and admire.

As I bought drinks—others treated as well—the thought flickered across my mind that Mammy Jennie was not going to be repaid much on her loan out of that week's earnings of the Razzle Dazzle. "But what of it?" I thought; or, rather, John Barleycorn thought it for me. "You're a man and you're getting acquainted with men. Mammy Jennie does not need the money so promptly as all that. She isn't starving. You know that. She's got other money in bank. Let her wait, and pay her back gradually."

And thus it was I learned another fact in connection with John Barleycorn. He inhibits morality. Wrong conduct that it is impossible for one to do when sober is done quite easily when one is not sober; in fact, it is the only thing one can do, for John Barleycorn's inhibition rises like a wall between one's immediate desires and long-learned morality.

I dismissed my thought of debt to Mammy Jennie and proceeded to get acquainted at the trifling expense of some trifling money and a jingle that was growing unpleasant. Who it was that took me on board and put me to bed that night I do not know, but I imagine it must have been Spider.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## *X-Rays and M. D.'s*

X-RAY photography has now reached the point where a moving-picture record of a dyspeptic's digestion can be taken to aid the specialist in studying and diagnosing the troubles of his patient. Some extremely difficult problems in X-ray work have had to be solved in order to make possible the taking of pictures sufficiently rapidly for them to be of any use in such experimental work.

One of the essentials for obtaining a digestive record is the bismuth meal. The patient is fed a small amount of bismuth subcarbonate, in order that there may be present in the digestive organs some substance that X-rays will readily detect. After sufficient time has elapsed to permit digestion to become active the patient is stood up before an X-ray camera, which is directed at his digestive organs, and the machine is started. New methods make it possible to take X-ray pictures at the rate of one every four or five seconds, though ordinary moving pictures are taken very much more rapidly—fifteen or more a second.

By pasting the X-ray pictures together on a film it is possible later to run a moving picture from them on a screen, even though the screen picture is sixty times as fast as the original operation. The operator of the apparatus watches the patient from behind a lead-glass window through which the rays cannot pass, for if he took such pictures often without this protection he would be seriously injured.

The pictures obtained in this way show the time required for the different stages of digestion, less speed at some points or greater speed at others, and give an important clew to any trouble that may exist. Obstructions in any of the digestive organs may be discovered by a series of these pictures.

The practice of taking stereoscopic X-ray pictures of broken bones or other conditions a physician wishes to study marks another real improvement in X-ray work. Two pictures are taken simultaneously in a stereoscopic camera and then pasted side by side and viewed through a stereoscope. The advantage of this is that depth is given to the photograph, so that in locating a bullet, for instance, the pictures will indicate not only under what spot on the skin the bullet is lying, but how deeply it is embedded.


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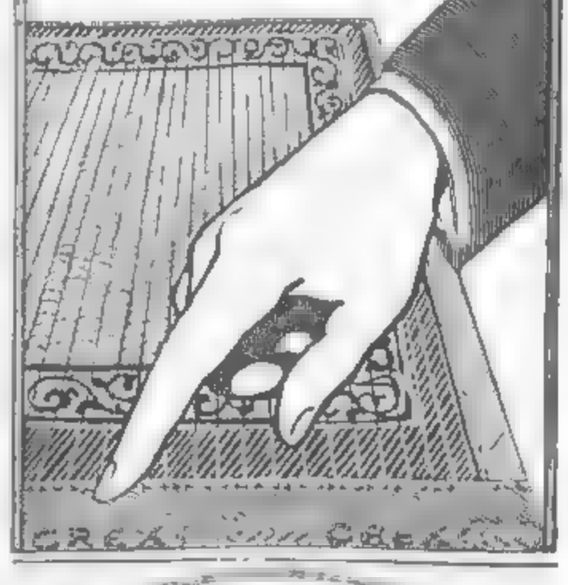


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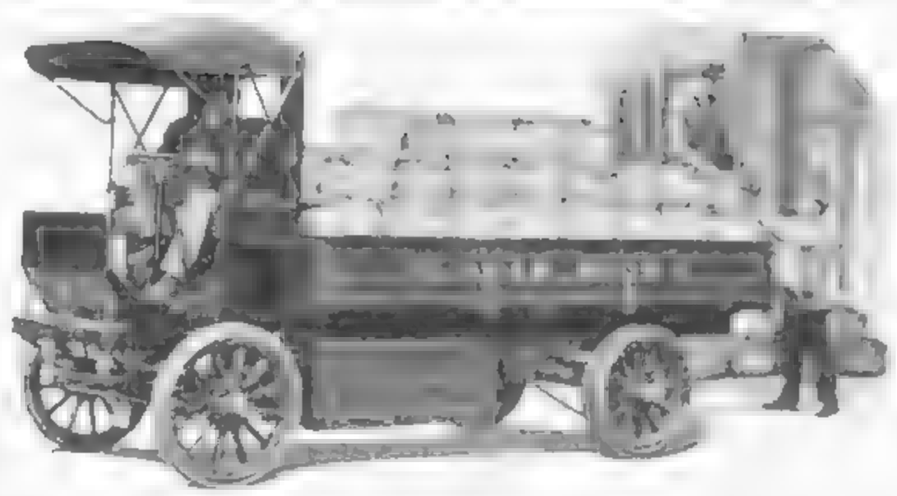

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## SIX MILLION WORKERS

Continued from Page 17

accidental ability to cook a meal. Like every business of this world, including landscape painting, there is an accumulation of knowledge that must be mastered and a technic that can be taught.

Some cooks, like poets, are born, and are not made—*non fit*, as the Romans cleverly put it; but cooks that have no further qualification than a dubious recommendation for having once been born cannot possibly know the new science of dietetics, which includes care of the sick as well as the prevention of illness; the practical chemistry of foods; the use of disinfectants and preservatives; the modern system of marketing; the methods of waste-saving; the labor economy in household apparatus; the preparation of home dinners, and even the planning and successful engineering of dinner parties; the whole question of costs in making workable home budgets; and especially the care and nurture of children.

Properly conceived, domestic service is a part of a considerable art and science—it touches the nurse and the physician on the one side, and is itself one of the finest preparations for motherhood and for the management of a home.

No one need ask if there is a demand for this kind of lifework. The fact that we have got along somehow under present conditions of unskilled and intermittent service is no proof that we are satisfied.

The new education hopes to do wondrous things. In a Chicago public school that is succeeding in training a special group of girls for domestic service, the principal frankly tells the mothers of the academic girls that the science and art of domestic service will soon be made so attractive as an occupation, and as a preparation for wifehood, that some near day we shall cease to think of it as a degrading business, fit only for the shiftless and the ignorant. "Your daughters will be enrolled in our courses then," she often says, "because it is a calling for the specially gifted."

It is just such special training in millinery, dressmaking, the needle trades, salesmanship, domestic service, and the like, added to the already existing training for the typist, the librarian, the artist, the teacher and the professional person, that will give the working women the outlet they must have. Most of the six million women workers are low in the scale; they are doing the rough, mechanized, underpaid work of the world. After her long study of the Pittsburgh worker, Miss Butler reported:

### *An Invasion of Women Workers*

"Women have not only gone into pressrooms and binderies, into cork factories, and workrooms where candies are made and where fruit is preserved, but they help to finish the glass tumblers that the men in the next room blow; they fashion the sand-cores for the foundrymen; they are among the shapers of metal for lamps and for hinges, and they are threadmakers at the screw and bolt works. In a district that is preëminent for the making of steel and iron, women have gained a foothold in industries that seemed wholly in the hands of men."

As a matter of fact, however—Miss Butler pointed out—the men have moved up to a higher grade of work, leaving for women the usual lot of mechanical unskilled employment. Most of the women remain in the lower grades of occupations and still further glut them. "Women are sometimes prevented by inferior strength from competing for superior occupations," concluded Miss Butler; "but more generally they are prevented by inferior training and experience." The point to be made here is that the greater the outlet for intelligent and ambitious women, the better will be the condition of those left behind.

So far little has been said of the greatest of all occupations for women—motherhood and homemaking. Milady is going to work, but not to cease being a potential mother. Ninety miladies out of one hundred whose names go on a wage-sheet are also miladies-in-waiting. These ninety, the statisticians claim, cannot be depended upon for more than seven or eight years—the average time of waiting. And there's the rub!

To this point the investigator for the Russell Sage Foundation speaks frankly:

# We Know This Is Wonderful Value

Dollar for dollar we believe the Pittsburgh Visible at $65 to be the greatest value on the market. In fact we are convinced that you can pay a good deal more, and yet not get more in efficient [illegible] and real service.

Our business is mostly by mail. That is how we avoid a large percentage of the usual typewriter selling expense. Our home-office and overhead expenses are also small. And our organization is of highest efficiency. These are the reasons why we can offer this high-class

# Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter

**(A Standard Machine for Twenty Years)**

[illegible]

**Detachable Type Basket**

Entire keyboard can be removed as a unit. This [illegible] quick cleaning of type and keys, also best way [illegible] parts of the machine. Get in [illegible] by mailing the coupon now

PITTSBURGH VISIBLE TYPEWRITER CO.
Dept. 29, Union Bank Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa

Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter Co
Pittsburgh, Pa., Dept. 29
Will be glad to know how I can become owner of one of your machines.

Name
Street
P. O. State

# Southern Farm Facts

**Land at $10 an acre up**

Alfalfa makes 4 to 6 tons per acre; Corn 60 to 100 bu. All hay crops yield heavily. Beef and Pork produced at 3 to 4 cents per lb.—Apples pay $100 to $500 an acre; Truck crops $100 to $400; other yields in proportion.

THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY
Mobile & Ohio R. R. or Ga. So. & Fla. Ry.
will help you find a home in this land of op[illegible]

M. V. RICHARDS, Land and Industrial Agent
Room 84 Washington, D. C.

MAKES A PHONOGRAPH SOUND LIFE-LIKE

THE MORSE CLARIFIER

[illegible] and other gas metallic el[illegible] without mar[illegible]ring or adjusting machine and everlasting $1.00 Mo[illegible] Prepaid

GUARANTEED [illegible] satisfactory [illegible]ers, any be[illegible]

Information under free. Dealers write

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# Ralston Authority Styles for Easter

Dressy as your new silk tile. Comfortable as your favorite slippers. $4 to $6

Made on "foot moulded" lasts, they hold their shape permanently and let your feet hold theirs.

A wealth of seasonable styles now on display.

**Sold in over 3000 Towns**

Write for "Style Talk"—a worth-while chat with the Master of Style.

RALSTON HEALTH SHOEMAKERS
Campello, Mass.

# Best Chocolates That $1.00 Can Buy

Made by the famous Pittsburgh firm that learned the perfection of fine candy making catering to the critical taste of Pittsburgh's millionaires.

An assortment of big, plump nut meats, fine fruits and dainty creams—each wearing a thick, rich jacket of delicate, sweet chocolate—the wholesomest of sweetmeats as well as the most delicious.

$1.00 and your name and address slipped in an envelope brings this greatest candy [illegible] enclose 30c if you wi[illegible]

PEYMER & BROTHERS
1400 Forbes St. Pittsburgh, Pa.

*Very Best*

**SALESMEN WANTED** [illegible] in leather, and invites strictly com[illegible] men.

AMERICAN ART WORKS, Coshocton, Ohio

"Women will not compete for the more exacting, better-paid work if their ambition is lessened by the knowledge that they will probably be wage-earners for only five or six years. Hence their unwillingness to spend time in trade-training and their tendency to be apathetic as to trade associations. This produces among them an unprofessional attitude, a conscious instability. For these reasons women are undesirable apprentices; and it does not pay to take them for the greater part of a year step by step through the intricacies of a trade. They can be employed profitably only at such occupations as are quickly learned.

"The lack of ambition can have no other effect than to limit the salary, and restricts them to subsidiary, uninteresting and monotonous occupations. The very character of their work, in turn, lessens their interest in it. Without interest, they least of all feel themselves integral parts of the industry and in consequence assume no responsibility, affect no loyalty. They do not care to learn—opportunity to learn is not given them; both are causes and both are effects. They shift about in lower levels of industry from packing room to metal work, from metal work to laundry work; a very few, through unwonted good fortune, unwonted determination, break through the circle and rise."

This description of the present condition of the women wage-earners of Pittsburgh is generally reported by investigators here and abroad. If women are such an unstable element in industry we must face the fact. All the greater, then, is the problem of training and education. There are hopeful grounds, however, for believing that the common assertion about the unambitious ninety out of every hundred will have to be considerably amended. After all, no investigation yet made has been on a scale sufficiently large, and the information needed is almost too personal and elusive for any investigation. Further, woman's emancipation from tradition is so rapid as to make even the five-year-old Pittsburgh report of diminishing value.

Persons now engaged in vocational guidance, in placement bureaus, in evening and part-time training for working girls, are claiming to meet a totally new type of earnest and ambitious worker.

Miss Anna C. Hedges, who is at present in the field studying special aspects of trade women, will soon be ready with facts, gleaned from employers and from the personal histories of working women, which will justify the belief that women are in business, in trade and in the professions as a career; that they must be dealt with henceforward as a permanent and dependable element; and that their efforts for self-improvement, their determination to achieve and their strenuous activity "on the job" are becoming almost distinguishing sex characteristics.

From hundreds of individual examples of persistent ambition in many young girls and women we must have faith that some particulars of the indictment will change, especially when the new school forces already described in these articles begin to influence a larger body of girls—the elementary industrial school, the bureaus of vocational guidance, the part-time trade school, the coöperative high school.

### *Making Home Happy*

One fact will ever remain to be dealt with, however: the fact of motherhood. How shall the schools meet it? Concerning this matter there is growing to be a common educational agreement that every girl must be considered as a possible homemaker. Whatever her temporary place in industry or in professional life, her education must include a series of thorough courses in the household arts.

In public high schools—like the High School of Practical Arts, Boston; the Washington Irving High School, New York; the William Penn High School, Philadelphia; and the Flower High School, Chicago—courses in homemaking have become highly technical. The academic courses in biology, chemistry and physics have been transformed from the study of abstract law into actual everyday application in the home. The courses in drawing have been made to contribute to costume design and to home decoration. Even the courses in ancient and modern history have been levied upon to give their assistance in interpreting the relationship of the coming householder to her immediate environment. Naturally hygiene—usually conducted by a physician—and the corrective exercises in the gymnasium are made to contribute directly.

One illustration from a single department of one of these High Schools—the William Penn, Philadelphia—will show how science comes to the aid of the course in domestic economy.

"Shortly after the opening of the school," explained the head of the science department, "one of the cooking teachers showed me a sample of olive oil that had been quoted to her at a rate considerably below normal. With natural misgivings as to its purity she requested an analysis. Needless to say the sole ingredient other than disgusting chemicals, was cottonseed oil. Thus was the beginning of many tests of various foodstuffs—tests for formaldehyde in milk, gelatine in ice cream, coal-tar dyes in jams and jellies, chicory in coffee, paraffin in candy, glue in marshmallows, sulphites in meats and bad eggs in ice-cream cones."

Other studies in this department included measurement of relative values of gas-burners; comparison of coal and gas as heating agents; investigation of the working of water meters; tests of filtered and unfiltered water; experiments on systems of heating and ventilating; the theory and practice of making a fire; the methods of eliminating waste in coal consumption; the making of a fireless cooker; the test of the cookers by calorimetric measurement; the chemical effect of heat on foods; methods of preserving eggs and detecting those that need retirement.

This by no means covers the contribution of the science course. Biology has first aids to housekeepers in its story of infection and its inexorable demand for cleanliness.

The main point in this brief sketch is to show the changing character of woman's economic position, and the slow but hopeful attempts of the public schools to meet her halfway and to make her rough places smooth.

### *The Spirit of the Times*

That woman has changed is the fact to emphasize here. Let who will discover the reason for it, woman is emancipating herself from the dependent thinking and the dependent acting of a quarter of a century ago. Her tastes are different and her view of herself as a factor in the world's work is different. The schools have not fully understood this natural development; nor have some of the special organizations that supposedly minister to woman's needs—the magazine, the newspaper, the novel and the theater. The Ladies' Page is an appeal to the woman of a previous generation; so are the overpathetic moving-picture reel and the tears of certain after-dinner orators.

The young woman of this decade is considering the responsibility of voting; she is interested in economics, domestic and political; she is sympathetic, but not tearful; she is less stirred than formerly by The Loves of Lillian, and more concerned about the minimum wage for women and its effect upon motherhood; the necessity for clean streets, park spaces, good schools, and the isolation of defectives. The hundreds of thousands of women in civic clubs, consumers' leagues, social-betterment societies, and the millions directly at work in self-supporting labor—this condition is indicative of the change that has already occurred and prophetic of further changes soon to be.

The relation of the public school to the girl who wills to be the architect of her own fortune is obvious—to teach her how to secure and maintain health; to train her for a self-supporting vocation; and to prepare her for all the duties and privileges of the care of a home.

The great modern fact is that milady has gone to work! Whether as a voluntary social worker or as a wage-earner, she is intelligently busy in a thousand new ways; and all she does is done in keeping with her role as woman. Even her thinking is different from man's. That is why it is so valuable and so necessary.

Milady has gone to work! Some persons do not like it, but it is none the less a fact. Of course woman has always worked—ever since those significant events in the year one. Indeed, during the early nineteenth century she made the factory possible, and later—with her notable ability to live on nothing a day—she assured the success of free public education. The modern thing is not that woman has gone to work, but that milady has! Work is at last becoming respectable!

## Which Will You Have, Creamy White Bread Or Grey White Bread?

Figure 1 shows a wheat kernel

Figure 2 shows the specks of dust and dirt which lodge in the crease of every wheat kernel.

It takes about 25,000 wheat kernels to make one loaf of bread.

If there are only 10 bits of dirt in each wheat kernel, there will be 250,000 bits of dirt in the loaf of bread unless this dirt is taken out in the mills

Bread made from clean flour, keeps fresh and sweet, and retains its flavor longer than bread made from partly clean flour.

The Guaranteed Flour

# OCCIDENT

goes through more washing, cleaning, scouring and purifying processes than any other flour

It is because of this perfect cleanliness, and because we use only First Choice of the most valuable bread wheat produced, that we can sell every sack of OCCIDENT Flour on a binding Money back Guarantee.

**Costs More —Worth It** OCCIDENT costs only a few cents more per sack than other flour, but if it fails to give you better bread and more of it to the sack than you have ever obtained from any other flour, the price of the flour will be refunded without any argument

Don't you want to try OCCIDENT Bread in your family, at our risk?

*Send for our free booklet "Better Baking"*

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HOLLAND DUTCH ARTS & CRAFTS

Latest Style Book—Free

—64 Pages, 300 Designs

You want this valuable booklet—write for one today—illustrated in colors—shows over 300 patterns of Artistic Holland Dutch Arts & Crafts, the ideal furniture for any room in the modern home—club—or hotel.

Made of Solid White Oak by expert Dutch Craftsmen.

Call on our Associate Distributor nearest you and see our furniture—you will know it by our trademark, branded into every piece—our guarantee [illegible]

A pair of hand-made decorated, Dutch Wooden Shoes (small size) sent to you on receipt of 20 cents in stamps.

Charles P. Limbert Company

Grand Rapids, Mich. Dept. S. Holland, Mich.

Triangle 5-PLY Collars Preferred

*I prefer*

Triangle 5-PLY Collars

BECAUSE the fifth ply makes them last longer. Yet they cost no more than 4-ply collars. Prove Triangle 5-PLY superiority yourself.

*Invest in the Paper—shown above—at your dealer's, or from us. 2 for 25c*

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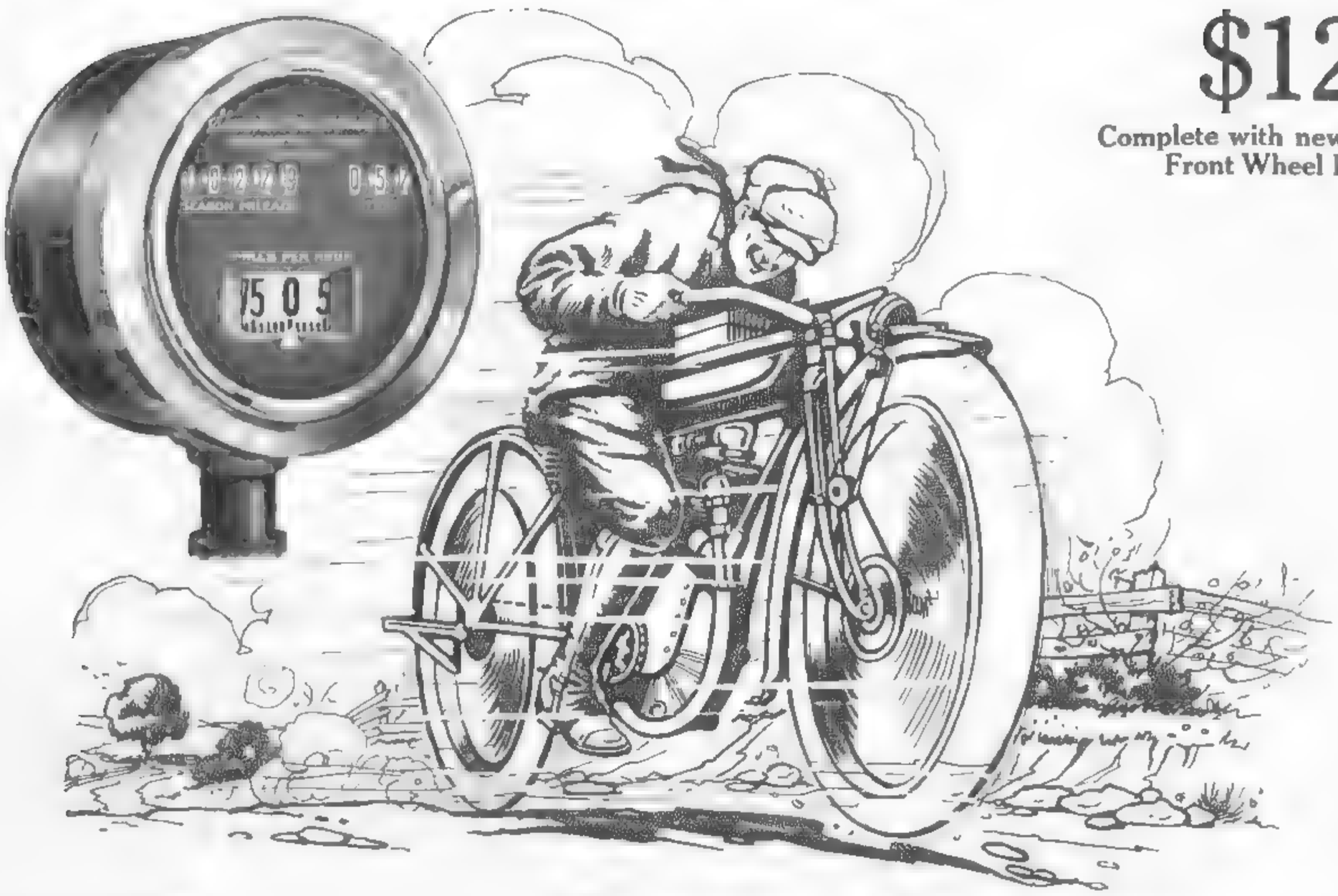
The Collars for Quality




**$12**

**Complete with new Two-Belt Front Wheel Drive**

*Stewart Speedometer*
MAGNETIC PRINCIPLE

# A Reliable and Practical Motorcycle Speedometer

A big, clean-cut, handsome, durable and accurate-as-your-watch speedometer that is built on the same practical principle and of the same costly materials as the very highest priced automobile speedometer made.

We are shipping thousands of these new instruments all over the world.

A speedometer is just as necessary and important on your motorcycle as it is on an automobile. Every automobile is equipped with a speedometer. Eighty per cent of them are equipped with Stewarts.

This new speedometer will pay for itself in a year, in tire adjustments, alone, as practically every tire company bases all adjustments on odometer readings. If you have no odometer it is impossible to correctly figure out your tire mileage.

This new speedometer enables you to keep accurate track of your gasoline and oil consumption. It tells you instantly if your engine is not giving full power and helps you follow road maps when touring.

We believe this to be the first really practical motorcycle speedometer ever made. In this brand-new instrument all the old-time speedometer faults have been eliminated. For instance: No amount of road jars, rut jolts or sudden jerks can affect the driving arrangement of this speedometer.

It will never get out of line. Our new patented and exclusive Two-Belt Front Wheel drive makes this impossible.

No amount of vibration can throw the mechanism of this speedometer out of adjustment. It always works with absolute precision under the most severe conditions.

No weather condition can affect it. Works as perfectly in wet weather as in dry weather. Gives you absolutely accurate miles per hour, miles per day, miles per season.

This speedometer can be attached either to your front extension spring or mudguard, so that your headlight will show directly on its face. You can read it at night as easily as in daylight. This is another exclusive feature.

The speed and mileage figures are large, clear and easy to read.

This speedometer is constructed to stand the motorcycle "grind." It is big, durable, and will outwear your motorcycle.

Examine one of these advanced instruments at once. For sale by dealers all over the world. The price is $12, complete. We guarantee satisfaction.

*Write us for a handsome catalogue which fully describes this new and improved instrument*

We maintain the largest chain of service stations in the world. There is a Stewart branch in every important city. Insist on a Stewart and enjoy Stewart service.

## The Stewart Speedometer Factory

**1910 Diversey Blvd., Chicago, U.S.A.**

### *A Brief Description*

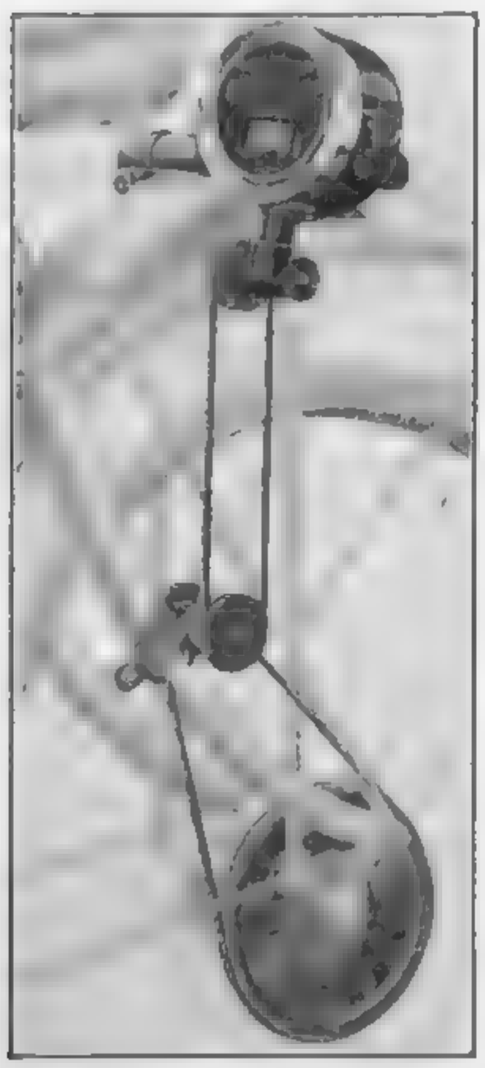
*Price $12 Complete*

¶ This speedometer is built on the famous magnetic principle. Over 85% of the speedometers for both motorcycles and automobiles to be made this year will be magnetic.

¶ It has a 75-mile speedometer; 100,000 mile season odometer; 100 mile trip register, which can be readily reset to any tenth of a mile without disturbing total mileage of season register.

¶ It is an unusually handsome instrument, gracefully designed and beautifully finished.

**This shows the new Two-Belt Front Wheel Drive**



# Stewart Speedometer

MAGNETIC PRINCIPLE

*The only speedometer made with a grade indicator*

*Model B $50*

## The Victory of the Magnetic Speedometer

*10% of all the speedometers made 5 years ago were magnetic*
*15% of all the speedometers made 4 years ago were magnetic*
*50% of all the speedometers made 3 years ago were magnetic*
*70% of all the speedometers made 2 years ago were magnetic*
*80% of all the speedometers made 1 year ago were magnetic*

According to all indications, over 85% of all the speedometers made for 1913 will be built on the magnetic principle.

Over 400,000 cars for 1913 will be equipped with the magnetic speedometer.

90% of all cars specifying standard or special equipment for this year will be equipped with a magnetic speedometer.

208 out of 214 automobile manufacturers using regular equipment have adopted the magnetic type.

The famous Stewart speedometer is built on the magnetic principle.

With the above astonishing facts before you, the supremacy of the magnetic speedometer is apparent.

The above figures tell their own story. To any reasonable mind this must indicate clear success for the magnetic speedometer.

The magnetic speedometer must thus be conceded to be the most accurate, practical and reliable speedometer made.

Insist on a Stewart. It is built on the magnetic principle.

**We maintain and operate the largest chain of speedometer service stations in the world. We operate more service stations than all the other speedometer manufacturers combined. In buying a Stewart you can enjoy this international service.**

## The Stewart Speedometer Factory

**1910 Diversey Blvd., Chicago, U. S. A.**

# The Extra One-Fifth

*By R. E. Olds, Designer*

**It costs a certain amount to build a car which will please a man when he buys it.**

**Every maker finds that cost essential.**

**It costs about one-fifth more, I find, to please that man five years after.**

**In Reo the Fifth we add that extra cost.**

## That's the Secret

That's the whole secret of my prestige, after 26 years of car building.

That's why Reo the Fifth today stands at the zenith of its fame. While many a car which once outsold it has met men's disapproval.

Last year's demand ran twice our factory output. This year's output was sold to dealers early last October.

And the evidence shows, as men gain experience, a growing demand for the well-built car.

## A Well-Built Car

Most men concede that Reo the Fifth typifies the well-built car.

They may call me "old-maidish," too cautious, too slow. They may say that I go to extremes.

But they know that I know how to build a good car. And most men concede that I build it.

## My Way Is This

I figure out each part's needed strength, based on experience with 60,000 cars. Then I add about 50 per cent.

All our tests are made to meet the requirements of a 45 h.p. car.

The steel we use is all made to my formulas. Each lot is analyzed twice.

Gears are tested in a crushing machine, to prove that each tooth will stand 75,000 pounds.

Springs are made from the center one-third of the very finest steel ingots. They are 2-inch, seven-leaf springs. And they are tested by machinery for 100,000 vibrations.

We use 14-inch brake drums—

A doubly-heated carburetor—

A $75 magneto.

## Timken Bearings Tires 34 x 4

Timken roller bearings cost five times as much as the usual ball bearings. We might say we used them if we used only two. But this car is not built for mere claims.

In Reo the Fifth we use 15 roller bearings, 11 of which are Timkens. There are only three ball bearings in the whole car, and two are in the fan.

Drop forgings cost twice as much as steel castings, but they avoid the risk of flaws. So we use in this car 190 drop forgings.

Tires 34 x 4 cost about $60 more than tires which some call sufficient. But they save many times that in upkeep.

The centrifugal pump costs us $10 extra to insure positive water circulation.

## Slow Building

This car is built slowly and carefully. We limit our output to 50 cars daily, so no man is ever rushed.

There are fully a thousand tests and inspections applied to every car. Important parts are ground again and again to insure minute exactness.

Each engine gets five long-continued tests, requiring 48 hours all together.

So with the finish, for every person likes an impressive car. Each body gets 17 coats. The electric dash lights are set in. The deep upholstering is of genuine leather filled with the best curled hair. Even the engine is nickel trimmed, and every detail shows the final touch.

## No Extra Cost to You

These extremes, I figure, add $200 to the necessary cost of this car. But we make this up in our factory efficiency.

We build all our own parts.

Every machine, every tool in the shop is adapted to this one model, for we build but one. This fact alone, as I figure, saves us 20 per cent.

That is why a car such as I describe can be sold at such a price.

Such a car means a vast saving in upkeep—in tire cost, repair cost and trouble. That saving may run into hundreds of dollars—all clear profit to you. That's the main thing the years have taught me.

## The One Ideal Control

For Reo the Fifth we have invented the ideal center control—a small rod set between the front seats, entirely out of the way.

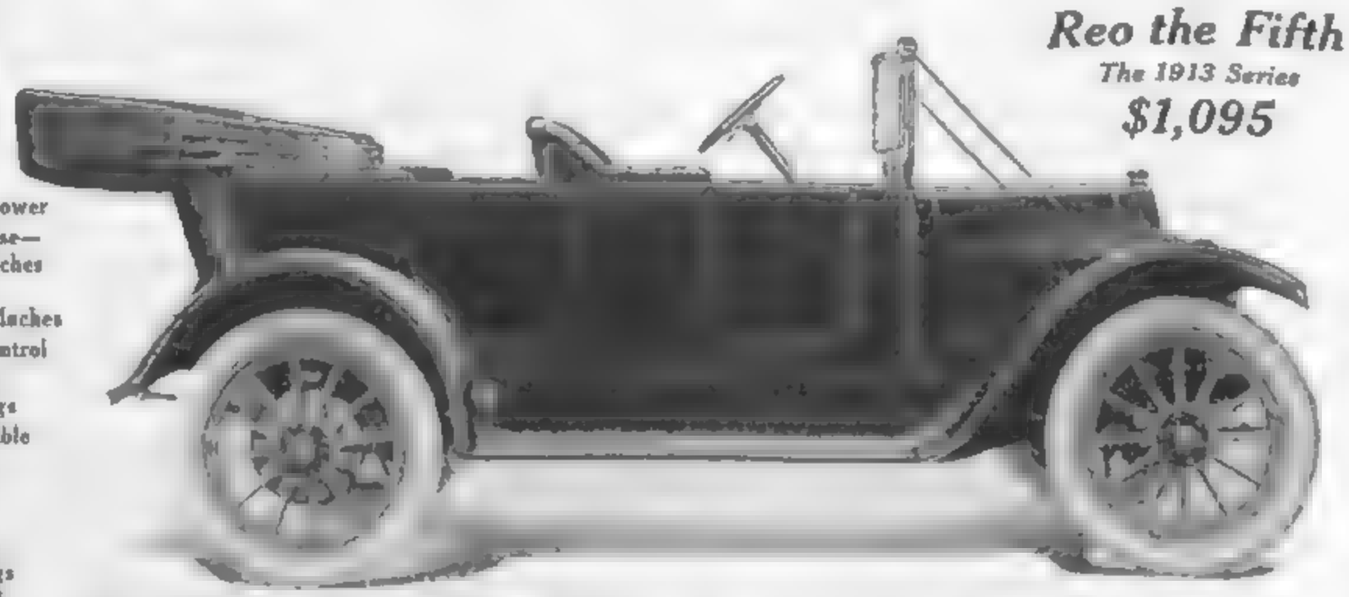
All the gear shifting is done by moving this rod only three inches in each of four directions. It's as simple as moving the spark lever.

It is done with the right hand, for this car—like the leading cars of this year—has the left side drive.

There are no levers, side or center. So nothing bars the way of the driver. Both brakes are operated by foot pedals.

When you learn what all this means to you, you will not want to go without it.

**This car is sold by a thousand dealers. Write for our catalog and we will direct you to the nearest Reo showroom.**



**Reo the Fifth**
*The 1913 Series*
**$1,095**

30-35 Horsepower
Wheel Base—112 Inches
Tires—34 x 4 Inches
Center Control
15 Roller Bearings
Demountable Rims
3 Electric Lights
190 Drop Forgings
Made with 5 and 2-Passenger Bodies

Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip cover, windshield, gas tank for headlights, speedometer, self-starter, extra rim and brackets—all for $100 extra (list price $170).

# R. M. Owen & Co. General Sales Agents for Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.

**Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ont.**

# BENSINGER'S LUCK

(Continued from Page 23)

"Oh, that's all right," he replied. "I'm at work at 'em right along. I'll have about everybody rounded up inside of a week."

Five days after this conversation Wesley Prothroe dropped in to see Mr. Felder. His purpose was to inquire the price of peach baskets, but his conversation always rambled. "If Wes gets set down once," said Jeb Miller, "he'd rather talk a week about nothin' than git up again."

"You ain't doin' anything in the bean line this year," Wesley observed presently, merely to be saying something.

"What—me?" Simon demanded. "Sure I'm doing things in the bean line. Sure I am!"

"Why, is that so?" Wesley inquired, mildly excited at having struck a live wire. "Why ain't you doin' anything up my way then?"

"Up your way?" Simon repeated with some irritation. "That's just where I am doing it. Ain't Bensinger been to see you yet?"

Wesley was rather bewildered.

"Oh! Then you're working with Plum?" he suggested.

"Plum nothing! What's Plum got to do with it?" Mr. Felder demanded with rising irritation. "I'm working alone, like I always do. Ain't you signed a contract?"

Wesley held his pipe in his lean fingers and looked thoughtful.

"Why, yes, I've signed—signed a contract with Plum," he replied. "Steve Bensinger brung it to me. He said he reckoned you wasn't goin' to do anything to speak of in the bean line this year. I signed with Plum. I reckon everybody up my way has signed with Plum."

Mr. Felder had risen to his feet and was rapidly growing purple in the face. He waved his pudgy arms, exclaiming:

"Plum! Plum nothing! Plum's got nothing to do with it. I'm taking those contracts. Bensinger's working for me. I don't believe you!"

"You can believe me or not, just as you like," Wesley retorted with mild indignation. "I tell you everybody's signed with Plum! It's Plum that Steve Bensinger's working for. Guess I can read! Here—if you don't believe it! I was just going to the bank to deposit it—it's the earnest money on my contract. Is that your name?"

He produced a wallet from his inner coat pocket and extracted a check from it. The check was signed indubitably—George W. Plum. Mr. Felder held the slip of yellow paper at arm's length and glared at it for a moment, then burst into language that Wesley considered scandalous.

The commission merchant's position, in fact, was disagreeable. In the bean line at that time there was a very successful little combination in restraint of trade. Mr. Felder represented the combination in his locality, giving such buyers as might have competed with him a share of the profits. As part of the combination, he had duly obligated himself to deliver a certain number of carloads of beans, and it now seemed that Mr. Plum had nearly all the beans under valid contracts.

Mr. Felder, when alone, considered the situation for some time—dabbing his purple face with a soiled and wadded handkerchief as he paced the floor, every now and then giving way to a train of thought that would have shocked an experienced pirate. He might go up into the bean country and see how the ground really lay; he might send for Bensinger; but he decided, first of all, to go straight to Mr. Plum.

The druggist invited him behind the prescription case—invited him to take a chair, even insisting that he take the one with a cushion on it—and sat down opposite him with a most amiable expression.

"I hear you're doing something in the bean line this year," the commission merchant began, restraining himself by great effort and assuming a conversational tone.

"Yes—yes," Mr. Plum replied lightly with a very cheerful smile. "Quite a little something in the bean line."

"Well—we're business men—you and me," said Simon, drawing a hard breath. "We might as well understand each other. How many contracts you got?"

"Well, quite a few—quite a few," Mr. Plum answered happily. "Yes, quite a few." Smiling, he rubbed his hands together gently for a moment, considering.

"As you say, we're business men. I don't mind showing you just between you and me, you know—how many contracts I've got." Going over to the office safe, he took several sheets of folded legal-cap paper from it, which he offered to Mr. Felder, saying candidly: "There's the list. Look it over for yourself."

Mr. Felder did look it over—breathing hard twice or thrice. He saw that it covered nearly the whole bean crop of that locality. Refolding the sheets, he looked steadily at the floor for about two minutes, tapping a heavy foot up and down and absently pulling his thick upper lip, while Mr. Plum watched him closely. He then nervously hitched his chair so close to Mr. Plum that their knees touched, and for nearly an hour the two conversed earnestly in low tones.

Directly after supper that day Mr. Plum drove to Bensinger's. Answering his call, Steve came out to the roadside.

"You must have the crop pretty well rounded up by this time," the druggist began good-naturedly—even with a tone of admiration that warmed Steve's heart.

Steve admitted that he had, and for a few moments they spoke of the comparatively few growers who had not yet signed and the prospects of getting them in.

"Well, you better go after 'em once more," Mr. Plum counseled. "But, I say, Steve"—as he picked up the reins—"Whoa!—I say, Steve, this is no place to keep those contracts. They represent a lot of money now. You bring 'em in tomorrow and put 'em in my safe. This is no place to keep 'em." He had never called the young man by his first name before.

The farmhouse certainly was not the best place for keeping valuable documents, and next day Steve drove down to the drug store with them—a quite imposing little bundle done up in a newspaper and fastened with a rubber band.

"We'd better check 'em off and see that they're all here," he suggested as he and the druggist sat down behind the prescription desk. Mr. Plum held the list and Steve called off the contracts one by one, laying them down on the corner of the desk as Mr. Plum checked them.

"All O. K.—all O. K.," said Mr. Plum genially when the checking was finished, "and a very good job, Steve—a very good job." He gathered the contracts into his bony hands and looked down at them approvingly—but something arrested his eye. His brow clouded and he began glancing hastily at one after another of the signed papers.

"What does this mean?" he demanded, scowling angrily. "You've changed 'em! You changed every one of 'em! What do you mean by that?" His tone was threatening.

"Why—if you mean writing my name in after yours, Mr. Plum," Steve explained mildly—"you see, we were going in together; and I thought it couldn't possibly do any harm."

"But it does do harm!" Mr. Plum retorted hotly. "It does do harm! You hadn't any business to do it. I put up the money! You hadn't any business to do it. It's forgery, young man!"

"Oh, no!" Steve expostulated, much hurt. "I wrote my name in there before the contracts were signed. There's no forgery about that. Why, Mr. Plum, I don't see what hurt ——"

"You don't know what you're talking about!" Mr. Plum broke in, completely losing his temper. "You must be a fool or a crook! I won't stand it. You gotta take your name out of there."

One who understood the circumstances could easily pardon the druggist for losing his temper. As a matter of fact, on the day before he had made an agreement to assign all the contracts to Simon Felder in consideration of seven hundred and fifty dollars to himself in hand paid. Of course with Steve's name in them he could not assign them; but, to do him justice, he had fully intended to pay the young man five dollars a day for the time he spent in getting the contracts.

Steve felt outraged, wounded, abused; and he had a temper of his own. "Go to the devil! I won't take my name out of a single contract!" he retorted hotly, and his slightly overshot under jaw closed firmly against the upper one. A moment later he regretted the outburst and was about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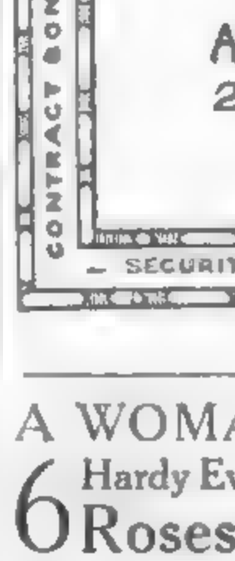
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to take a softer tone for, above all, was not this Esie's papa? But the outburst wrought a complete change of attitude in Mr. Plum. He began over again in a reasonable tone:

"Now, see here, Steve—you don't know anything about this bean business except at this end. I've looked it up, and there's all sorts of risks when it comes to marketing the stuff. You and I ain't got any pull over at Chicago, you know. Probably those fellows would skin us out of our eyeteeth. The sensible thing for us to do is to sell these contracts right now and pocket our profit."

Steve felt a bit sick, perceiving that his prospective father-in-law had meant to sell the contracts, anyway, and leave him out in the cold.

"Sell 'em to Simon Felder?" he inquired, staring at the druggist with round eyes.

"Well—perhaps—maybe," Mr. Plum replied. "Sell 'em wherever we can get the most money. Why, I wouldn't wonder," he added genially, "if Simon would give us three or four hundred dollars for 'em!"

Cold resentment was rising steadily in Steve's mind—for all along had not his heart been yearning toward Mr. Plum? "That's hardly enough," he said.

"Mr. Felder's here to see you," said the clerk, looking round the edge of the screen.

The druggist seemed rather startled; but before he could interfere Steve stepped to the edge of the screen, beckoning, and called:

"Come back here, Simon!"

When Simon came back Mr. Plum was crossing and recrossing his bony legs in evident embarrassment.

"If you want those bean contracts you've got to cough up another thousand dollars for 'em," said Steve. He had not expected to say that—the words popped out of themselves.

"A thousand dollars! What do you mean?" Mr. Felder demanded.

"I mean those bean contracts," said Steve, pointing to them. "You'll see my name is in every one of 'em. If you want 'em you'll pay me a thousand dollars!"

"So!" cried Mr. Felder, glaring at the druggist. "You think you can hold me up! You think I'm a sucker maybe! You think you can play that kind of game on me!" He stooped and beat the corner of the desk with his fist. "I got your signed agreement to deliver those contracts for seven hundred and fifty dollars! You live up to that agreement or I'll sue you—sure's my name is Felder. You don't work any hold-up on me!"

Steve laughed heartlessly.

"All right, Simon," he said. "Give me the seven hundred and fifty and you get the contracts. You won't get 'em any other way."

Considerable conversation ensued between Mr. Felder and Mr. Plum—the former red and sputtering, the latter red and gloomy.

Steve grinned and stuck immovably to his point. Simon swore he would not pay a cent more than seven hundred and fifty dollars—and would sue the druggist unless he got the contracts.

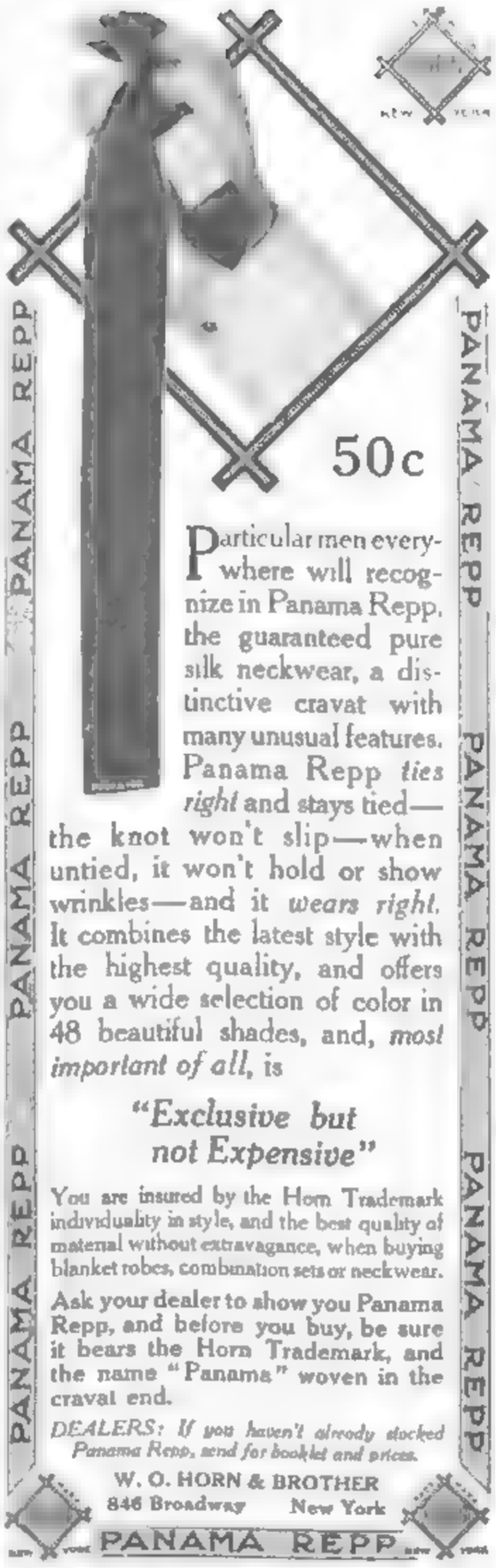
At length the contracts were assigned and Mr. Felder gave Steve a check for seven hundred and fifty dollars, which Steve calmly folded and put into his pocket while Mr. Plum sat silently glowering at him.

"Now get out of here!" said the druggist gloomily. "And if you ever step foot in my premises again I'll kick you out!" Baffled rage rendered him indifferent to prudence.

"All right—so-long!" Steve replied glumly, and walked out.

Instead of winning his father-in-law's affection, he had succeeded in incurring his bitter enmity; but Steve had a temper of his own and he no longer cared a rap about Mr. Plum's affection. He had seven hundred and fifty dollars in his pocket. It was Saturday, and he would meet Elsie that evening.

**Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of stories by Will Payne. The third will appear in an early issue.**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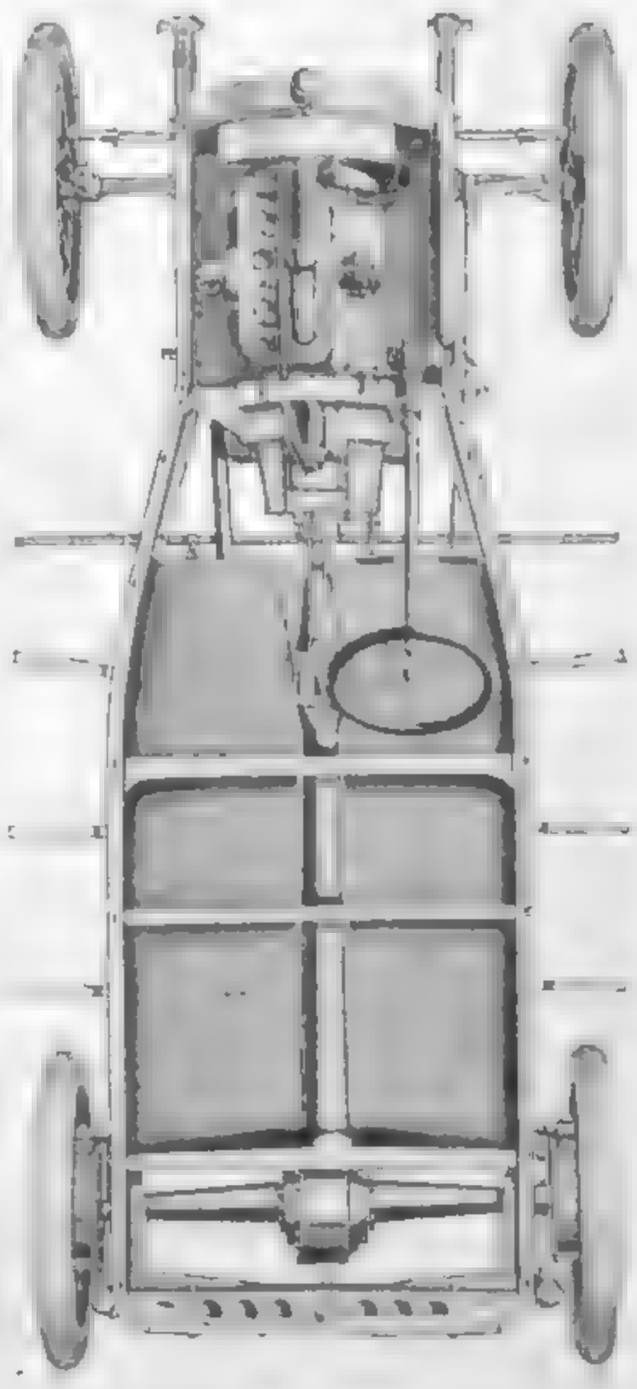

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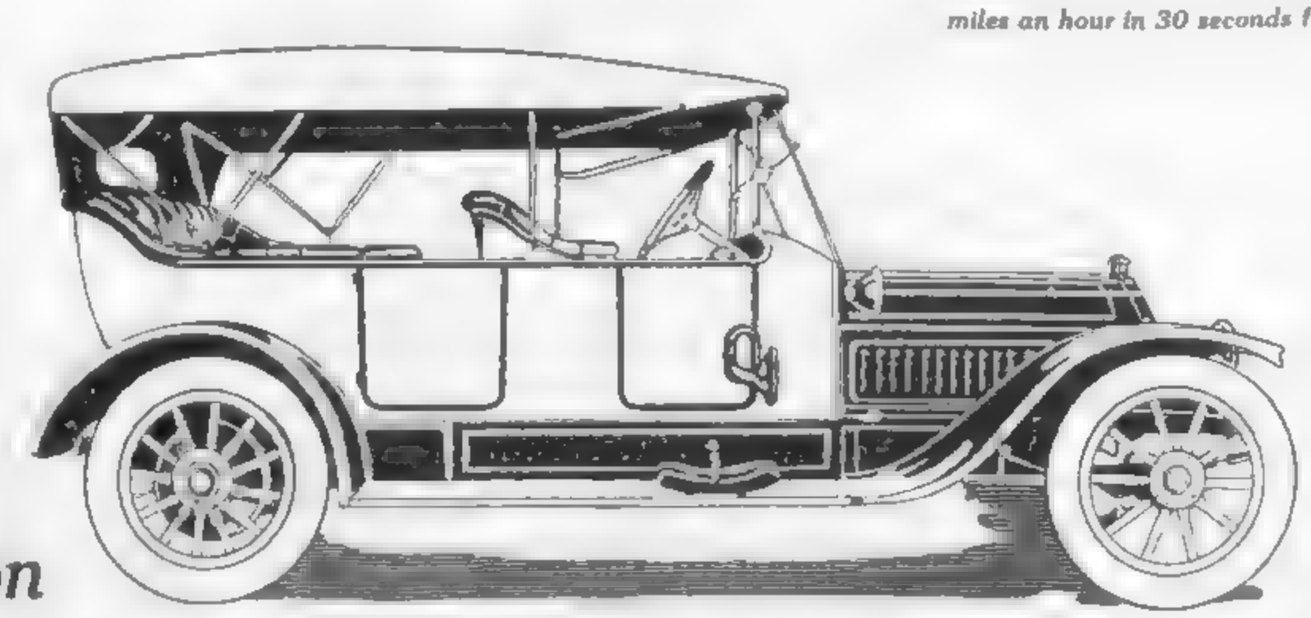

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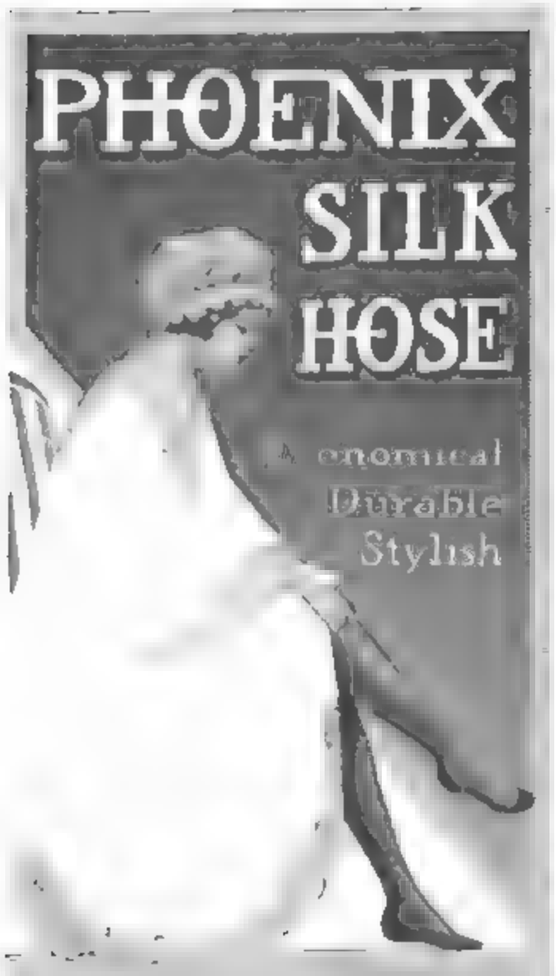


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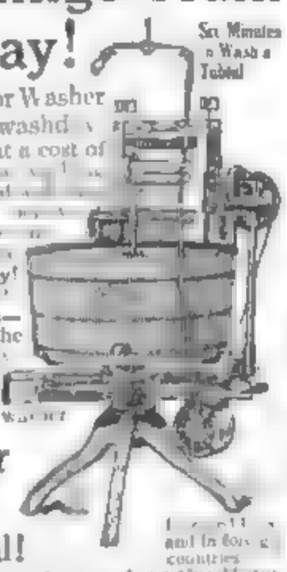


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# THE BUSINESS SIDE OF THE CHURCH

(Continued from Page 15)

of the choir, a young man, came to it with a good voice and the singing sense to develop his gift, but handicapped by such nervousness that he shook every time he tried to sing alone. The director cured that nervousness and made him a professional concert-singer. Another young man, now singing in opera, was fitted for that work by the personal instruction and encouragement of the director. An indication of the good feeling that exists is found in the number of marriages that have been effected between members, for there are usually several every year.

A volunteer choir of this character, built up for good chorus singing from the ordinary musical material to be found in every town, can easily be made a source of church revenue, for its public recitals are better for the church and better for the community than many of the amateurish church entertainments gotten up for money-raising purposes. There is a wide range of music within the abilities of such a choir. It may start with a miscellaneous performance no more pretentious than an "old folks' concert" or "deestrick singin' skule" entertainment, and from that by determination, practice and good business management rise into higher musical realms. The professional musician would say that good solo singers are necessary for public recitals, and this is perhaps true where recitals are given in large cities and against strong musical competition. But there is plenty of good music for the chorus choir without soloists, and any shortcomings in the latter detail may readily be made up by quartette singing.

One of the largest mercantile concerns in the Middle West has a choral society among its employees, organized to develop musical ability in those inclined that way and to promote good understanding and coöperation in its business. It started about five years ago with a small group of musical enthusiasts, and now has one hundred and fifty members.

A conductor was found in the original group and still holds the baton. Though not maintained for money-making purposes it has paid expenses since the second year, and has a surplus. Professional singers assist at yearly recitals, which always draw good audiences in a city with many musical attractions, and the society has sung such works as Elijah, Creation, Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise and Rossini's Stabat Mater. The ordinary church choir ought to be able to accomplish as much in this matter of public recitals as the employees of a busy department store.

### *The Question of the Choir*

The musical development of the average church is often hampered by lack of a little business management. With investigation, adjustment and encouragement an interested trustee can bring about vastly better conditions.

Usually the first man to be interviewed is the organist. When the music committee pays him a salary of from three to five hundred dollars a year it fancies that it has provided for him handsomely; but such a salary covers no more than his time for preparing routine music, rehearsing with the choir and playing at services. The rest of his time goes to piece out a living by teaching. Being poorly paid and perhaps misunderstood, the organist is disposed to keep aloof from church life and spirit. He is usually glad if the parson leaves him alone, and glad to disappear out the side door after his work in the organloft is over.

Then comes the music committee, which is made up of men who do not understand music or the musical temperament and have no idea of the extent to which both may be made to enrich the church services. Once upon a time the organist was young, enthusiastic, ambitious. He dreamed of his art and tried to give it expression. But the music committee in its conservatism unwittingly put the damper on him, and now he is a drudge.

Then there is the minister, who may, with the best intentions in the world, be musically negative. He is amazed at the tremendous abandon and devotion that a popular evangelist arouses in great audiences by vocal and instrumental music, for he does not understand the underlying


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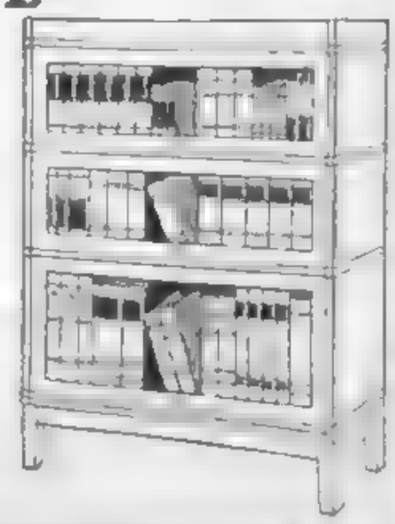

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psychology of it. So music in his own services is directed along no definite lines, and musical expenditure in his church, though it may amount to one-fifth of the total running expenses, comes far short of yielding corresponding religious results.

The trustee who catches the right idea in this whole question of music will probably begin by enlisting the organist, setting him free from the restraints of the music committee, and seeing that he is paid enough to make it worth while for him to help work out a broad musical policy. Money by no means does it all, however. Sympathy and appreciation are just as necessary. If the trustee is a business man familiar with the selling or inventive ego he will find that the musical ego is pretty much the same, and to be managed with the same understanding and encouragement.

Next come choir organization and the development of a general musical policy for the church. The organist may also be musical instructor for the choir and perhaps act as choir director. In many cases, however, he lacks the knack at leadership essential to this last post and, no matter how far he may be able to carry the choir as a technical instructor, he cannot energize it, simply because he hasn't the organizer's faculty. Here is where the executive is needed, and perhaps one of the trustees can step in. It will be helpful to him in many ways if he can sing a fair baritone or bass and direct the choir from the ranks. Yet if he cannot sing at all he may still be its good genius, for he can keep it together and make its work interesting. He can give encouragement and publicity. He can amplify the instruction by taking parties to important musical affairs in other centers, and arrange for unions with other choirs in the same neighborhood. He can magnify its triumphs, smooth over its troubles and generally keep its spirit alive.

Back of the main chorus choir there can be much other musical activity. The Sunday-school may be trained to sing, beginning with the babies in the primary class and working up through the juniors and seniors. As the scholars are taught to sing they easily learn to read simple music at sight. This work is neglected in the average church chiefly because the organist is not paid enough to cover the additional instruction. Yet the money cost is not heavy, and a single year's instruction often brings remarkable results. Abundant fresh material for the big choir is continually coming up among the young people, and separate choirs of young people are organized to alternate in services. The whole congregation begins to understand something about music and takes an intelligent interest in singing. It is more appreciative of the choir and gets deeper religious satisfaction from the services.

The minister, too, is brought into line with the general music policy. He and the organist come together and understand each other. He attends choir rehearsals and learns to sing and read music himself, if it so happens that his training in that respect is deficient, with the result that there is that close harmony between sermon and music that makes a complete religious service.

Editor's Note—This is the third in a series of articles by James H. Collins. The fourth will appear in an early issue.

## An Expert Outa

IN A PUBLIC school on the East Side of New York, attended almost exclusively by foreign-born children, a teacher of one of the lower grades was endeavoring not long ago to ascertain certain facts pertaining to the family histories of her young charges for her official records.

To each child she gave a blank to be filled in with the proper answers. One ragged little girl gave lengthy consideration to this sentence:

"State your father's business."

Then in the space provided she wrote the one word:

"Outa."

The teacher, after collecting the forms, struck this particular word and puzzled long to make out its meaning.

"Rachel," she asked at length, "what does this mean?"

"My papa is outa business," explained the child, "so I writes it down 'Outa.'"

"But doesn't he ever work?" insisted the teacher.

"No, ma'am," said the child sadly; "he don't never work—he strikes!"

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For fifteen years Mr. W. H. Cameron labored in semi-obscurity. He built 100,000 successful cars, which are running today on half the roads of the world. But in this Michigan "40," for the first time, he has linked up his name with a car.

Here you see the fruition of this man's development. You see his ripe ideas. Just compare this car with others in its class and note how far he has gone beyond them.

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The beauty is due to John A. Campbell, the famous body designer. The lines are his. To him are due the roominess and luxury—the 22-coated body, the 14-inch Turkish cushions, the nickel trimmings, the beautiful lights.

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Here are four forward speeds—instead of three—like the latest European cars.

Here are center control, left side drive, long stroke motor, as per the latest practice.

Here are tires vastly oversize.

Here is that over-capacity—that big margin of safety—which engineers know is needed.

Here are big brakes and big springs—electric lights—adjustable steering post. Beauty, comfort, luxury and room. Over 300 improvements, in the past four years, have been worked out in this Michigan "40." And motor car buyers, before many months, are bound to require them all.

## The Marvel Price

All these innovations—all this up-to-dateness—all this vast over-capacity. Yet the price, with complete equipment, is $1,585.

But that is a war-time price. It was fixed to gain instant attention—to undersell others. We do not pretend that such a price can afford any maker fair profit. We do not plan to repeat it.

Still that is the price for this season. And the hundreds of dealers who have come here and bought say that nothing they know can compare with it.

## Not Enough for All

It is evident now that our output this season will not nearly supply the demand. We have orders from dealers for twice our production. Some have already sold their entire allotment.

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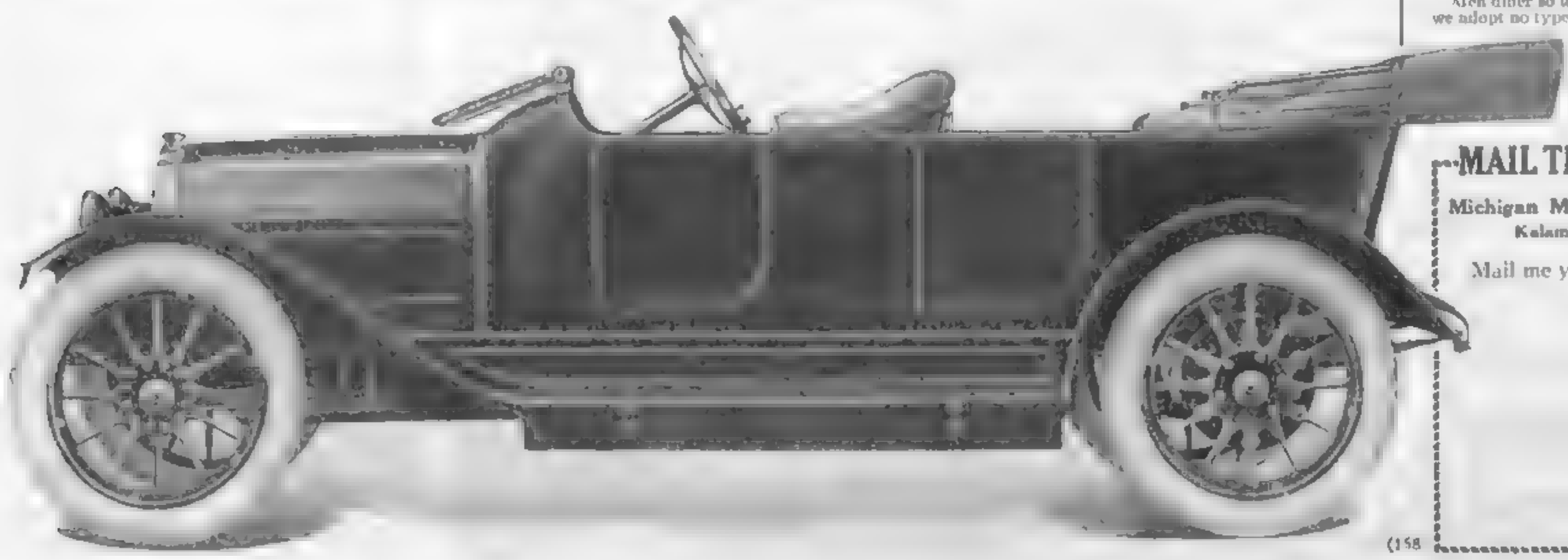

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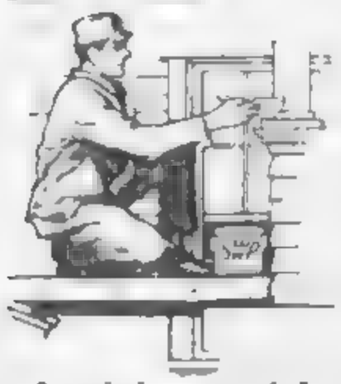

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## THE SULTANA

(Continued from Page 25

"*Saprisli!*" roared the baron. "Basia is gone too!" He rushed out, hurried down the hall and, without the formality of knocking, burst in upon Fulton, who had got out of bed and was staring out the window as if he hoped to discover the missing car in the branches of the trees.

"Ten thousand devils!" cried the baron. "Your accursed friend has eloped with my daughter! She has not slept in her bed. I begin to understand. I noticed last evening that he never left her side. He has persuaded her to run off with him and they have taken your car!"

"Oh, rot!" said Fulton. "Mills wouldn't do a thing like that. Neither would your daughter."

"Then what is the meaning of it all? Who and what is this young man?"

"To begin with," said Fulton, "he's a gentleman—and gentlemen don't do such t[illegible]ngs"

"Sometimes they do!" growled the baron, and rushed out again.

Colliding with a frightened maid in the hallway, he told her in a terrible voice to wake Miss Lowndes and ask her to slip on something and come to him at once. The maid fled away immediately, to return with the news that Miss Lowndes had not slept in her bed and that she had evidently changed her clothes before leaving. The baron let out a roar like a bull whale. He was giving voice to the choicest imprecations of several languages when a door opened and Captain Rimbert stuck out his head.

"For Heaven's sake, what's all the row about?" he snapped.

"Row? Yes, there is a row! There is going to be a terrible row!" rumbled Vilzhoven. "Let us see if Strelitso knows anything of this." He stepped to the door of Strelitso's room and again the corridor reverberated with his summons. "Hell and her furies!" cried the distracted baron. "Don't tell me that he is gone too!"

With the others at his heels he flung open the door. As in the case of the others, Strelitso's bed had not been slept in. Moreover, his valise, clothing and personal articles had likewise disappeared.

Vilzhoven stared for an instant, then turned to the assembled guests and servants.

"I see it all!" said he in a hollow voice. "Strelitso and Virginia have eloped—and the minx has persuaded Doctor Mills and Basia to go with them." He clenched his fists. "My daughter's reputation will be ruined!" Nobody spoke. There seemed really no other explanation to put on the disappearance. Vilzhoven groaned and sank into a chair. "A nice return to my hospitality!" he growled—"to my love and care as a father!"

Suddenly he sprung up and strode off, his big hands working spasmodically. Rimbert turned his yellow face to Fulton.

"A nice mess this!" said he. "I wouldn't have thought it of Michael!"

"I wouldn't have thought it of Mills!" Fulton answered. "He never showed any symptoms of insanity before."

He went soberly to his room and proceeded to dress. When he came down the house was a place of silence and whispers. The baron had shut himself in his study, from which came muffled sounds that suggested a large he-bear caught in a trap.

Rimbert, rather yellow and shaky, came down presently, and he and Fulton ate a scanty and dejected breakfast, muttering from time to time anathemas on their absent friends. Yet it seemed to Fulton that there was a grin lurking beneath the blond mustache of the Hollander and a look of understanding in his cold blue eyes. Said Fulton to himself: "That scoundrel knows more than he cares to tell!"

Meanwhile the baron, after a short struggle to get his outraged feelings in hand, decided that the best thing for him to do was to possess his soul in such peace as he might and wait for some news from his delinquent daughter. He was sure that Basia would not leave him long in such a state of tension, for she was a devoted and affectionate daughter. Finding the house oppressive, he went out into the grounds and was walking slowly toward the gate when the big bell jangled and the iron door whined on its hinges. The baron hurried in that direction when the door opened—and who, to his indescribable astonishment, should enter but Gustav and Strelitso!

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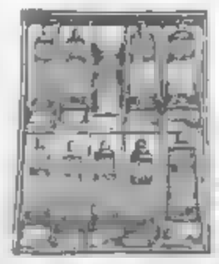

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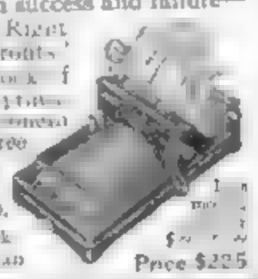

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The baron stared for an instant, then plunged forward like a charging buffalo.

"Strelitso!" he bellowed. "You scoundrel! Where is my daughter?"

"I'm sure I don't know," Strelitso answered politely.

"You don't? I shall go mad!" He turned to glare at his son, who was standing before him, rather pallid, rather shaken and rather dark under the eyes.

"Where the devil have you dropped from?" demanded the baron. "And where is your sister? Oh, what times! No affection to be found in children—no consideration to be expected from guests!" He glared at Strelitso. "Where have you been?" he demanded.

"I spent the night at the inn—below here, in the village," answered Strelitso quietly. "After the way you talked to me last night I did not feel that I ought to continue to accept your hospitality."

The baron seized his head in both hands.

"Then do you mean to tell me," he cried, "that this accursed Doctor Mills has run off with two girls?"

"He is quite capable of it from what I have seen of him," Strelitso answered, smothering a grin.

"What are you smirking about?" shouted the baron. "Tell me at once, sir! I have stood enough." He turned to Gustav. "And what are you doing here? You look as if you had been drunk for three days."

"I have, papa," answered Gustav feebly.

There was a moment of silence. Strelitso's face twitched slightly, for the young man was not without a sense of savage humor. Gustav, standing dejectedly and slightly toeing in, seemed unable to find his voice.

"Somebody say something!" roared the baron. "Can't you see that I am wild with anxiety? Don't stand there like waxworks! Make a noise!"

The command was obeyed from outside the big gates. There came the purr of a motor, voices talking excitedly, then a burst of laughter in which the baron, notwithstanding his distress, was able to recognize Virginia's soprano and Basia's rich mezzo notes.

"Heavens!" he cried. "Is the world coming to an end?"

A siren brayed like a she-moose, and as the wail died away there came another shriek of almost hysterical laughter, in which were mingled deeper and masculine notes. The baron sprang to the big gates, wrenched back the bolt and flung them wide, when in rolled majestically the missing car, with two young men in front and two very flushed young ladies on the back seat.

"Stop!" roared the baron. "Stop right here and tell me the meaning of this. I would like to have you all whipped!"

The big car slowed and stopped. Down scrambled Basia and rushed at the helpless baron, who opened his arms with the instinct of long habit; but as the young girl was about to fling herself into them the big hands fell on her shoulders and held her at arms' length.

"*Sapristi!*" thundered the baron. "But what is that you have upon your head?"

Basia gave a laugh that was half a sob.

"The Sultana, dear papa!" she cried, and threw herself upon his neck.

Justice, who is said to be blind, seemed also deaf and dumb in her efforts to bring before her stern tribunal either group of bandits, professional or amateur; for, as Basia had predicted, there had been these two sets of marauders at work upon the stretch of road at about the same time.

The professional thieves faded quietly into the oblivion of the French underworld. The amateurs, at the autocratic insistence of Baron Vilzhoven, made humble confession before the prefect of police. To these young men the fatherly prefect gave certain admonitions that caused the hair to stand upright upon their pampered heads, and resulted in an instinctive desire to crawl under a table at the mere sight of that curse of the French nation, a glass of absinthe.

Of the bright and shining lights that cast their luster on the peaceful, vineclad valley of the Yonne, next to the Sultana came Robert, who left the château as the recognized affianced of the adoring Basia, respected by the baron, who realized what it must have meant to the young man to sacrifice his good name for the sake of shielding the foolish son of the house, and the admired friend of the latter youth, who was neither ungrateful nor inappreciative.

Strelitso's part was perhaps the most difficult of all. Experienced as he was in

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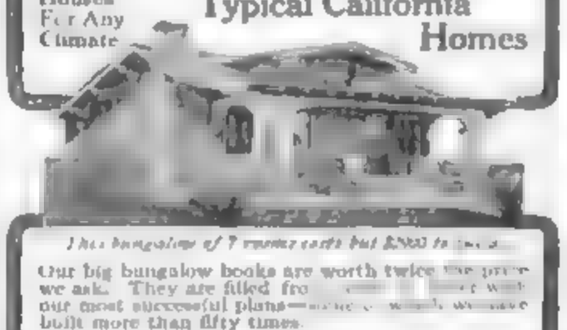

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womankind, it had needed but his first glance at Virginia's face as she looked at Mills to show him that his own cause was a lost one. Subtle changes had here been wrought—things impalpable but ponderous. During the course of the semi-incoherent explanations that occurred in the baron's study immediately after the arrival of the car, Strelitso sat apart and silent, twisting the tip of his waxed mustache and searching one face after another with his fine eyes.

After the baron, Basia, Virginia and Robert had departed for the wedding, the latter holding tenderly the case that contained the tiara, Mills went to look for Strelitso, whom he soon found smoking a cigarette in the rose garden.

"I owe you an apology," said he—"or satisfaction if you would rather have that. I was quite in the wrong, and am anxious to make any amends you may care to have. You can smash me in the jaw if you like."

Strelitso tossed away his cigarette and smiled.

"I can't think of anything that would give me less pleasure," said he. "You acted just as I would have done in your place and under the circumstances. I played a game and lost—but I have always tried to be a good loser. I do not cherish any ill will."

Mills' white face crimsoned.

"You are awfully good!" said he. "Would you mind shaking hands?"

"It would be a pleasure," said Strelitso.

They shook hands and Mills' face grew almost swarthy.

"There's one thing more," said he. "I hope you won't be offended, but I would like to square up with you for my ring."

Strelitso's face darkened for an instant, then immediately cleared.

"My dear fellow," said he, "I had hoped you wouldn't speak of that. It shames me to think about it. I do not often tell lies—and then only to save my pride. But, of course, I can't refuse you that under the circumstances."

"Thank you!" said Mills, and they shook hands again and parted.

. . . . . .

Rimbert and Strelitso left that same afternoon. Fulton and Mills took their departure the following day, promising to call at the Vilzhovens' in Paris the following week. As the car rolled down the slope, through the village and across the bridge, Mills leaned back with a deep sigh.

"The darling!" said he. "You know, we're to be married when she comes over this autumn."

"Swine!" growled Fulton, and went savagely into the speed ahead.

(THE END)

## Women Coöperators

IN A NUMBER of cities clubwomen have conducted coöperative campaigns against the fragile egg with considerable success. They found that grocers were selling "fresh" eggs at thirty, forty, even fifty cents a dozen—eggs that often came out of cold storage where they had lain for many months. These same cold-storage eggs were selling wholesale at nineteen or twenty cents a dozen. As a matter of fact in the big cities in midwinter strictly fresh eggs are decidedly scarce. As a matter of fact, also, eggs that are put into cold storage in proper condition in April and have been properly kept are a perfectly wholesome, toothsome article. Yet about nine persons out of ten of the well-to-do class will insist on "strictly fresh eggs" regardless of price; so grocers to please their patrons sometimes label their cold-storage product "Strictly fresh, forty cents a dozen."

Just before Christmas in Chicago an energetic coalition of clubwomen arranged to buy at wholesale a large quantity of good cold-storage eggs at twenty and a half cents a dozen. They established depots in various parts of the city and announced that on "egg day" everybody who came would be supplied with perfectly good eggs at twenty-four cents a dozen.

The same gentleman, it is said, engineered the transaction in every city where the scheme was tried, and there were cruel suggestions that he was not unconnected with the persons who had put these same eggs in storage and had not been able to dispose of them through the usual trade channels.

Of course no one doubted the good faith of the clubwomen, and whether or not egg speculators had any hand in inspiring the crusade, it served a useful purpose.


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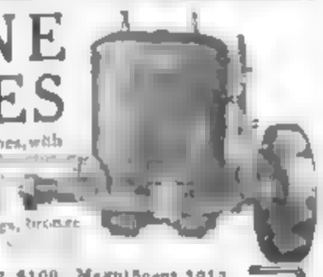

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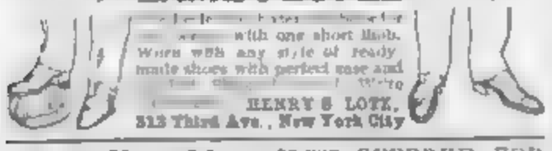

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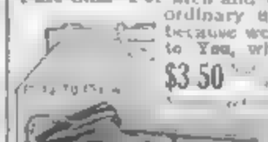

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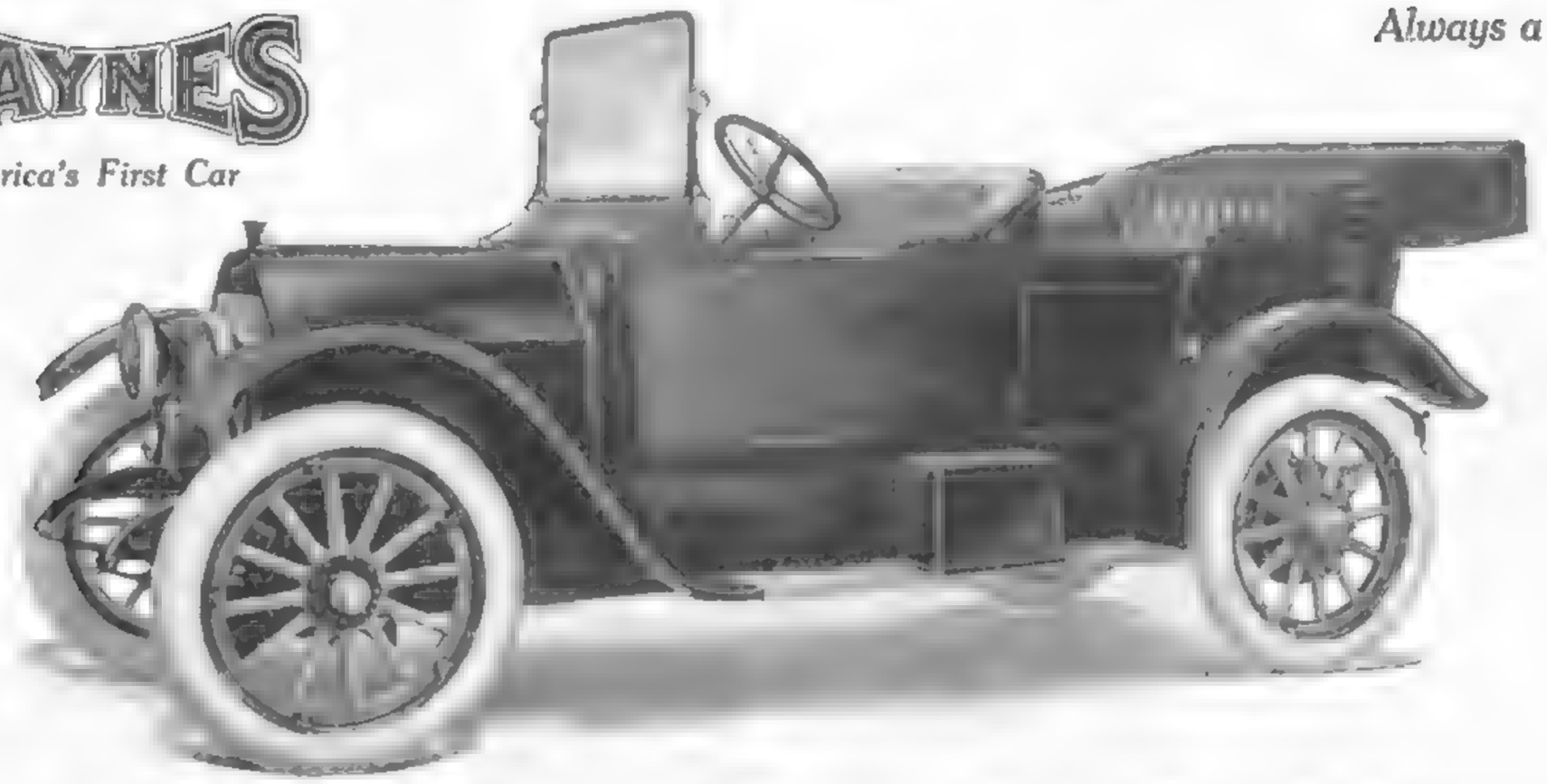

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

# THE BACKSLIDER

(Continued from Page 7)

superintendent was in absolute control of the farm; and Dick makes it very clear that this butler of yours manages every detail of your city apartment."

"Apartments of that sort run themselves," she interjected briefly.

"To a large extent, yes. But what does Dick pay for that sort of apartment?"

"I don't know," she answered.

"In other words he pays for the leisure you devote to affairs in which he has no stake—or interest even."

"He has complained to you, then?"

Her level tones were as cold as ice. *How like her mother she is!* he marveled.

"Never when he was quite himself," he said plainly; "but I warn you from now on, Mrs. Varnham, no one can be sure of your husband! His is a curious type of mind and his particular business needs a very clear head. He has always been more easily influenced than any one but his old friends realized; and when I tell you that William has more control over him than I think proper——"

"William!" she cried—"A servant! What utter nonsense! I engaged him myself."

"Then you had better dismiss him," said the doctor briefly. "Dick has already lost one of his best clients because the man heard a pretty direct rumor that William had been sent out to buy some bonds for him, with orders to use his own judgment!"

"I have never interfered with my husband's business."

Her lips were still firm, but her voice was barely audible now. Stanchon considered her warily, judged the time ripe, and struck hard:

"No; but you have no objection to living on it!"

She gasped, faltered, then loosened her grip on the chair-arms and hid her burning face in her great, silky muff, and her sobs showed him his victory.

"Not that it's anything but anger really," he thought; "but that's a great deal—from her." Aloud he added: "Now let us talk practically, my dear, or all this has been mere impertinence on my part and unnecessary forbearance on yours! Could you get Dick out in the country—do you think?"

That day Doctor Stanchon lunched at home. Even to Lucia, immersed in circulars and pamphlets, he looked drawn and old.

"Why, father! What is the matter? Mary, pour some Scotch for the doctor—oh, that telephone! I believe I'll have one on the table here!"

"No, you won't, Lutie. Thanks, Mary. I will have some, I think. Morning, Fettauer—glad to see you!"

"He looks as if he'd been operating," said the surgeon keenly.

Doctor Stanchon gulped down his Scotch.

"I have," he said shortly; "and it's a ticklish job at my age, I can tell you."

"What do you mean? Really, father?"

Lutie's swift curiosity faded as she opened a long, official-looking envelope and glanced at the typewritten sheets.

"How perfectly bully!" she announced. "I tell you that Celestine is a wonder! Don't mind me, either of you; just eat along, won't you? What do you think she's done now?"

"I'm sure she hasn't tried to eat as thick soup as this while opening envelopes," her father suggested mildly, "because she has too much sense. Please take Miss Lucia's mail away, Mary. Digestion is an important job, my child, and well worth the attention of even the Woman's Auxiliary."

"You're an old tyrant!" she said good-naturedly, "and you deserve that I should lunch with the rest of the committee. Just leave me this one, Mary, if the doctor will allow you! See here, Doctor Fettauer—this proves what I was telling you last night about Mrs. Varnham: before she took over the office the stenographer did about as she pleased; and when she asked for another secretary—all right!—she got it. Celestine thought her budget was too large—she'd managed that milk bureau for the Tuberculous Parent Association, you know—and she took the chairmanship and went down in the morning and stayed all day there, for a week. This is her report. Of course you don't want me to go into it thoroughly"—the men smiled at her flushed cheeks and eager eyes—"but just listen to this!"

"I'll listen," said the young surgeon, laughing, "as soon as you've eaten a chop and some spinach—not a word before!"

"And hadn't you better tie on my bib, Doctor Fettauer?" she inquired mutinously, handing him the report with a dramatic gesture. He glanced at it in silence. "I suppose you don't take it seriously!" she said after a few minutes' pause.

"On the contrary, I take it very seriously," he returned; "and I should think it high time that Mrs. Varnham got down to the office! Do you mean to say that it never occurred to any one that all personal telephone calls and stamps and paper should be paid for? That a typewriter who can't take dictation is expensive at any price? That valuable original documents should not be taken out of files by indiscriminate people? That card catalogues are an indispensable part of any filing system?"

"Oh, come now, Mr. Science, don't be too hard on us!" she begged. "You know we weren't any of us brought up in business offices!"

"That doesn't seem to have prevented your serene conviction that you are competent to manage them, however, does it?" he asked keenly.

"Well, Celestine can! Now that this thing is growing so, I don't know what we'd do without her!"

"You'll have to find out, then, dear, for she's going up to the country tomorrow," said Doctor Stanchon.

"Up to the country? What do you mean? Why, father, she can't! You mean for the week-end?"

"I mean indefinitely. Her husband is a very sick man, Lutie—he can't live in the city; I had a long consultation with him last night, and he's retired from the firm and gone up to the farm."

"That's pleasant for Celestine," she said bitterly. "If you'll excuse me, both of you, I'll run over to the office and discuss this with her."

"You won't be able to," her father returned placidly; "she left on the noon train. More sugar, Mary, please. I will say for your friend, Lutie, she's quick in action, once she starts."

"I'm glad you admit it!" she flashed at him resentfully; "and I'll tell you one thing—I'll bet you she can manage the Auxiliary from the farm and her precious Dick too! Why you're all so interested in that man, I cannot see, myself. He's been more trouble to Celestine—and now he drags her out to the country! Honest to goodness, Doctor Stanchon, I'm glad I'm not married!"

"You see, Fettauer?"

The elder man's despair was not all assumed, the young surgeon's squared shoulders not all a joke.

"We've got our job cut out, sir, nowadays—there's no doubt of it!" he agreed.

"It's curious though," the doctor ruminated, "the women don't care for poor Dick, and yet his friends would go through fire and water for him. And little Celestine the same way. Lucia here and Mattie Forsythe and Mrs. Walter Grant swear by her, but Peter can't bear her, and I must admit I don't quite see what the girls like so much in her, though Lord knows she's clever enough. They say she's 'awfully square' and 'straight from the shoulder' and 'right on the job.' Well, well! I suppose you're young enough, so that all that sounds perfectly reasonable to you?"

Fettauer nodded.

"I must say I find her very interesting," he agreed; "but, then, I like the type. I never did care for beautiful sirens and fascinating mysteries, and all the old stage properties, you know."

The doctor gasped.

"At least you're well matched!" he cried. "Fight it out between you—that's all!"

And what he frankly admitted to be a prejudice faded a little a fortnight later when, in answer to Celestine's brief note, he got out of the stuffy air of the car, with a deep breath of relief, and piloted Lucia to the shining two-wheeled cart, where his hostess, enthroned as driver, waved her long-lashed whip over the restive cob.

"Just get into the car with Dick, Lutie—it's your last ride in it; I sold it yesterday! I'm going to drive the doctor up," she explained; and at his surprised "Sold the car!" she nodded brusquely and let the cob out. "Yes. Dick keeps to that old argument about a car's being cheaper; but, of


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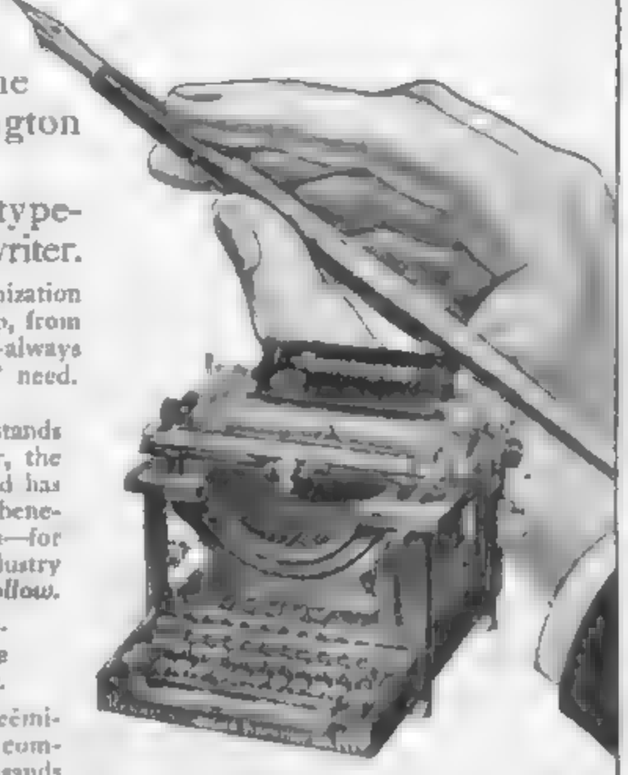

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"That sounds reasonable," he agreed.

Yes, his prejudice was fading. Celestine—in trig tweed, a scarlet feather in her tight, small hat, with knowing gauntlets and a wrist watch in a leather strap, tooling along over the windy March roads—seemed less sharp and challenging somehow, more pleasantly boyish.

"About Dick, doctor," she commenced abruptly—"I don't know exactly what to do. There's no golf yet and he never cared for riding. I'm afraid he's working pretty hard; and yet I have to—and, of course, he can't help being interested."

"How do you mean?"

"I suppose you didn't know he'd dropped thirty thousand in American Brass Tacks?"

"As much as that? No!"

"Well, he has. And I don't know whether you know Randall Fitch, but Dick only took him in because of the connection: as a matter of fact he never brought in much, and now he is making a great fuss over all he says Dick has lost him. I got terribly bored by it, and finally I asked him to put a figure on it and advised Dick to pay him."

"Really? That must have astonished Randall!"

"It did," said Celestine briefly. "But that and Brass Tacks made a big hole. And so, of course, it means economy. In order to get some idea of the average running expenses up here I've been going over everything, and Dick is so restless he simply has to help. The weather's been vile up to today, and we've been at it pretty steadily. Of course, if you think that it's bad for him ——"

"But I don't, my dear girl! I think it's the best possible thing for him! Dick's been a business man all his life—he can't settle down into a golf fiend. And it's got to be something practical. I hope it'll be a long job."

"It will."

Celestine's voice was cold, as usual, but the competent ring of it was what struck him now.

"Henry—the superintendent—has made a great muddle of everything, it seems to me. He has hired a lot done that Dick ought to have expected him to do personally; and though the best machinery has been put in he doesn't use it. Then when he should have called an expert in—the pump, for instance, and all the new sewage-disposal system—he's pottered about himself with the local plumbers, and the bills they've run up —— He's been raising more cattle than the farm has ever carried, and they've already cost more than they'll ever be worth."

"Why, I didn't know you knew about this sort of thing!" the doctor exclaimed with interest.

"I don't—much," she said shortly; "but I can add and subtract, Doctor Stanchon, and I've always told Dick that a place like this was terribly expensive. It takes all you can make on it to pay a man clever enough to run it."

"I suppose that's about right," he agreed thoughtfully. "Here! Where's that car turning off?"

"Oh, Dick's going round the long way," she answered—"he's going to show Lutie his new road. 'Way off by the ice-pond entrance he's going to make a new road through the pasture. I don't think there's much sense in it and I don't believe he knows much about roadmaking; but he thinks it will save hauling, and he's got three or four Italians to play with. It'll keep him out-of-doors—bossing them—I thought."

He studied the straight, firm-chinned profile keenly.

"Mrs. Varnham," he said, "I begin to believe I have misjudged you a little."

"Probably not," she returned indifferently. "You never liked me, I know; but you're certainly a good friend to Dick."

"And you're another!" he told her warmly.

She bit her lip and spoke severely to the cob.

They turned in at the rough stone gateposts, where last spring's honeysuckle still straggled, and she swept up smartly to the door of the wide-eaved, comfortable house. A handsome, awkward girl of fourteen in outgrown riding clothes rushed up to them, tossing back untidy braids of chestnut hair.

"Hello, people! Want me to take the horse round, mummie?" she called.

Celestine's cool gaze ran over the tousled, long-legged object as disinterestedly as if she had been a visitor.

"Thank you, but I think Healy is quite capable of his work, my dear," she said. "Suppose you suggest to him to go back and put on his coat and cap, and dress yourself for tea before you appear again. Is Fräulein ill?"

The flushed and sullen creature chewed on one of her braids, muttered something inaudible, and dashed toward a shock-headed Irishman, who appeared again at incredibly short notice, capped and panting, and buttoning himself vigorously.

Inside the great-beamed living room the doctor glanced about admiringly.

"This is a little changed since my last visit," he said with a quick vision of the tumbled furniture, the pipes and bottles, the wilted curtains of the big place, when he and Dick had camped in it for an unsuccessful three days' battle. Now the bowls of flowers; the clear, tended fires; the fresh, aired, polished spaces—all welcomed the guest indescribably without a word from host or hostess, as every well-trained country house should do.

"I doubt if there's as much difference as you think, doctor," she answered in her detached, cool voice. "The flowers, of course—I always have them—and I have noticed that, though men always call ruffled curtains messy and unnecessary, one has only to start the laundress at them to be complimented on the homelike room! As a matter of fact Norah McCartey is a clean caretaker, though a wasteful cook; and if Fraulein polished that tomboy of mine half as much as she rubs the mahogany she'd be more of a credit to me. Ah, Nancy, come in and say how-do-you-do? And stop growing for a few minutes, if you can!"

A metamorphosed tomboy in a crisp white frock with rose ribbons stumbled over her neatly slippered feet and pushed a red but clean paw into the doctor's warm hand. Her burnished braids fell each side of her father's easy, twinkling eyes; the firm cleft of her mother's clean-cut chin turned to a dimple in Dick's weaker one.

"Oh! How-do? Mummie, I can't pass it—I break the cups!" she implored; but the implacable maternal nod drove her behind the jam and muffins, and, rebelling, she obeyed.

"As a matter of fact, I don't think she cares much for the child," Stanchon grumbled to young Fettauer, who appeared miraculously in a six-cylinder runabout with a rakish nose and begged for tea; "but I'll wager she'll lick her into fine shape, nevertheless, now she's here."

"Miss Stanchon told me she was fondest of the boy," the younger man admitted. "Varnham's looking better, isn't he? Pretty drawn yet, of course; but distinctly less jumpy, I thought."

"Come on and see the office, Lutie!" cried the master of the house. "Come on, all of you, and see Little Bright Eyes turn green with jealousy! I'll bet your convict joint isn't a patch on Hawkfield headquarters!"

Dick, in squirish knickerbockers and belted jacket, his sulky suspicions and moodiness thrown off, one arm about the shy, coltish girl beside him, was a pleasant sight to all his guests. Lucia regarded him with round eyes.

Up the broad, low stairs, past various chintz-hung vistas, he led them, flinging open a door at the end of the hall, the businesslike, tiny brass knocker of which he flapped derisively.

"I tell you," he crowed, "when the madam here gets busy you see results!"

"For Heaven's sake!" Lucia breathed. "Celestine, you wonder! It's just like the Office!"

"It's bigger," said Celestine calmly, but with appreciation of the surprise.

The shining roll-top desk, with labeled pigeonholes, flanked such a leather-fendered fireplace as even the Woman's Auxiliary—which believed in doing itself well—had never dreamed of! On one wall a map of the county hung; on another a neatly framed chart, labeled Hawkfield Farm, showed road and pasture, gardens and icehouse, woodlots and orchard, pond and greenhouse.

"Earth cellar!" Lucia read eagerly. "Toolhouse! Gardener's cottage! Proposed kennels! Oh, Tina, are you going in for chows? Pumphouse! Cold-frames! Why, it's like a village!"

"And this looks like the excavation plans of the Archeological Society," Fettauer suggested with much interest, adjusting an effective pince-nez to pore over the companion piece on the third wall, where mysterious hieroglyphs showed the underground tracks of waterpipes, blind drains and sewer lines.

"Would you believe it?"—Celestine turned to the appreciative guests—"nobody on this place knew where any of these pipes ran! I had to send for the original contractor, somewhere in New Jersey, to make this map! And that precious superintendent of Dick's had a gang of Italians digging all over the shop on the chance! A hundred and twenty a month he drew!"

"But Henry was a first-class mechanic, Tina, and understood all about the car!" his employer begged pathetically.

"Bosh! When did he ever see the car?" Dick grinned, acquiescent.

"You ought to've seen her bounce him! I never could have done it," he confided.

"I trust you observe that the young man from the state school handles the pump and the garden, and does all the spraying and pruning, and is a practical vet., besides bossing the concrete work and the incubators, for seventy!" she remarked, her eyes glancing over his shoulder.

"I want you to look at these agricultural reports." Dick turned to the men. "See the little holders they slip in? All on this shelf. Coachman put up the shelves and stained 'em. Great work—what? Henry would've rung in a carpenter on me. As a matter of fact, there's a lot in those reports. They tell me Maude Adams made a fortune in telegraph poles—growing 'em, you know, on waste land! I'm going to thin out about twenty acres and keep tabs on 'em. Know you could get 'em for three or four cents apiece, and plant 'em out? Government, by George!"

Stanchon smiled irrepressibly.

"Remember Horace Greeley's cabbages, Dick," he warned; "he said they'd only cost him a dollar and a half apiece, you know!"

"Oh, slush! He had a darn good time growing 'em, just the same!" crowed Dick. "And they shouldn't have cost that, anyhow, doctor!"

While they laughed Lucia pried about indefatigably.

"What is in this glass case, Tina? Keys? Why the case? Will you look at the labels!"

"Nobody has any respect for them unless they're that way," the mistress replied imperturbably. "Henry kept them on a ring in his overalls and I never knew where he was. Once the pump froze and burst, Healy told me, and he was in town and nobody could get in. It flooded everything, and took two weeks' work."

"And will you look at the switchboard! Do you really need card catalogues, Tina, on a farm?"

"I should certainly never consent to manage one without them."

"Oh, we're efficient! We're up to date!" Dick chuckled fulsomely. "I spent half the morning, for two days, fitting out the toolhouse wholesale from some big place out West. That man of mine bought a tack at a time from the hardware emporium in the village!"

"At this rate you'll recover all you lost in Brass Tacks," said the doctor slyly.

Dick winced.

"Oh, come!" he begged. "Don't rub it in! But, honestly, we'll do it yet! With the apartment cut out, and the car, and Edouard—I say, if I ever sell the farm, later, it'll be a model! And property's going up, I tell you."

"Nobody wants to buy model farms, Dicky," vouchsafed Lucia sententiously; "they want to *make* them model! And property's always going up. So nobody can buy it anyhow."

Fettauer grinned delightedly.

"All very well!" thought the older doctor. "He likes them clever. But will he like that cleverness when it turns against him some day? I wonder! Ah, well; the young ones must fight it out—they must fight it out!"

"Of course you got all those wholesale ideas from the paper and ink and stuff you sent for at the Office," Lucia suggested coldly. "I suppose you know Miss Hostetter threatens to resign? She says it was one thing working under you, but too many of the committee are butting in. How much time are you going to give us anyway? We have 4642 members now, and more coming in every day. There'll have to be a separate file for the good-conduct men's overtime work, and Peter told Mattie that Miss Hostetter ought to be more heavily bonded. We've had to get a city auditor now. Are you coming in for the special meeting on the sixteenth? Did you know that the warden from the Ohio State Prison is going to speak? The papers are awfully interested."

"Of course I'm coming in. You'll have to get a regular welfare worker, I'm afraid: Hostetter's never going to be able to manage that end of it. For goodness' sake, raise her if she kicks, Lutie!"

"Oh, that's all very well; but where's the money to come from? You ought to see Marie Fitch's bill for traveling expenses! Look here, Dick! If you're going to bury Tina away off here, and take all the time she gave us, I think the least you can do is to give us the money she saves you by all this efficiency business! Now, what do you say?"

The other men stared at each other aghast, but Dick chewed a reflective forefinger.

"Well, Lutie, that's fair enough," he said thoughtfully. "Of course it is all her own time!"

"*Du Liebe!*" gasped the surgeon. "What a country!"

"You'd better let the inhabitants marry each other, my young friend!" growled Lucia's father. But no one heeded him.

"Of course I don't mean the cost of the apartment and the car and Edouard," pursued Lucia generously. "I only mean all this retrenching business, and the difference between Henry and the new man, and—and all that."

"Would that be all right, Dick?" said Celestine, and Doctor Stanchon caught an unwonted appeal in her eyes, fixed frankly on her husband's now, that stirred him strangely.

"Why, sure, Tina—sure!" Dick answered simply. "Why not? You can't go back on 'em entirely."

"And they wonder why we like him!" the doctor mused. "But I'll back 'em both now—I'll back 'em both!"

"It's a very good thing," Lucia commented sagely as the train rocked along to the city of her zealous labors—"a very good thing that Celestine Varnham married exactly that sort of man. She would never be happy without something to run; and though I must say if I ever so far forgot myself as to marry I should prefer a less cold-blooded fish than that precious Dicky, and one who could manage his own business better—still, Celestine could never stand anything romantic; and she seems to like him better when she's bossing him!"

"I should say you've diagnosed that *ménage* very well," her father replied contentedly. "It takes all sorts, you know."

"Humph!" said Lutie. "Just wait until she's had enough and Mr. Dicky can be trusted alone! Oh, I'm not a perfect fool, father! She'll be running the committee again all right!"

On a brilliant Saturday morning in May, however, while the six-cylinder runabout snorted impatiently before their door, she appeared before him.

"Fettauer's going to take me out to Hawkfield," she announced curtly. "Celestine is too disgusting! Of course it's her own affair, but really she can't expect us to believe that she's manicuring that foolish farm every minute! Just because Dick gives her all she saves, the miserly thing keeps on saving more; and she says it's too much to give us now. She says she could run a big business on our budget, and it's really a charity! The idea! And when I asked her last Sunday if she couldn't give us one solid day a week she laughed!

"'It's your time and your personal interest we want, Celestine—any one can give money,' I told her; and what do you think she said?

"'I'm really too busy, my dear, to go into it. Won't you take a check?'

"Just like a man, in her silly old office! You'd think she was in business!"

"And so she is, my dear—so she is!" her father called after her, chuckling delightedly. "I hope you'll be some day."

"She's a backslider—that's what she is!" her rebellious voice floated up to him.

And again:

"I hope you'll be—some day! Give my regards to your chauffeur!" he shouted.

And, as they chugged off, once again he chuckled.


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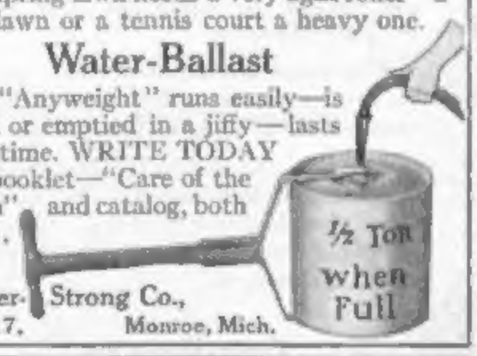


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Suppose your wife, daughter, sister or mother starts out in your pleasure electric.

What will she do if a tire suddenly goes down?

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Isn't that a predicament for a refined woman to be in?

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It was to do away with just such unfortunate experiences that the Motz Cushion Tire was invented.

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Four years ago the Motz Cushion Tire was new and practically unknown.

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In some cities, three out of every four pleasure electrics are Motz equipped.

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### Comfortable Riding

Please do not confuse Motz Cushion Tires with ordinary solid tires. Solid tires are hard and unyielding. They jolt disagreeably and they greatly injure the delicate mechanical parts of an electric.

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But note the construction. Note the double, notched treads, the undercut sides, the slantwise bridges. These patented features add amazingly to the cushion qualities.

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No more punctures.

No more dangerous skidding.

No more tire troubles of any kind.

Trouble all gone. All done away with by these wonderful tires.

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Some sets of Motz Cushion Tires have gone 25,000 miles. That's equivalent to a round-the-world trip.

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We unqualifiedly guarantee each set for 10,000 miles—two years. That's about treble the guaranteed mileage of the ordinary pneumatic tire.

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No matter what kind of a pleasure electric you now own, or expect to own, you can have Motz Cushion Tires on it.

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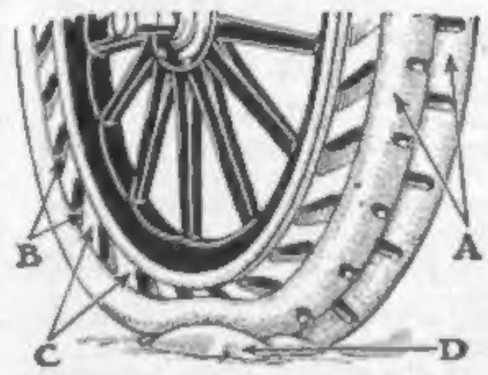
A—shows double, notched treads.

B—shows undercut sides.

C—shows slantwise bridges.

D—shows how perfectly the tire absorbs the shocks when car passes over an obstacle.

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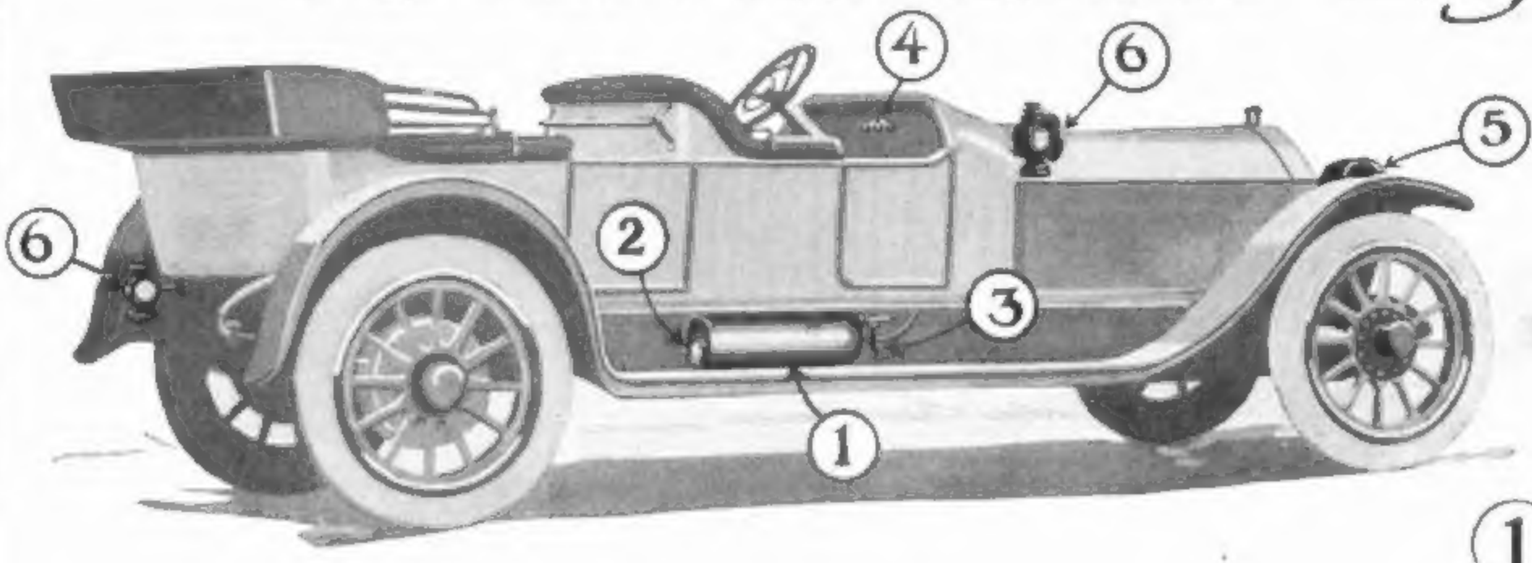
# Six Points You Should Know
## About Automobile Lighting




**This unequalled combination of safety, economy and convenience in gas lighting is the result of logical development.**

First you had the Prest-O-Lite, the head lamps and the match. This combination was the first safe, efficient and economical system of automobile lighting. It opened the pleasures of night driving to the motorist.

Then the gauge was added to show you at all times the supply of gas remaining unused. An added point of efficiency, another protection for the safety of the user of gas lights.

Now has come the addition of unequalled convenience to gas lighting with the Prest-O-Liter or one of the other good automatic lighters.

With this device, any or all your lamps may be lit, dimmed or extinguished without leaving the seat. This gives you a lighting system of perfect convenience, operated and maintained at far less expense than any other system of efficient lighting.

But remember—all these features are backed by the simplicity, safety and efficiency of the three original elements—Prest-O-Lite, the lamps and the match. Should any of the automatic features of improvement or convenience fail—you may still depend upon a bountiful supply of powerful light by merely lighting a match.

And this is an excellent test to apply to any lighting system: *"If pushing the button should ever fail to produce light, can I still light the lamps with a match?"*

## Prest-O-Lite Means Service

Suppose you could exchange your automobile, for a small exchange fee, at any time or place, for a new car with all repairs made. That would be service—unquestionably. Yet that is the sort of service back of Prest-O-Lite in every exchange you make through any of the thousands of Prest-O-Lite exchange stations, located in practically every city, town or cross-roads village where automobiles are used. You do not simply buy a new supply of gas. Your exchange service (open only to Prest-O-Lite users) includes the furnishing of a new Prest-O-Lite in perfect condition, with container, gauge, valve and every element carefully tested. This is one reason why you should make sure the cylinder you receive in exchange for your empty was filled by The Prest-O-Lite Company. It has taken years of effort and an immense expenditure of money to build up this great system. It is worth enough to you to insist upon Prest-O-Lite service.

**No matter what self-starter is on your car, your lights should be gas lights. A self-starter is, after all, a highly desirable convenience, but not an actual necessity. Reliable lighting on your car is almost as essential as fuel. The disabling of a self-starter might mean, at the worst, your having to use the starting crank, but an accident to your lighting system may leave you helpless in the dark. But so long as you have Prest-O-Lite and matches, you have light.**

***Almost any manufacturer will equip your new car with Prest-O-Lite, and an automatic gas lighter, if you insist. If your car is now equipped with Prest-O-Lite, any of our Service Stations or any dealer can install an automatic lighter at small expense.***

***Before you decide on any lighting system, post yourself thoroughly by sending for a free booklet, "Light on the Lighting Problem," printed by permission, which gives all the facts on lighting prepared by one of the foremost authorities. By sending coupon, it will reach you without charge by return mail.***


**The Prest-O-Lite Company,** 210 EAST SOUTH STREET INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Canadian Main Office and Factory, Merritton, Ont.

BRANCH STORES AND SERVICE STATIONS IN THESE CITIES: Atlanta; Baltimore; Boston; Buffalo; Chicago (2); Cincinnati; Cleveland; Dallas; Denver; Detroit; Indianapolis; Jacksonville; Kansas City; Los Angeles; Memphis, Tenn.; Milwaukee; Minneapolis; New Orleans; New York; Omaha; Philadelphia; Pittsburgh; Portland, Ore.; Providence; St. Louis; St. Paul, Minn.; San Antonio; San Francisco; Seattle; Syracuse. IN CANADA: Merritton, Ontario; Toronto, Ontario; Winnipeg, Manitoba.

***Exchange Agencies Everywhere***


**1**

The seamless steel cylinder is not merely charged with gas at high pressure. It is completely filled with porous asbestos blocks, which absorb a liquid chemical. The acetylene is dissolved in this liquid, making it possible to condense in the cylinder a great quantity of gas. Merely refilling this cylinder with gas is not sufficient. In Prest-O-Lite charging plants the asbestos and the chemical are rigidly tested. Every part of the cylinder is inspected, and repaired if necessary.

**2**

The gauge on the end of every Prest-O-Lite cylinder tells at a glance how much gas remains to be used. It is carefully tested and examined every time a cylinder is filled at a Prest-O-Lite charging plant. This testing and repairing of gauges is important to you.

**3**

The automatic reducing valve may be attached to any Prest-O-Lite system—used without the Prest-O-Liter, if desired. It regulates the flow of gas, automatically, so that the flame of the lamps is always at exactly the right height.

**4**

The controlling valve of the Prest-O-Liter system makes it possible for you to automatically light, dim or extinguish any or all of your gas lights from the driver's seat. Either head, side or tail lamps may be controlled independently by this device. A pressure on the button at the top lights the lamps.

**5**

The gas lamp diffuses the rays to give the best road light under all conditions. Any gas lamp may be quickly adapted for automatic lighting by a simple attachment to the burner. But, remember—should this feature of convenience fail you — you still have all its powerful light by the use of a match.

**6**

Side or tail oil lamps may be quickly and easily converted into combination gas-and-oil lamps by the insertion of our simple Oil Lamp Adapter. It is merely a matter of boring a hole and inserting the adapter.

NOTE—Complete illustrated descriptions of any or all the above features will be mailed you on request in case your dealer does not have the feature to show you.

The Prest-O-Lite Company,
210 E. South Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

Please send free booklet, "Light on the Lighting Problem," to-

Name .....

Address .....

# Insist on Gas Lighting !

# Williams'

PATENTED
## Holder Top Shaving Stick

**Your fingers, you see, need never touch the soap.**
**The top forms a holder, permitting a firm grip on the stick until the last bit is used.**

MARCH winds are trying to a man's face. It is then that he especially needs the thick, comforting, creamy lather of Williams' Shaving Soap. And such lather! Lather that leaves your face like velvet! Lather so softening and refreshing that you look forward with pleasure to your morning shave.

You will see the difference at once if you have been using other soaps.

**Three other forms of the same good quality:**

In stick form, in the familiar hinged-cover nickeled box.
In the form of powder, in the convenient, sanitary, non-leaking hinged-cover box.
In the form of Shaving Cream, in tubes—a Luxury in Lather.

**SPECIAL OFFER**
**Men's Combination Package**

Consisting of a liberal trial sample of Williams' Holder Top Shaving Stick, Shaving Powder, Shaving Cream, Jersey Cream Toilet Soap, Violet Talc Powder and Dental Cream. Postpaid for 24 cents in stamps.

A single sample of either of the above articles sent for 4 cents in stamps

**Address: The J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.**

Williams' Shaving Stick in the familiar patented hinged-cover nickeled box.

Williams' Shaving Cream—A luxury in lather.

Williams' Shaving Powder—Note the convenient sanitary hinged-cover nickeled box.

After Shaving use Williams' Talc Powder